

T H E
W O R K S
O F
JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D: D. S. P. D.

W I T H
NOTES HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL,
B Y
J. HAWKESWORTH, L. L. D.
AND OTHERS.

V O L. XVI.

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W O R K

C O M P L E T E

FOR THE YEAR 1874

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DEAN

THE COURT

IN SENATE
JANUARY 18, 1880
REPORT
OF THE
COMMISSIONERS
OF THE
LAND OFFICE
IN RESPONSE
TO A RESOLUTION
PASSED BY THE
SENATE
MAY 1, 1879
ALBANY:
J. B. LEECH, PRINTERS
1880

DEAN



DEAN SWIFT'S
CORRESPONDENCE.



EDWIN SWIFT

CORRESPONDENCE

DEAN SWIFT'S
CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER - CCCLX.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ; AFTERWARDS
EARL OF BATH, TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, Sept. 3. 1726.

I RECEIVED the favour of your kind letter at my Lord Chetwyn's; and though you had so much goodness as to forbid my answering it at that time, yet I should be inexcusable, now I have perfectly recovered my health and strength, if I did not return you my very hearty thanks for your concern for me during my illness. Though our acquaintance has not been of long date, yet I think I may venture to assure you, that, even among your old friends, you have not many who have a juster regard for your merit than I have. I could wish that those, who are more able to serve you than I am, had the same desire of doing it. And yet methinks, now I consider it, and reflect who they are, I should be sorry they had the merit of doing so right a thing. As well as I wish you, I would rather not have you provided for yet, than provided for by those that I don't like. Mr Pope tells me, that we shall see

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A

you

you in spring. When we meet again, I flatter myself we shall not part so soon; and I am in hopes you will allow me a longer share of your company than you did. All I can say to engage you to come a little oftener to my house, is to promise that you shall not have one dish of meat so disguised, but you shall easily know what it is. You shall have a cup of your own for small-beer and wine mixed together; you shall have no women at table, if you don't like them, and no men but such as like you. I wished mightily to be in London before you left it, having something which I would willingly have communicated to you, that I do not think so discreet to trust to a letter. Do not let your expectations be raised as if it was a matter of any great consequence: It is not that, though I should be mighty glad you knew it; and perhaps I may soon find a way of letting you do so.

Our parliament, they now say, is not to meet till after Christmas, the chief business of it being to give money. It may be proper the ministers should know, a little before it meets, how much farther they have run the nation in debt, that they may prudently conceal or provide what they think fit. I am told, that many among us begin to grumble that England should be obliged to support the charge of a very expensive war, whilst all the other powers of Europe are in peace. But I will enter no farther into public matters taking it for granted, that a letter directed to you, and franked by me, cannot fail
of

of raising the curiosity of some of our vigilant ministers, and that they will open it, though we know it is not customary for them so to do. Mrs Pulteney is very much your humble servant, and I am, with great truth, Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

L E T T E R CCCLXI.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, Sept. 16. 1726.

SINCE I wrote last, I have been always upon the ramble. I have been in Oxfordshire with the Duke and Dutches of Queensberry, and at Peterfham, and wherefoever they would carry me; but as they will go to Wiltshire without me, on Tuesday next, for two or three months, I believe I shall then have finished my travels for this year, and shall not go farther from London, than now and then to Twickenham. I saw Mr Pope on Sunday, who hath lately escaped a very great danger; but is very much wounded across his right hand. Coming home in the dark about a week ago, alone in my Lord Bolingbroke's coach from Dawley, he was overturned, where a bridge has been broken down, near Whitton, about a mile from his own house. He was thrown into the river with the glasses of the coach up, and was up to the knots of his periwig in water. The footman broke the glass to

A 2

draw

draw him out ; by which, he thinks he received the cut across his hand. He was afraid he should have lost the use of his little finger, and the next to it ; but the surgeon, whom he sent for last Sunday from London to examine it, told him that his fingers were safe ; that there were two nerves cut, but no tendon. He was in very good health, and very good spirits, and the wound in a fair way of being soon healed *. The instructions you sent me to communicate to the doctor about the finger, I transcribed from your own letter and sent to him ; for, at that time, he was going every other day to Windsor-park to visit Mr Congreve, who hath been extremely ill, but is now recovered. I dined and supped on Monday last with Lord and Lady Bolingbroke, at Lord Berkeley's, at Cranford, and returned to London with the Duke and Dutchess of Queensberry, on Tuesday by two o'clock in the morning. You are remembered always with great respect by all your acquaintance, and every one of them wishes for your return. The lottery begins to be drawn on Monday next, but my week of attendance will be the first in October. I am obliged to follow the engravers to make them dispatch my plates for the Fables ; for without it I find they proceed ut very slowly. I take your advice in this, as I wish to do in all things, and frequently revise my work, in order to finish it as well as I can.

Mr

* See Lord Bolingbroke's account of this accident, in his letter dated September 22. 1726.

Mr Pulteney takes the letter you sent him in the kindest manner; and I believe he is, except a few excursions, fixed in town for the winter. As for the particular affair that you want to be informed in, we are as yet wholly in the dark; but Mr Pope will follow your instructions. I have not seen Mrs Howard a great while, which you know must be a great mortification and self-denial; but in my case it is particularly unhappy, that a man cannot contrive to be in two places at the same time: If I could, while you are there, one of them should be always Dublin. But, after all, it is a silly thing to be with a friend by halves; so that I will give up all thoughts of bringing this project to perfection, if you will contrive that we shall meet again soon. I am, dear Sir, your most obliged and affectionate friend and servant.

J. G A Y.

L E T T E R CCCLXII.

DR ARBUTHNOTT TO DR SWIFT.

London, Sept. 20. 1726.

I HAVE been balancing, dear Sir, these three days, whether I should write to you first. Laying aside the superiority of your dignity, I thought a notification was due to me, as well as to two others of my friends: Then I considered, that this was done in the public news, with

all the formalities of reception of a lord-lieutenant. I reflected on the dependency of Ireland; but, said I, what if my friend should dispute this? Then I considered, that letters were always introduced at first from the civilized to the barbarous kingdom. In short, my affection, and the pleasure of corresponding with my dear friend, prevailed; and since you most disdainfully and barbarously confined me to two lines a-month, I was resolved to plague you with twenty times that number, though I think it was a sort of a compliment to be supposed capable of saying any thing in two lines. The Gascoyne asked only to speak one word to the French King; which the King confining him to, he brought a paper, and said, *Signez*, and not a word more. Your negotiation with the singing man is in the hands of my daughter Nancy, who, I can assure you, will neglect nothing that concerns you: She has wrote about it. Mr Pope has been in hazard of his life by drowning: Coming late two weeks ago, from Lord Bolingbroke's in his coach and six, a bridge on a little river being broke down, they were obliged to go through the water, which was not too high; but the coach was overturned in it; and the glass being up, which he could not break nor get down, he was very near drowned; for the footman was stuck in the mud, and could hardly come in time to his assistance. He had that in common with Horace; that it was occasioned by the trunk of a tree; but it was *trunca rheda il-lapsa*,

lapsa, neque Faunus ietum dextra levabat; for he was wounded in the left hand, but, thank God, without any danger; but, by the cutting of a large vessel, lost a great deal of blood. I have been with Mrs Howard, who has a most intolerable pain in one side of her head. I had a great deal of discourse with your friend, her Royal Highness. She insisted upon your wit and good conversation. I told her Royal Highness, that was not what I valued you for, but for being a sincere honest man, and speaking the truth, when others were afraid to speak it. I have been for near three weeks together every day at the Dutchess of Marlborough's, with Mr Congreve, who has been like to die with a fever and the gout in his stomach; but he is now better, and like to do well. My brother was like to be cast away going to France; there was a ship lost just by him. I write this in a dull humour, but with most sincere affection, to an ungrateful man as you are, that minds every body more than me, except what concerns my interest. My dear friend, farewell.

L E T T E R CCCLXIII.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

London, Sept. 22. 1726.

A BOOKSELLER, who says he is in a few days going to Dublin, calls here, and offers to carry a letter to you. I cannot resist the temptation

tation of writing to you, though I have nothing to say more by this conveyance than I should have by that of the post; though I have lately clubbed with Pope to make up a most elegant epistle to you in prose and verse; and though I wrote the other day the first paragraph of that Chedder * letter which is preparing for you. The only excuse, then, which I can plead for writing now, is, that the letters will cost you nothing. Have you heard of the accident which befel poor Pops in going lately from me? A bridge was down, the coach forced to go through the water, the bank steep, a hole on one side, and a block of timber on the other, the night as dark as pitch. In short, he overturned; the fall was broke by the water; but the glasses were up, and he might have been drowned, if one of my men had not broke a glass, and pulled him out through the window. His right hand was severely cut; but the surgeon thinks him in no danger of losing the use of his fingers: However, he has lately had very great pains in that arm from the shoulder downwards, which might
create

* A Chedder letter is a letter written by the contribution of several friends, each furnishing a paragraph. The name is borrowed from that of a large and excellent cheese made at Chedder in Gloucestershire, where all the dairies contribute to make the cheese, which is thus made of new milk or fresh cream; of which, one dairy not furnishing a sufficient quantity, the common practice is to make cheese of milk or cream that has been set by, till a proper quantity is procured, and then part of it at least is stale.

create a fuspicion that some of the glafs remains ftill in the flefh. St Andre fays there is none. If fo, thefe pains are owing to a cold he took in a fit of gallantry, which carried him acrofs the water to fee Mrs Howard, who has been extremely ill, but is much better. Juft as I am writing, I hear that Dr Arbuthnott fays, that Pope's pains are rheumatic, and have no relation to his wounds. He fuffers very much; I will endeavour to fee him to-morrow. Let me hear from you as often as you can afford to write. I would fay fomething to you of myfelf, if I had any good to fay; but I am much in the fame way in which you left me, eternally bufy about trifles, difagreeable in themfelves, but rendered fupportable by their end; which is, to enable me to bury myfelf from the world (who cannot be more tired of me than I am of it) in an agreeable fepulchre. I hope to bring this about by next fpring, and fhall be glad to fee you at my funeral. Adieu.

LETTER

10 DEAN SWIFT'S

LETTER CCCLXIV.

DR ARBUTHNOTT TO DR SWIFT, THEN IN
LONDON*.

DEAR SIR,

[Indorsed 1726.]

I HAVE been at your lodgings this morning, but you was out early. Her Royal Highness begs the honour of a visit from you on Thursday night at seven o'clock. You are to be attended by, dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

I hope you will not engage yourself at that hour; but I shall see you before that time. Tuesday, 3 o'clock.

LETTER CCCLXV.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Whitehall, Oct. 22. 1726.

BEFORE I say one word to you, give me leave to say something of the other gentleman's affair. The letter was sent; and the answer

* The Dean went to London in the beginning of April 1726; and this invitation was made by her Royal Highness, afterwards Queen Caroline, soon after; but it is uncertain on what day.

answer was, That every thing was finished and concluded according to orders; and that it would be publicly known to be so in a very few days; so that I think there can be no occasion for his writing any more about this affair.

The letter you wrote to Mr Pope was not received till eleven or twelve days after date; and the post-office, we suppose, have very vigilant officers; for they had taken care to make him pay for a double letter. I wish I could tell you, that the cutting of the tendon of two of his fingers was a joke; but it is really so: The wound is quite healed; his hand is still weak, and the two fingers drop downwards, as I told you before*; but I hope it will be very little troublesome or detrimental to him. In answer to our letter of maps, pictures, and receipts, you call it a tripartite letter. If you will examine it once again, you will find some lines of Mrs Howard, and some of Mr Pulteney, which you have not taken the least notice of. The receipt of the veal is of Monsieur Davaux, Mr Pulteney's cook; and it hath been approved of at one of our Twickenham entertainments. The difficulty of the sauce-pan, I believe, you will find is owing to a negligence in perusing the manuscript; for, if I remember right, it is there called a stew-pan. Your earthen vessel, provided it is close stopped, I allow to be a good *succedaneum*. As to the boiling

* In his preceding letter, he says, no tendon is cut: He must therefore refer to a letter not in this collection, if his memory did not fail him.

boiling chickens in a wooden bowl, I shall be quite ashamed to consult Mrs Howard upon your account, who thinks herself entirely neglected by you, in not writing to her as you promised: However, let her take it as she will, to serve a friend, I'll venture to ask it of her. The Prince and his family come to settle in town to-morrow. That Mr Pulteney expected an answer to his letter, and would be extremely pleased to hear from you, is very certain; for I have heard him talk of it with expectation for above a fortnight.

I have of late been very much out of order with a slight fever, which I am not yet quite free from. It was occasioned by a cold, which my attendance at the Guild-Hall improved. I have not a friend, who has got any thing under my administration, but the Dutchess of Queensberry, who hath had a benefit of a thousand pounds. Your mentioning Mr Rollinson * so kindly, will, I know, give him much pleasure; for he always talks of you with great regard, and in the strongest terms of friendship. He hath been of late ill of a fever, but is recovered so as to go abroad and take the air.

If the engravers keep their word with me, I shall be able to publish my Fables soon after Christmas. The Doctor's book † is entirely printed

* 'A great friend of Lord Bolingbroke, Dr Swift, and Mr Pope. He married the widow of John Earl of Winchelsea.'

† 'Arbuthnott's tables of ancient coins, &c.'

printed off, and will be very soon published. I believe you'll expect that I should give you some account how I have spent my time since you left me. I have attended my distressed friend at Twickenham, and been his *amanuensis*, which you know is no idle charge. I have read about half Virgil, and half Spenser's Fairy-queen. I still despise court-preferments, so that I lose no time upon attendance on great men; and still can find amusement enough without quadrille, which here is the universal employment of life.

I thought you would be glad to hear from me, so that I determined not to stir out of my lodgings till I had answered your letter; and I think I shall very probably hear more of the matter (which I mention in the first paragraph of this letter) as soon as I go abroad; for I expect it every day. We have no news as yet of Mr Stopford: Mr Rollinson told me he shall know of his arrival, and will send me word. Lord Bolingbroke hath been to make a visit to Sir William Wyndham. I hear he is returned, but I have not seen him. If I had been in a better state of health, and Mrs Howard * were not to come to town to-morrow, I would have gone to Mr Pope's to-day, to have dined with him there on Monday.

You ask me how to address to Lord B——, when you are disposed to write to him. If you mean Lord Burlington, he is not yet returned

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B

from

* Afterwards Countess of Suffolk, from whom Mr Gay at this time had expectations.

from France, but is expected every day. If you mean Lord Bathurst, he is in Gloucestershire, and makes but a very short stay; so that if you direct to one of them in St James's-square, or to the other at Burlington-house in Piccadilly, your letter will find them. I will make your compliments to Lord Chesterfield and Mr Pulteney; and I beg you, in return, to make mine to Mr Ford. Next week I shall have a new coat, and new buttons for the birth-day, though I don't know but a turn-coat might have been more for my advantage. Your's most sincerely and affectionately.

P. S. I hear that Lord Bolingbroke will be in town, at his house in Pall-mall, next week.

As we cannot enjoy any good things without your partaking of it, accept the following receipt for stewing veal*.

Take a knuckle of veal;
 You may buy it, or steal.
 In a few pieces cut it:
 In a stewing-pan put it.
 Salt, pepper, and mace
 Must season this knuckle;
 Then † what's join'd to a place,
 With other herbs muckle;

That

* This is supposed to be the receipt of Mr Pulteney's cook, mentioned in the preceding part of this letter, verified.

† Vulgo, salary.

That which killed King * Will;
 And what never † stands still.
 Some ‡ sprigs of that bed
 Where children are bred;
 Which much you will mend, if
 Both spinnage and endive,
 And lettice and beet,
 With marygold meet.
 Put no water at all,
 For it maketh things small;
 Which lest it should happen,
 A close cover clap on.
 Put this pot of Wood's metal ||,
 In a hot boiling kettle,
 And there let it be
 (Mark the doctrine I teach)
 About— let me see,—
 Thrice as long as you preach §;
 So skimming the fat off,
 Say grace with your hat off.
 O then with what rapture
 Will it fill Dean and Chapter!

B 2

LETTER

* Supposed forril.

† This is by Dr Bentley thought to be time, or thyme.

‡ Parsley. *Vide Chamberloyne.*

|| Copper.

§ 'Which we suppose to be near four hours.'

LETTER CCCLXVI.

DR ARBUTHNOTT TO DR SWIFT.

London, Nov. 8. 1726.

I TAKE it mighty kindly that a man of your high post, dear Sir, was pleased to write me so long a letter. I look upon the captain *Tom* of a great nation to be a much greater man than the governor of it.

I am sorry your commission about your finger has not been executed sooner. It is not Nanny's fault, who has spoke several times to Dr Pepusch about it, and wrote three or four letters, and received for answer, that he would write for the young fellow; but still nothing is done. I will endeavour to get his name and direction, and write to him myself.

Your books shall be sent as directed: They have been printed above a month; but I cannot get my subscribers names *. I will make over all my profits to you for the property of *Gulliver's travels*, which, I believe, will have as great a run as *John Bunyan*. *Gulliver* is a happy man that, at his age, can write such a merry book.

I made my Lord Archbishop's † compliments
to

* To a work in 4to, intituled, "Tables of Ancient Coins, Weights, and Measures, explained and exemplified in several Dissertations."

† 'Probably Archbishop King of Dublin.'

to her Royal Highness, who returns his Grace her thanks; at same time, Mrs Howard read your letter to herself. The princess immediately seized on your plaid * for her own use, and has ordered the young princesses to be clad in the same. When I had the honour to see her, she was reading Gulliver, and was just come to the passage of the hobbling prince; which she laughed at. I tell you freely, the part of the projectors is the least brilliant. Lewis † grumbles a little at it, and says he wants the key to it, and is daily resigning. I suppose he will be able to publish like Barnevelt ‡ in time. I gave your service to Lady Harvey. She is in a little sort of a miss about a ballad that was wrote on her, to the tune of Molly Mog, and sent to her in the name of a begging poet. She was bit, and wrote a letter to the begging poet, and desired him to change two double entendres; which the authors Mr Pulteney and Lord Chesterfield, changed to single entendres. I was against that, though I had a hand in the first. She is not displeased, I believe, with the ballad, but only with being bit.

B 3

There

* The Dean sent a present of some silk plaids from Ireland, for the Princess of Wales and the young princesses.

† 'Erasmus Lewis, Esq;'

‡ This refers to a pamphlet, intitled, 'A Key to the Lock: or, A Treatise, proving beyond all Contradiction the dangerous tendency of a late poem, intitled, *The Rape of the Lock*, to Government and religion.' By Esdras Barnevelt, Apothecary. The second edition of this piece was published in 1715, in 8vo.

There has been a comical paper about quadrille *, describing in the terms of a lewd debauch among four ladies, meeting four gallants, two of a ruddy, and two of a swarthy complexion, talking of their a—es, &c. The riddle is carried on in pretty strong terms; it was not found out a long time. The ladies, imagining it to be a real thing, began to guess who were of the party. A great minister was for hanging the author. In short, it has made very good sport.

Gay has had a little fever, but is pretty well recovered; so is Mr Pope. We shall meet at Lord Bolingbroke's on Thursday, in town, at dinner, and remember you. Gulliver is in every body's hands. Lord Scarborough, who is no inventor of stories, told me, that he fell in company with a master of a ship, who told him that he was very well acquainted with Gulliver; but that the printer had mistaken, that he lived in Wapping, and not at Rotherhithe. I lent the book to an old gentleman, who went immediately to his map to search for Lilliput.

We expect war here. The city of London are all crying out for it; that they shall be all undone without it, there being now a total stoppage of all trade. I think one of the best courses will be, to rig out a privateer for the West-Indies. Will you be concerned? We will build her at Bermudas, and get Mr Dean Berkeley † to be our manager.

* Written by Mr Congreve.

† He formed a design of fixing an university in the Bermudas. See note on Bolingbroke's letter, dated July 24. 1725.

CORRESPONDENCE. 19

I had the honour to see Lord Oxford, who asked kindly for you, and said he would write to you. If the project goes on of printing some papers, he has promised to give copies of some things, which I believe cannot be found elsewhere. My brother Robert has been very ill of a rheumatism. Wishing you all health and happiness, and not daring to write my paper on the other side, I must remain, dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

L E T T E R CCCLXVII.

MRS HOWARD (SINCE COUNTESS OF ———)
TO DR SWIFT.

Nov. 1726.

I DID not expect, that the sight of my ring would produce the effect it has. I was in such a hurry to shew your plaid to the princess, that I could not stay to put it into the shape you desired. It pleased extremely, and I have orders to fit it up according to the first design; but as this is not proper for the public, your are desired to send over, for the same princess's use, the height of the Brobdingnag dwarf multiplied by $2\frac{1}{2}$. The young princesses must be taken care of; theirs must be in three shares: For a short method, you may draw a line of 20 feet, and upon that, by two circles, form an equilateral triangle;

triangle; then measuring each side you will find the proper quantity and proper division. If you want a more particular or better rule, I refer you to the academy of Legado *. I am of opinion many of this kingdom will soon appear in your plaid. To this end it will be highly necessary, that care be taken of disposing of the purple, the yellow and white silks; and though the greens are for the princesses, the officers are very vigilant; so take care they are not seized. Don't forget to be observant how you dispose of the colours. I shall take all particular precautions to have the money ready, and to return it the way you judge safest. I think it would be worth your reflecting in what manner the chequer might be best managed.

The princess will take care, that you shall have pumps sufficient to serve you till you return to England; but thinks you cannot, in common decency, appear in heels †, and therefore advises your keeping close till they arrive. Here are several Lilliputian mathematicians, so that the length of your head, or of your foot, is a sufficient measure. Send it by the first opportunity. Don't forget our good friends the 500 weavers. You may omit the gold thread. Many disputes have arisen here, whether the Big-Endians and Lesser-Endians ever differed in opinion about the breaking of eggs, when they were to be either

* See Gulliver's travels.

† See Gulliver's travels, where high and low heels are made the distinction of political parties.

ther buttered or poached? Or whether this part of cookery was ever known in Lilliput? I cannot conclude without telling you, that our island is in great joy; one of our yahoos having been delivered of a creature, half ram and half yahoo; and another has brought forth four perfect black rabbits*. May we not hope, and with some probability expect, that, in time, our female yahoos will produce a race of Houyhnhnms? I am, Sir, your humble servant,

SIEVE YAHOO†.

• L E T T E R CCCLXVIII.

Nov. 16. 1726.

I HAVE resolved to take time; and in spite of all misfortunes and demurs, which sickness, lameness, or disability of any kind can throw in my way, to write you (at intervals) a long letter. My two least fingers of one hand hang impediments to the others‡, like uselefs dependents, who only take

• This alludes to a famous imposter, Mary Tofts, of Godalmin, in Surry, called the rabbitwoman, who, in Nov. 1726, pretended to be delivered of living rabbits, and imposed, among others, upon St. Andre, a physician, who was her advocate, I think, in print.

† Sieve Yahoo is a name given by Swift, in his Gulliver's travels, to a court lady.

‡ This was occasioned by a bad accident as he was returning home in a friend's chariot; which in passing a bridge was overturned, and thrown with the horses into the river. The glasses being up, and Mr Pope unable to break

take up room, and never are active or assistant to our wants. I shall never be much the better for them.—I congratulate you first upon what you call your cousin's wonderful book, which is *publica trita manu* at present, and I prophesy will be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by some statesmen is delightful; I wish I could tell you how every single man looks upon it, to observe which has been my whole diversion this fortnight. I've never been a night in London since you left me, till now, for this very end; and indeed it has fully answered my expectations.

I find no considerable man very angry at the book. Some indeed think it rather too bold, and too general a satire: but none, that I hear of, accuse it of particular reflections; (I mean no persons of consequence, or good judgment; the mob of critics, you know, always are desirous to apply satire to those they envy for being above them): so that you needed not have been so secret upon this head. Motte received the copy, he tells me, he knew from whence, not from whom, dropped at his house in the dark, from a hackney-coach. By computing the time, I found it was after you left England; so, for my part, I suspend my judgment.

I am pleased with the nature and quality of
your

break them, he was in immediate danger of drowning; when the postillion, who had just recovered himself, beat the glass which lay uppermost to pieces: a fragment of which cut one of Mr Pope's hands very dangerously.
Warb.

your present to the princefs. The Irish stuff you sent to Mrs H. her R. H. laid hold of, and has made up for her own use. Are you determined to be national in every thing, even in your civilities? You are the greatest politician in Europe at this rate; but as you are a rational politician, there's no great fear of you, you will never succeed.

Another thing in which you have pleased me, was what you say to Mr P.; by which it seems to me, that you value no man's civility above your own dignity, or your own reason. Surely, without flattery, you are now above all parties of men; and it is high time to be so, after twenty or thirty years observation of the great world.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.

I question not, many men would be of your intimacy, that you might be of their interest: But God forbid any honest or witty man should be of any, but that of his country. They have scoundrels enough to write for their passions and their designs; let us write for truth, for honour, and for posterity. If you must needs write about politics at all, (but perhaps 'tis full as wise to play the fool any other way), surely it ought to be so as to preserve the dignity and integrity of your character with those times to come, which will most impartially judge of you.

I wish you had writ to Lord Peterborow; no man is more affectionate toward you. Don't
fancy

fancy none but Tories are your friends, for at that rate I must be, at most, but half your friend, and sincerely I am wholly so. Adieu, write often, and come soon; for many wish you well, and all would be glad of your company.

L E T T E R CCCLXIX.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

Nov. 17. 1726.

ABOUT ten days ago a book was published here of the travels of one Gulliver, which hath been the conversation of the whole town ever since. The whole impression sold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. 'Tis generally said that you are the author; but I am told, the bookseller declares, he knows not from what hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read, from the cabinet-counsel to the nursery. The politicians to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the satire on general societies of men is too severe. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perspicuity, who are in search for particular applications in every leaf; and 'tis highly probable we shall have keys published to give light into Gulliver's design. Lord — is the person who least approves it, blaming

blaming it as a design of evil consequence to depreciate human nature ; at which it cannot be wondered that he takes most offence, being himself the most accomplished of his species, and so losing more than any other of that praise which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a man *. Your friend, my Lord Harcourt, commends it very much, though he thinks in some places the matter too far carried. The Dutchess-dowager of Marlborough is in raptures at it ; she says she can dream of nothing else since she read it : She declares, that she hath now found out, that her whole life hath been lost in caressing the worst part of mankind, and treating the best as her foes ; and that if she knew Gulliver, though he had been the worst enemy she ever had, she would give her present acquaintance for his friendship. You may see by this, that you are not much injured by being supposed the author of this piece. If you are, you have disoblighed us, and two or three of your best friends, in not giving us the least hint of it while you were with us ; and in particular Dr Arbuthnott, who says, it is ten thousand pities he had not known it, he could have added such abundance of things upon every subject. Among lady-critics, some have found out that Mr Gulliver had a particular malice to

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* It is no wonder a man of worth should condemn a satire on his species ; as it injures virtue, and violates truth ; and as little, that a corrupt man should approve it, because it justifies his principles, and tends to excuse his practice. *Warb.*

maids of honour. Those of them, who frequent the church, say, his design is impious, and that it is depreciating the works of the Creator. Notwithstanding, I am told the Princess hath read it with great pleasure. As to other critics, they think the flying island is the least entertaining; and so great an opinion the town have of the impossibility of Gulliver's writing at all below himself, 'tis agreed that part was not writ by the same hand, though this hath its defenders too. It hath passed Lords and Commons, *nemine contradicente*; and the whole town, men, women, and children, are quite full of it.

Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never seen, and which hath not yet reached Ireland. If it hath not, I believe what we have said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it you.

But it will be much better to come over yourself, and read it here; where you will have the pleasure of variety of commentators, to explain the difficult passages to you.

We all rejoice that you have fixed the precise time of your coming to be *cum hirundine prima*; which we modern naturalists pronounce ought to be reckoned, contrary to Pliny, in the northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, styl. Greg. at farthest. But to us your friends, the coming of such a black swallow as you, will make a summer in the worst of seasons. We are no less glad at your mention
of

of Twickenham and Dawley; and in town you know you have a lodging at court.

The princess is cloathed in Irish silk; pray give our service to the weavers. We are strangely surpris'd to hear that the bells in Ireland ring without your money. I hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B— hath been guilty of that crime, that you (like a Houyhnhnm) have treated him as a Yahoo, and discarded him your service. I fear you do not understand these modish terms, which every creature now understands but yourself.

You tell us your wine is bad, and that the clergy do not frequent your house, which we look upon to be tautology. The best advice we can give you is, to make them a present of your wine, and come away to better.

You fancy we envy you, but are mistaken: We envy those you are with, for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

L E T T E R CCCLXX.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Dublin, Nov. 17. 1726.

I AM just come from answering a letter of Mrs H—'s, writ in such mystical terms that I should never have found out the meaning, if a book had not been sent me called Gulliver's Travels, of which you say so much in your's. I

read the book over; and, in the second volume, observe several passages which appear to be patched and altered *, and the style of a different sort, unless I am much mistaken. Dr Arbuthnott likes the projectors least †; others, you tell me, the flying island: Some think it wrong to be so hard upon whole bodies or corporations; yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular persons are most to be blamed: So that, in these cases, I think the best method is, to let censure and opinion take their course. A bishop here said, that book was full of improbable lies; and, for his part, he hardly believed a word of it. And so much for Gulliver.

Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumstance of returning to Ireland. It is a shame you do not persuade your ministers to keep me on that side, if it were but by a court-expedient of keeping me in prison for a plotter; but at the same time I must tell you, that such journeys very much shorten my life, for a month here is longer than six at Twickenham.

How comes friend Gay to be so tedious? Another man can publish fifty thousand lies sooner than he can fifty fables.

I am just going to perform a very good office; it is to assist with the Archbishop in degrading

* This was the fact, which is complained of and redressed in the Dublin edition of the Dean's works. *Warb.*—See the preface to this edition.

† Because he understood it to be intended as a satire on the Royal Society. *Warb.*

a parson who couples all our beggars ; by which I shall make one happy man, and decide the great question of an indelible character in favour of the principles in fashion. This I hope you will represent to the ministry in my favour, as a point of merit ; so farewell till I return.

I am come back, and have deprived the parson, who by a law here is to be hanged the next couple he marries. He declared to us, that he resolved to be hanged ; only desired, that when he was to go to the gallows, the Archbishop would take off his excommunication. Is not he a good Catholic ? and yet he is but a Scotchman. This is the only Irish event I ever troubled you with, and I think it deserves notice.

—Let me add, that if I were Gulliver's friend, I would desire all my acquaintance to give out, that his copy was basely mangled, and abused, and added to, and blotted out by the printer ; for so to me it seems, in the second volume particularly. Adieu.

L E T T E R CCCLXXI.

THE EARL OF PETERBOROW TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Nov. 29. 1726.

I WAS endeavouring to give an answer to your's in a new dialect, which most of us are very fond of. I depended much upon a lady, who had a good ear, and a pliant tongue, in hopes

she might have taught me to draw sounds out of consonants. But she being a professed friend to the Italian speech and vowels, would give me no assistance, and so I am forced to write to you in the Yahoo language.

The new one in fashion is much studied, and great pains taken about the pronunciation. Every body (since a new turn) approves of it; but the women seem most satisfied, who declare for few words and horse-performance. It suffices to let you know, that there is a neighing duetto appointed for the next opera.

Strange distempers rage in the nation, which your friend the doctor * takes no care of. In some the imagination is struck with the apprehension of swelling to a giant, or dwindling to a pigmy. Others expect an oration equal to any of Cicero's from an eloquent bard, and some take the braying of an ass for the emperor's speech in favour of the Vienna alliance. The knowledge of the ancient world is of no use; men have lost their titles; continents and islands have got new names, just upon the appearance of a certain book †. Women bring forth rabbits ‡; and every man whose wife has conceived, expects an heir with four legs. It was concluded not long ago, that such confusion could be only brought about by the black art, and by the spells of

* Probably Arbuthnott.

† Gulliver's travels.

‡ "Mary-Tofts pretended to do this; but being brought up to town, and well watched, the imposture was detected."

of a notorious scribbling * magician, who was generally suspected, and was to be recommended to the mercy of the inquisition. Indictments were upon the anvil, a charge of forcery preparing, and Merlin's friends were afraid, that the exasperated pettifoggers would persuade the jury to bring in *billa vera*. For they pretended to bring in certain proofs of his appearance in several shapes; at one time a drapier †, at another a Wapping surgeon ‡; sometimes a nardac, sometimes a reverend divine. Nay more, that he could raise the dead; that he had brought philosophers, heroes, and poets in the same caravan from the other world; and after a few questions, had sent them all to play at quadrille in a flying island of his own.

This was the scene not many days ago, and burning was too good for the wizzard. But what mutations amongst the Lilliputians! The greatest lady in the nation resolves to send a pair of shoes without heels to Captain Gulliver: She takes *vi et armis* the plaid from the lady it was sent to, which is soon to appear upon her royal person; and now who but Captain Gulliver? The captain indeed has nothing more to do but to chalk his pumps, learn to dance upon the rope, and I may yet live to see him a bishop. Verily, verily, I believe he never was in such imminent danger of preferment. Sir, your affectionate tar.

LETTER

* The Dean.

† In the Drapier's letters against Wood's halfpence.

‡ Lemuel Gulliver.

L E T T E R CCCLXXII.

THE EARL OF PETERBOROW TO DR SWIFT,
WITH AN INVITATION, &c.

SIR,

ONE of your Irish heroes, that, from the extremity of our English land, came to destroy the wicked brazen project *, desires to meet you on Monday next at Parson's Green. If you are not engaged, I will send my coach for you.

Sir Robert Walpole, any morning, except Tuesday and Thursday (which are his public days) about nine o'clock, will be glad to see you, at his London house. On Monday, if I see you, I will give you a fuller account. Your affectionate servant,

PETERBOROW.

Saturday evening.

L E T T E R CCCLXXIII.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Dec. 5. 1726.

I BELIEVE the hurt in your hand affects me more than it does yourself; and with reason, because I may probably be a greater loser by

* Wood's halfpence.

by it. What have accidents to do with those who are neither jockeys, nor fox-hunters, nor bullies, nor drunkards? And yet a rascally groom shall gallop a foundered horse ten miles upon a causey, and get home safe.

I am very much pleased that you approve what was sent; because I remember to have heard a great man say, that nothing required more judgment than making a present; which, when it is done to those of high rank, ought to be of something that is not readily got for money. You oblige me, and at the same time do me justice in what you observe as to Mr P. Besides, it is too late in life for me to act otherwise, and therefore I follow a very easy road to virtue, and purchase it cheap. If you will give me leave to join us, is not your life and mine a state of power, and dependence a state of slavery? We care not threepence whether a prince or minister will see us or no: We are not afraid of having ill offices done us, nor are at the trouble of guarding our words for fear of giving offence. I do agree, that riches are liberty; but then we are to put into the balance, how long our apprenticeship is to last in acquiring them.

Since you have received the verses, I most earnestly intreat you to burn those which you do not approve, and in those few where you may not dislike some parts, blot out the rest, and sometimes (though it be against the laziness of your nature) be so kind to make a few corrections, if the matter will bear them. I have some
few

few of those things I call thoughts moral and diverting; if you please, I will send the best I can pick from them, to add to the new volume. I have reason to chuse the method you mention of mixing the several verses, and I hope thereby, among the bad critics, to be entitled to more merit than is my due.

This moment I am so happy to have a letter from my Lord Peterborow, for which I intreat you will present him with my humble respects and thanks, though he all-to-be Gullivers me by very strong insinuations. Though you despise riddles, I am strongly tempted to send a parcel to be printed by themselves, and make a nine-penny job for the bookseller. There are some of my own, wherein I exceed mankind; *mira poemata!* the most solemn that ever were seen; and some writ by others, admirable indeed, but far inferior to mine; but I will not praise myself. You approve that writer who laughs and makes others laugh: But why should I, who hate the world, or you who do not love it, make it so happy? Therefore I resolve from henceforth to handle only serious subjects, *nisi quid tu, docte Trebati, dissentis.*

Your's, &c.

LETTER

LETTER CCCLXXIV.

TO MRS HOWARD*.

MADAM, *Feb. 1. 1726-7.*

I AM so very nice, and my workmen so fearful, that there is yet but one piece finished of the two, which you commanded me to send to her Royal Highness. The other was done; but the undertaker, confessing it was not to the utmost perfection, hath obtained my leave for a second attempt; in which he promises to do wonders, and tells me it will be ready in another fortnight; although, perhaps, the humour may be quite off both with the Princess and you: For such were courts when I knew them. I desire you will order her Royal Highness to go to Richmond as soon as she can this summer, because she will have the pleasure of my neighbourhood; for I hope to be in London by the middle of March, and I do not love you much when you are there: And I expect to find you are altered by flattery, or ill company. I am glad to tell you now, that I honour you with my esteem; because when the Princess grows a crowned head, you shall have no more such compliments; and it is a hundred to one whether you will deserve them. I do not approve of your advice to bring over pumps for myself, but will rather provide another shoe for his

* Afterwards Countess of Suffolk.

his Royal Highness*, against there shall be occasion. I will tell you an odd accident that happened this night: While I was caressing one of my Houyhnhnms, he bit my little finger so cruelly, that I am hardly able to write; and I impute the cause to some foreknowledge in him, that I was going to write to a Sieve Yahoo †, (for so you are pleased to call yourself). Pray tell Sir Robert Walpole, that if he does not use me better next summer than he did last, I will study revenge, and it shall be *vengeance ecclesiastique*. I hope you will get your house and wine ready, to which Mr Gay and I are to have free access when you are at court: For as to Mr Pope, he is not worth considering on such occasions. I am sorry I have no complaints to make of her Royal Highness: Therefore I think I may let you tell her, that every grain of virtue and good sense, in one of her rank, considering the bad education among flatterers and adorers, is worth a dozen in any inferior person. Now, if what the world says be true, that she excels all other ladies at least a dozen times; then multiply one dozen by the other, you will find the number to be one hundred and forty-four. If any one can say a civiler thing, let him, for I think it too much for me.

I have some title to be angry with you, for not commanding those who write to me to mention your remembrance. Can there be any thing more base, than to make me the first advances,
and

* Vide Gulliver's Travels, chap. IV.

† i. e. A court lady. See Gulliver's Travels.

and then be inconstant. It is very hard, that I must cross the sea, and ride two hundred miles, to reproach you in person; when, at the same time, I feel myself, with the most entire respect,
MADAM, &c.

L E T T E R CCCLXXV.

LADY BOLINGBROKE * TO DEAN SWIFT.

De Dawleo, ce premier Fevrier 1726-7.

O N m'a dit, Monsieur, que vous vous plaignes de n'avoir point reçu des mes lettres. Vous avez tort: je vous traite comme les divinités, qui tiennent conte aux hommes de leurs intentions. Il y a dix ans, que jay celle de vous écrire; avant que d'avoir l'honneur de vous connoître l'idée, que je me faisois de vôtre gravité, me retenoit: depuis que j'ay eu celui de voir vôtre reverence, je ne me suis pas trouvée assés d'imagination pour l'hazarder. Un certain Monsieur de Gulliver avoit un peu remis en mouvement cette pauvre imagination si eteinte par l'air de Londres, et par des conversations dont je n'entend que le bruit, je vou lû me saisir de ce mo-

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ment

* Second wife of Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, born in France. She had been second wife of the Marquis de Villette, chef d'escadre, nephew or cousin to Madame de Maintenon. See Voltaire Siecle de Lewis XIV. tom. II. p. 106. edit. Amsterdam, 1764, 24°. She died 18th March 1749. Lord Bolingbroke survived her, dying 15th December 1751, aged 78.

ment pour vous écrire mais je tombois malade, et je l'ay toujours esté depuis trois mois. Je profite donc, Monsieur, de premier retour de ma fanté de vous remercier de vos reproches, dont je suis tres flattée, et pour vous dire un mot de mon ami Monsieur Gulliver. J'apprend avec une grande satisfaction, qu'il vient d'être traduit en François, et comme mon séjour en Angleterre, a beaucoup redoublé mon amitié pour mon pays et pour mes compatriotes, je suis ravi qu'ils puissent participer au plaisir, que m'a fait ce bon Monsieur, et profiter de ses decouvertes. Je ne desespere pas que 12 vaisseaux que la France vient d'armer ne puissent être destiné, a une embassade ches Messieurs les Houyhnhnms. En ce cas je vous proposerai, que nous fassions ce voyage. En attendant je scay bon gré a un ouvrier de vôtre nation, qui pour instruire les dames, les quelles comme vous scavies, Monsieur, (sont icy un grand usage) de leurs évantails, en a fait faire ou toutes les aventures de notre veridique voyageur sont depeintes. Vous jugez bien quelle part il va avoir dans leur conversation. Cela fera a la verité beaucoup de tort a la pluye et au beutemps, qui en remplissoient une partie, et en mon particulier je serai privée des very cold et very warm, qui sont les peu mots, que j'entende. Je conte de vous envoyer de ces eventails par un de vos amis. Vous vous en ferez un merite avec les dames d'Irlande, si tant est que vous en ayez besoin; ce qui je ne crois pas, du moins si elles pensent commes les Françoises.

Françoises. Le Seigneur de Dawley, Mr Pope, et moy sommes icy occupés a boire, manger, dormir, ou ne ainfaire priant Dieu qu'a rien, si soit de vous. Revenes ce printems nous revoir, Monsieur, attend vôtre retour avec impatience pour tuer le boeuf le plus pesant, et le cochon le plus gros, qui soit dans ma ferme: l'un et l'autre seront servis en entier sur le table de vôtre reverence, craint qu'elle n'aucun mon cuisinier deguisement. Vous brillieres parmy nous du moins autant que parmy vos Chanoins, et nous ne ferons pas moins empressé a vous plaire. Je le disputerai a tout autre, etant plus que personne du monde vôtre tres humble et tres obeissante servante.

L E T T E R CCCLXXVI.

LORD BOLING BROKE TO DR SWIFT.

Feb. 17. 1726-7.

THIS opportunity of writing to you I cannot neglect, though I shall have less to say to you than I should have by another conveyance. Mr Stopford being fully informed of all that passes in this boisterous climate of ours, and carrying with him a cargo of our weekly productions. You will find anger on one side, and rage on the other; satire on one side, and defamation on the other. Ah! *ou est Grilion?* You suffer much where you are, as you tell me in an old letter
of

of your's, which I have before me ; but you suffer with the hopes of passing next summer between Dawley and Twickenham ; and these hopes, you flatter us, are enough to support your spirits. Remember this solemn renewal of your engagements. Remember, that though you are a dean, you are not great enough to despise the reproach of breaking your word.

Your deafness must not be a hackney excuse to you, as it was to Oxford. What matter if you are deaf ? what matter if you cannot hear what we say ? You are not dumb, and we shall hear you, and that's enough. My wife writes to you herself, and sends you some fans just arrived from Lilliput, which you will dispose of to the present Stella *, whoever she be. Adieu, dear friend : I cannot in conscience keep you any longer from enjoying Mr Stopford's conversation.

I am hurrying myself here, that I may get a day or two for Dawley, where I hope that you will find me established at your return. There I hope to finish my days in ease, without sloth ; and believe I shall seldom visit London, unless it be to divert myself now and then with annoying fools and knaves for a month or two. Once more adieu ; no man loves you better than your faithful.

LETTER

* Mrs Johnson died the month preceding the date of this letter ; but considering the connection between the Dean and that lady, and the tenderness with which he was known to regret her loss, this is a strange expression.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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L E T T E R CCCLXXVII.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Whitehall, Feb. 18. 1726-7.*

I BELIEVE it is now my turn to write to you, though Mr Pope had taken all I have to say, and put it into a long letter, which is sent to you by Mr Stopford: But however, I could not omit this occasion for thanking you for his acquaintance. I don't know whether I ought to thank you or not, considering I have lost him so soon, though he hath given me some hopes of seeing him in the summer. He will give you an account of our negotiations together; and I may now glory in my success, since I could contribute to his. We dined together to-day at the Doctor's, who, with me, was in high delight upon an information Mr Stopford gave us, that we are like to see you soon. My Fables are printed; but I cannot get my plates finished, which hinders the publication. I expect nothing, and am like to get nothing. It is needless to write, for Mr Stopford can acquaint you of my affairs more fully than I can in a letter. Mrs Howard desires me to make her compliments; she hath been in an ill state of health all this winter, but I hope is somewhat better. I have been very much out of order myself for the most part of the winter: Upon my being let blood last week, my cough and my head-

ach are much better. Mrs Blount always asks after you. I refused supping at Burlington house, in regard to my health; and this morning I walked two hours in the Park. The contempt of the world grows upon me now, and I begin to be richer and richer; for I find I could, every morning I awake, be content with less than I aimed at the day before. I fancy, in time, I shall bring myself into that state, which no man ever knew before me. In thinking I have enough, I really am afraid to be content with so little, lest my good friends should censure me for indolence, and the want of a laudable ambition. So that it will be absolutely necessary for me to improve my fortune to content them. How solicitous is mankind to please others? Pray give my sincere service to Mr Ford. Dear Sir, your's most affectionately,

J. GAY.

L E T T E R CCCLXXVIII.

March 8. 1726-7.

MR Stopford will be the bearer of this letter, for whose acquaintance I am, among many other favours, obliged to you; and I think the acquaintance of so valuable, ingenious, and unaffected a man, to be none of the least obligations.

Our Miscellany is now quite printed. I am prodigiously pleased with this joint volume; in
which

which methinks we look like friends, side by side, serious and merry by turns, conversing interchangeably, and walking down hand in hand to posterity; not in the stiff forms of learned authors, flattering each other, and setting the rest of mankind at nought; but in a free, unimportant, natural, easy manner, diverting others just as we diverted ourselves. The third volume consists of verses; but I would chuse to print none but such as have some peculiarity, and may be distinguished for ours from other writers. There's no end of making books, Solomon said, and above all, of making miscellanies, which all men can make. For unless there be a character in every piece, like the mark of the elect, I should not care to be one of the twelve thousand signed.

You received, I hope, some commendatory verses from a horse and a Lilliputian to Gulliver, and an heroic epistle of Mrs Gulliver. The bookseller would fain have printed them before the second edition of the book; but I would not permit it without your approbation; nor do I much like them. You see how much like a poet I write; and if you were with us, you'd be deep in politics. People are very warm, and very angry, very little to the purpose; but therefore the more warm and the more angry: *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites*. I stay at Twickenham, without so much as reading news-papers, votes, or any other paltry pamphlets. Mr Stopford will carry you a whole parcel of them,

them, which are sent for your diversion, but not imitation. For my own part, methinks I am at Glubbdubdrib, with none but ancients and spirits about me.

I am rather better than I used to be at this season, but my hand (though, as you see, it has not lost its cunning) is frequently in very awkward sensations, rather than pain. But to convince you it is pretty well, it has done some mischief already, and just been strong enough to cut the other hand, while it was aiming to prune a fruit-tree.

Lady Bolingbroke has writ you a long, lively letter, which will attend this. She has very bad health, he very good. Lord Peterborow has writ twice to you. We fancy some letters have been intercepted, or lost by accident. About ten thousand things I want to tell you: I wish you were as impatient to hear them; for if so, you would, you must come early this spring. Adieu. Let me have a line from you. I am vexed at losing Mr Stopford as soon as I knew him: but I thank God I have known him no longer. If every man one begins to value must settle in Ireland, pray make me know no more of them, and I forgive you this one.

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCLXXIX.

DR SWIFT TO MR WALLIS.

SIR,

Dublin, April 8. 1727.

I AM just going for England *, and must desire you to be my proxy at the bishop's visitation †. I find there is likewise a triennial visitation, and think the inclosed ‡ may serve for both, with your wise management. The ladies are with me, being now come to live at the deanry for this summer §; you have their service, and so has Mrs Wallis, as well as mine. I reckon you are now deep in mire and mortar, and are preparing to live seven years hence. I have been plagued with the roguery of my deanry-proctor, whom I have discharged. I believe I am worse for him 600 l. and his brother is not much better. I wish you had been at my elbow to advise me, for you are fitter for the world than I am.

I

* The Dean, being on a visit to Mr Pope in 1726, hastened back to Ireland on receiving an account that Mrs Johnson was dangerously ill; and, on her amendment, he returned back to England in 1727, to finish the "Miscellanies," in concert with Pope and Arbuthnot.

"Swift's letters to Sheridan, No. xx and xxiv."

† See letter ccxcviii.

‡ A proxy from the Dean, as vicar of Laracor.

§ They had lodgings on Ormond-quay, on the other side of the river Liffy, and never resided at the deanry but in the Dean's absence: When he returned, they removed; nor were Stella and he ever known to meet but in the presence of a third person.

I hope to come safe back, and then to have done with England *.

I am ever your's, &c.

J. S.

L E T T E R CCCLXXX.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

GOOD DOCTOR, *London, May 13. 1727.*

THIS goes by a private hand; for my writing is too much known, and my letters often stopt and opened. I had your's of the 4th instant; and it is the only one I have received out of Ireland since I left you. I hardly thought our friend would be in danger by a cold. I am of opinion she should be generally in the country, and only now and then visit the town.—We are here in a strange situation; a firm settled resolution to assault the present administration, and break it, if possible. It is certain that Walpole is peevish and disconcerted, stoops to the vilest offices of hireling scoundrels, to write Billingsgate of the lowest and most prostitute kind; and has none but beasts and blockheads for his penmen, whom he pays in ready guineas very liberally. I am in high displeasure with him and his partisans. A great man, who was very kind to me last year, doth not take the least notice of me at the

* He had so; this being his last visit. He returned to Ireland, on the news of Stella's last illness, in September following.

the Prince's court, and there hath not been one of them to see me. I am advised by all my friends not to go to France, (as I intended for two months), for fear of their vengeance, in a manner which they cannot execute here.—I reckon there will be a warm winter, wherein my comfort is, I shall have no concern. I desire you will read this letter to none but our two friends, and Mr P——. His cousin with the red ribband inquired very kindly after him.—I hear no news about your bishops, farther than that the Lord Lieutenant stickles to have them of Ireland; which Walpole always is averse from, but does not think it worth his trouble to exert his credit on such trifles. The dispute about a war or no war still continues, and the major part inclines to the latter, although ten thousand men are ordered for Holland. But this will bring such an addition to our debts, that it will give great advantages against those in power, in the next sessions. Walpole laughs at all this, but not so heartily as he used. I have at last seen the Princess * twice this week, by her own commands. She retains her old civility, and I my old freedom. She charges me without ceremony to be author of a bad book †, though I told her how angry the ministry were; but she assures me, that both she and the P—— were very well pleased with every particular: But I disowned the whole

* Caroline Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen-consort of King George II.

† Gulliver's Travels.

whole affair, as you know I very well might; only gave her leave, since she liked the book, to suppose what author she pleased.—You will wonder to find me say so much of politics; but I keep very bad company, who are full of nothing else. Pray be very careful of your charge, or I shall order my lodgers the bulk of their glassess, and the number of their bottles.— I stole this time to write to you, having very little to spare. I go as soon as possible to the country, and shall rarely see this town.

My service to all friends.

I desire you will send me six sets of the edition of the Drapiers, by the first convenience of any friend or acquaintance that comes hither.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXI.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

May 18. 1727.

I LIVED on Tuesday with you and Pope. Yesterday another of my friends found his way to this retreat*, and I shall pass this day alone. Would to God my whole life could be divided in the same manner; two-thirds to friendship, one-third to myself, and not a moment to the world.

In the epistle, a part of which you shewed me, mention is made of the author of Three Occasional

* Dawley.

al Letters *, a person entirely unknown. I would have you insinuate there, that the only reason Walpole can have had to ascribe them to a particular person †, is the authority of one of his spies, who wriggles himself into the company of those, who neither love, esteem, nor fear the minister, that he may report, not what he hears (since no man speaks with any freedom before him), but what he guesses.

I was interrupted yesterday when I least expected it; and I am going to-day to London, where I hear that my wife is not very well. Let me know how Mrs Pope does.

I had a hint or two more for you; but they have slipped out of my memory. Do not forget the sixty nor the twenty guineas, nor the min—character transferred into the administration. Adieu, I am very faithfully your's, my dear and reverend Dean. I embrace Pope.

Friday morning.

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LETTER

* Printed in his Lordship's works. They were first published in Feb. 1726.

† This person was Mr Gay; and though Walpole was afterwards convinced, that Gay did not write the letters, yet he never ceased to do him ill offices; and prevented the Queen, who declared she would take up the hare, from providing for him, though Swift defended him to her Majesty in person, and told her the whole story. See Gay's Fables, and a letter from the Dean to Lady Suffolk, dated Nov. 21. 1730; and another to Lady Betty Germain, dated Jan. 1732-3.

LETTER CCCLXXXII.

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN*.

MY LORD,

May 18. 1727.

I UNDERSTAND, by some letters just come to my hands, that at your Grace's visitation of the Dean and Chapter of St Patrick's, a proxy was insisted on from the Dean, the visitation adjourned, and a rule entered that a proxy be exhibited within a month. If your Grace can find in any of your old records, or of ours, that a proxy was ever demanded for a dean of St Patrick's, you will have some reason to insist upon it: But as it is a thing wholly new and unheard of, let the consequences be what they will, I shall never comply with it. I take my chapter to be my proxy, if I want any: It is only through them that you visit me, and my sub-dean is to answer for me. I am neither civilian nor canonist: Your Grace may probably be both, with the addition of a dextrous deputy. My proceeding shall be only upon one maxim, Never to yield to an oppression, to justify which no precedent can be produced. I see very well how personal all this proceeding is; and how, from the very moment of the Queen's death, your Grace hath thought fit to take every opportunity of giving me all sorts of uneasiness, without ever giving me, in my whole life, one single mark of
your

* Dr William King.

your favour beyond common civilities. And if it were not below a man of spirit to make complaints, I could date them from six and twenty years past. This hath something in it the more extraordinary, because, during some years, when I was thought to have credit with those in power, I employed it to the utmost for your service, with great success, where it could be most useful, against many violent enemies you then had, however unjustly; by which I got more ill-will than by any other action of my life, I mean from my friends. My Lord, I have lived, and by the grace of God will die, an enemy to servitude and slavery of all kinds: And I believe at the same time, that persons of such a disposition will be the most ready to pay obedience where-ever it is due. Your Grace hath often said, you would never infringe any of our liberties. I will call back nothing of what is past: I will forget, if I can, that you mentioned to me a licence to be absent. Neither my age, health, humour, or fortune, qualify me for little brangles; but I will hold to the practice delivered down by my predecessors. I thought, and have been told, that I deserved better from that church and that kingdom: I am sure I do from your Grace. And, I believe, people on this side will attest, that all my merits are not very old. It is a little hard, that the occasion of my journey hither being partly for the advantage of that kingdom, partly on account of my health, partly on business of importance to me, and partly to see my friends; I cannot

not enjoy the quiet of a few months, without your Grace interposing to disturb it. But I thank God, the civilities of those in power here, who allow themselves to be my professed adversaries, make some atonement for the unkindness of others, who have so many reasons to be my friends. I have not long to live; and therefore, if conscience were quite out of the case for me to do a base thing, I will set no unworthy examples for my successors to follow; and therefore, repeating it again, that I shall not concern myself upon the proceeding of your Lordship.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXIII.

MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Friday, June 16. 1727.

I SEND you here inclosed two letters, one for Monsieur de Morville, our secretary of state, and the other for Monsieur de Maifon, both desirous and worthy of your acquaintance. Be so kind to go by Calais, or by the way of Roüen. I will give you some letters for a good lady, who lives in her country-castle just by Roüen. She will receive you as well as you deserve. There you will find two or three intimate friends, who are your admirers, and who have learned English, since I came to England. All will pay you all the respects, and procure all the pleasures

fures they are capable of. They will give you a hundred directions for Paris*, and provide you with all the requisite conveniencies. Vouchsafe to acquaint me with your resolution. I shall certainly do my best endeavours to serve you, and to let my country know that I have the inestimable honour to be one of your friends. I am with the highest respect and esteem, your most humble, obedient, faithful servant,

VOLTAIRE.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXIV.

Monfieur VOLTAIRE a Monfieur le Comte de MORVILLE, Miniftre et Secretaire d'Etat a Versailles.

MONSIEGNEUR,

Juin 1727.

JE me fuis contenté jufque-icy d'admirer en filence vôte conduite dans les affaires de l'Europe : mais il n'eft pas permis a un homme, qui aime vôte gloire, et au qui vous êtes auffi tendrement attaché, que je le fuis, de demeurer plus long tems fans vous faire fes fincere complimentens.

Je ne puis d'ailleurs me refufer l'honneur, que me fait le celebre Monfieur Swift, de vouloir bien vous prefenter une de mes lettres. Je fcai que fa reputation eft parvenue jufqu' a vous, et que vous avez envie de la connoitre : il fait

E 3

l'honneur

* Swift, at this time was preparing to vifit the Lord Bolingbroke in France.

l'honneur d'une nation, que vous estimez ; vous avez lu les traductions de plusieurs ouvrages, qui lui sont attribuez ; et qui est plus capable, que vous, Monseigneur, de discerner les beautés d'un original a travers la foiblesse des plus mauvaises copies. Je croi que vous ne serez pas fâché de dîner avec Monsieur Swift, et Monsieur le President Henault, et je me flatte au que vous le regarderez comme une preuve de mon sincere attachement a votre personne la liberté, que je prens de vous presenter un des hommes des plus extraordinaires que l'Angleterre a produit, et le plus capable de sentir toute l'étendue de vos grandes qualitez.

Je suis pour toute ma vie, avec un profond respect et un attachement remplis de la plus haute estime, Monseigneur, vôtres tres humble et tres obeissant serviteur,

VOLTAIRE.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXV.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

Saturday, at Pope's, [June 24. 1727.]

I AM going to London, and intend to carry this letter, which I will give you, if I see you, and leave for you, if I do not see you.

There would not be common sense in your going into France at this juncture, even if you intended to stay there long enough to draw the
sole

sole pleasure and profit, which I propose you should have in the acquaintance I am ready to give you there. Much less ought you to think of such an unmeaning journey, when the opportunity for quitting Ireland for England is, I believe, fairly before you *. To hanker after a court is fit for men with blue ribbands, pompous titles, and overgrown estates. It is below either you or me ; one of whom never made his fortune, and the other's turned rotten at the very moment it grew ripe. But, without hankering, without assuming a suppliant dependant's air, you may spend in England all the time you can be absent from Ireland, *et faire la guerre à Poëil*. There has not been so much inactivity as you imagine ; but I cannot answer for contingencies. Adieu.

If you can call on me to-morrow morning, in your way to church, about ten o'clock, you will find me just returning to Cranford from the Pall-mall.

I shall return again to London on Monday evening.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXVI.

DR ARBUTHNOTT TO DR SWIFT.

Cranford, Tuesday.

I HAVE to severe a defluxion of rheum on both my eyes, that I dare hardly stir abroad. You will

* See a letter from Dr Swift to Dr Sheridan, dated 24th June 1727. Vol. XII. p. 213. Bathurst's edition, printed 1755.

will be ready to say, Physician, cure thyself; and that is what I am about. I took away, by cupping, yesterday fourteen ounces of blood; and such an operation would, I believe, have done you more good than steel, bitters, waters, and drops. I wish John Gay success in his pursuit; but I think he has some qualities, which will keep him down in the world. Good God! what is man? Polished, civilized, learned man! A liberal education fits him for slavery; and the pains he has taken gives him the noble pretension of dangling away life in an antichamber, or of employing real talents to serve those who have none; or, which is worse than all the rest, of making his reason and his knowledge serve all the purposes of other mens follies and vices. You say not a word to me about the public, of whom I think as seldom as possible. I consider myself as a man with some little satisfaction, and with some use; but I have no pleasure in thinking I am an Englishman; nor is it, I doubt, to much purpose to act like one. *Serpit enim res, quæ proclivis ad perniciem, cum semel cœpit, labitur. Plures enim discunt quemadmodum baciant, quam quemadmodum his resistatur.* Adieu.

Let me know how you do. If your landlord* is returned, my kindest services to him.

LETTER

* Mr Pope, the Dean being at Twickenham.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXVII.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

*Sunday. [Indorsed, on going to France, about June
1727.]*

YOU may be sure of letters from me to people, who will receive you with all the honours due to so great a traveller, and so exact an author. I am obliged to stay in the country to-morrow, by some business relating to my poor farm, which I would willingly make a rich one; and for which purpose a person is with me, who comes from Suffolk on my summons.

On Tuesday, by seven in the evening, I will certainly be in the Pall-mall, and there you shall have, if you meet me, and not otherwise, both my letters and instructions, which will be of use to you.

Raillery apart: Since you do go into France, I shall be glad to talk with you before your departure; and I fancy you would not leave England, without embracing the man in England who loves you best. Adieu. My best services attend all with you.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R CCCLXXXVIII.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

Tuesday.

I RETURN you the papers, which I have read twice over since you was here. They are extremely well; but the *Craftsman* has not only advertised the public, that he intended to turn news-writer, he has begun, and for some weeks continued to appear under that new character. This consideration inclines me to think, that another turn might be given to the introduction; and perhaps this would naturally call for a fourth letter from the *Occasional Writer*, to account for his silence, to prosecute your argument, to state the present disputes about political affairs, and, in short, to revive and animate the paper-war. When we meet next, I will explain myself better than I can do by a letter writ in haste, with mowers and hay-makers about me. Adieu. Let Pope share my embraces with you.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXIX.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

Thursday.

L ORD B. is so ill, and so much alone, the common fate of those who are out of power,

power, that I have not left him one day since my return from London. Let me know how you are. Say something very kind from me to Pope. Toss John Gay over the water to Richmond, if he is with you. Adieu.

L E T T E R CCCXC.

MR PULTENEY TO MR POPE.

I AM obliged to you all for your compliment, and when the Dean is well enough, I hope to see you in town. You will probably find me a much happier man than when you saw me last; for I flatter myself, that in an hour or two, I shall be once more blessed with a son. Mrs Pulteney is now in labour: If she does well and brings me a boy, I shall not care one sixpence how much longer Sir Robert governs England, or Horace governs France. I am ever your's,

W. P.

Eleven o'clock, Tuesday morning.

L E T T E R CCCXCI.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

London, June 24. 1727.

I HAVE received your last, with the inclosed print. I desire you will let Dr Delany know that I transcribed the substance of his letter, and the

the translation of what was registered; and added a whole state of the case, and gave it Mrs Howard to give to the Prince * from me, and to desire, that, as Chancellor, he would do what he thought most fit. I forgot to ask Mrs Howard † what was done in it, the next time I saw her; and the day I came to town, came the news of the King's ‡ death, of which I sent particulars the very same day to our friends; since then we have been all in a hurry, with millions of schemes. I deferred kissing the King and Queen's hands till the third day, when my friends at court chid me for deferring it so long. I have been, and I am so extremely busy, that though I begin this letter, I cannot finish it till next post; for now it is the last moment it can go, and I have much more to say. I was just ready to go to France, when the news of the King's death arrived, and I came to town, in order to begin my journey. But I was desired to delay it; and I then determined it a second time; when, upon some new incidents, I was with great vehemence dissuaded from it, by certain persons whom I could not disobey. Thus things stand with me. My stomach is pretty good; but for some days my head has not been right; yet it is what I have been formerly used to. Here is a strange world; and our friends would reproach me for my share in it. But it shall be short; for I design soon to return
into

* His Royal Highness George Prince of Wales, Chancellor of the University of Dublin, now King.

† Afterwards Countess of Suffolk.

‡ King George I. He died June 11. 1727.

into the country. I am thinking of a chancellor for the university, and have pitched upon one; but whether he will like it, or my word be of any use, I know not. The talk is now for a moderating scheme, wherein nobody shall be used the worse or better for being called Whig or Tory; and the King hath received both with great equality, shewing civilities to several who are openly known to be the latter. I prevailed with a dozen, that we should go in a line to kiss the King's and Queen's hands. We have now done with repining, if we shall be used well, and not baited as formerly. We all agree in it; and if things do not mend, it is not our faults: We have made our offers; if otherwise, we are as we were. It is agreed the ministry will be changed, but the others will have a soft fall; although the King must be excessive generous, if he forgives the treatment of some people. I writ long ago my thoughts to my viceroy, and he may proceed as he shall be advised. But if the Archbishop * goes on to proceed to *sub pœna contemptus*, &c. I would have an appeal at proper time; which I suppose must be to delegates, or the crown, I know not which. However, I will spend a hundred or two pounds rather than be enslaved, or betray a right which I do not value three-pence, but my successors may. My service to all friends; and so thinking I have said enough, I bid you farewell heartily, and long to eat of your fruit, for I

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* Dr William King.

dare eat none here. It hath cost me five shillings in victuals since I came here, and ten pounds to servants where I have dined. I suppose my agent * in Ship-street takes care and inquires about my new agent.

L E T T E R CCCXCII.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, July 1. 1727.

I HAD your's of June 22. You complain of not hearing from me; I never was so constant a writer. I have writ six times to our friends, and as many to you. Mr Pope is reading your *Perſius*. He is frequently sick, and so at this time. He has read it, but you must wait till next letter for his judgment. He would know whether it is designed for an elegant translation, or only to shew the meaning. I reckon it an explanation of a difficult author, not only for learners, but for those also who are not expert in Latin, because he is a very dark author. I would not have your book printed entire, till I treat with my bookseller here for your advantage. There is a word (*concacius*) which you have not explained, nor the reason of it. Where you are ignorant, you should confess you are ignorant. I writ to Stella the day we heard the K—— was dead, and the circumstances of it. I hold you a guinea,

* The Rev. Mr John Worrall.

guinea, I shall forget something. Worral writ to me lately. In answer, I desire that when the Archbishop comes to a determination, that an appeal be properly lodged, by which I will elude him till my return, which will be at Michaelmas. I have left London, and stay here a week, and then I shall go thither again, just to see the Queen, and so come back hither. Here are a thousand schemes wherein they would have me engaged; which I embrace but coldly, because I like none of them. I have been these ten days inclining to my old disease of giddiness, a little tottering. Our friend understands it; but I grow cautious, and am something better. Cyder, and champagne, and fruit, have been the cause. But now I am very regular, and I eat enough. I took Dr Delany's paper to the King when he was Prince. He and his secretary * are discontented with the Provost †, but they find he has law on his side. The King's death hath broke that measure. I proposed the Prince of Wales ‡ to be Chancellor, and I believe so it will go. Pray copy out the verses I writ to Stella on her collecting my verses, and send them to me; for we want some to make our poetical miscellany large enough, and I am not there to pick what should be added. Direct them, and all other double papers, to Lord Bathurst, in St James's square,

F 2

London.

* Samuel Mollyneux, Esq;

† The Rev. Dr Baldwin.

‡ Frederick Prince of Wales, eldest son of K. George II. who died March 20, 1750-1.

London. I was in a fright about your verses on Stella's sickness, but glad when they were a month old.

Desire our friends to let me know what I should buy for them here of any kind. I had just now a long letter from Mrs Dingley, and another from Mr Synge. Pray tell the latter, that I return him great thanks, and will leave the visiting affair to his discretion. But all the lawyers in Europe shall never persuade me, that it is in the Archbishop's power to take or refuse my proxy, when I have the King's leave of absence. If he be violent, I will appeal, and die two or three hundred pounds poorer, to defend the rights of the Dean. Pray ask Mr Synge whether his fenocchio be grown; it is now fit to eat here, and we eat it like celery, either with or without oil, &c. I design to pass my time wholly in the country, having some business to do and settle before I leave England for the last time. I will send you Mr Pope's criticisms, and my own, on your work. Pray forget nothing of what I desire you. Pray God blefs you all. If the King had lived but ten days longer, I should be now at Paris. Simpleton! the Drapiers should have been sent unbound; but 'tis no great matter; two or three would have been enough. I see Mrs Fad but seldom; I never trouble her but when I am sent for. She expects me soon, and after that perhaps no more while I am here. I desire it may be told, that I never go to court; which I mention, because of a passage in Mrs Dingley's

Dingley's * letter. She speaks mighty good things of your kindness. I do not want that poem to Stella to print it entire, but some passages out of it, if they deserve it, to lengthen the volume. Read all this letter without hesitation, and I'll give you a pot of ale. I intend to be with you at Michaelmas, bar impossibilities.

L E T T E R CCCXCH.

CHEVALIER RAMSAY † TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR.

Paris, Aug. 1. N. S. 1727.

MR HOOK having acquainted me with what goodness and patience you have been pleased to examine a performance of mine ‡, I take this occasion to make my acknowledgements. Nothing could flatter me more sensibly

F 3

than

* An English lady, a friend of the Dean's.

† Andrew Michael Ramsay, knight of St Lazarus in France, and doctor of laws of the university of Oxford. He was born in Scotland 9th of June 1686, and educated a Protestant, but converted to the church of Rome in 1709, by Fenelon Archbishop of Cambray, whose life he published. In 1724, he was sent for to Rome by the Pretender, in order to be tutor to his two sons: But the divisions and jealousies of that court induced him to desire leave to return to France, where he was appointed governor of the Duke of Chateau-Thierry, and afterwards of the Prince Turenne. He died 6th May 1743, at St Germain-en-laie, at the age of fifty-seven. He is well known for "his Travels of Cyrus," his "Life of Marshal Turenne," &c.

‡ The Travels of Cyrus.

than your approbation. To acquire the esteem of persons of your merit is the principal advantage I could wish for by becoming an author, and more than I could flatter myself with. I should be proud of receiving your commands, if I could be any way useful to you in this part of the world, where, I assure you, your reputation is as well established as in your own country. I am with the utmost regard and esteem, reverend Sir, your most humble, and most obliged, obedient servant,

A. RAMSAY.

LETTER CCCXCIV.

TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

MADAM,

Twickenham, Aug. 15. 1727.

I WISH I were a young lord, and you were unmarried: I should make you the best husband in the world, for I am ten times deafer than ever you were in your life; and instead of a poor pain in my face, I have a good substantial giddiness and head-ach. The best of it is, that, although we might lay our heads together, you could tell me no secrets that might not be heard five rooms distant. These disorders of mine, if they hold me as long as they used to do some years ago, will last as long as my leave of absence, which I shall not renew: And then the Queen will have the misfortune not to see me, and I shall go back with the satisfaction never to have seen her since
she

she was Queen, but when I kissed her hand. And although she were a thousand Queens, I will not lose my privilege of never seeing her but when she commands it. I told my two landlords, that I would write you a love-letter; which, I remember, you commanded me to do last year. But I would not shew it to either of them. I am the greatest courtier and flatterer you have; because I try your good sense and taste, more than all of them put together, which is the greatest compliment I could put upon you: And you have hitherto behaved yourself tolerably well under it; much better than your mistress, if what a lady told me was true, that, talking with the Queen about me, her Majesty said, I was an odd sort of man. But I forgive her; for it is an odd thing in an honest man to speak freely to princes. I will say another thing in your praise, that goodness would become you better than any person I know: And, for that very reason, there is nobody I wish to be good so much as yourself. I am, &c.

L E T T E R CCCXCV.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, Aug. 12. 1727.

I AM cleverly caught, if ever gentleman was cleverly caught: For three days after I came to town with Lord Oxford from Cambridge-shire,

shire*, which was ten days ago, my old deafness seized me, and hath continued ever since with great increase; so that I am now deafer than ever you knew me, and yet a little less, I think, than I was yesterday; but, which is worse, about four days ago my giddiness seized me, and I was so very ill, that yesterday I took a hearty vomit; and though I now totter, yet I think I am a thought better: But what will be the event I know not. One thing I know that these deaf fits used to continue five or six weeks; and I am resolved, if it continues, or my giddiness, some days longer, I will leave this place, and remove to Greenwich, or somewhere near London, and take my cousin Lancelot to be my nurse. Our friends know her; it is the same with Pat Rolt. If my disorder should keep me longer than my licence of absence lasts, I would have you get Mr Worrall to renew it. It will not expire till the sixth or seventh of October, and I resolved to begin my journey Sept. 15. Mr Worrall will see by the date of my licence, what time the new one should commence: But he has seven weeks yet to consider; I only speak in time. I am very uneasy here, because so many of our acquaintance come to see us, and I cannot be seen; besides, Mr Pope is too sickly and complaisant; therefore I resolve to go somewhere else. This is a little
 unlucky,

* Son of the late Right Honourable Robert Harley, Lord High Treasurer of England, created Earl of Oxford and Mortimer by Queen Anne.

unlucky, my head will not bear writing long. I want to be at home, where I can turn you out, or let you in, as I think best. The King and Queen come in two days to our neighbourhood *; and there I shall be expected, and cannot go; which however is none of my grievances; for I had rather be absent, and have now too good an excuse. I believe this giddiness is the disorder that will at last get the better of me; but I had rather it should not be now; and I hope and believe it will not, for I am now better than yesterday.—Since my dinner, my giddiness is much better, and my deafness a hair's-breadth not so bad. It is just as usual, worst in the morning and at evening. I will be very temperate; and in the midst of peaches, figs, nectarins, and mulberries, I touch not a bit. I hope I shall however set out in the midst of September, as I designed. This is a long letter for an ill head, so adieu. My service to our two friends and all others.

L E T T E R CCCXCVI.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, Aug. 29. 1727,

I HAVE had your letter of the 19th; and expect, before you read this, to receive another from you, with the most fatal news that can ever

* Richmond.

ever come to me, unless I should be put to death for some ignominious crime. I continue very ill with my giddiness and deafness, of which I had two days intermission, but since worse; and I shall be perfectly content, if God shall please to call me away at this time. Here is a triple cord of friendship broke, which hath lasted thirty years; twenty-four of which in Ireland. I beg, if you have not writ to me before you get this, to tell me no particulars, but the event in general. My weakness, my age, my friendship, will bear no more. I have mentioned the case, as well as I knew it, to a physician who is my friend; and I find his methods were the same, air and exercise, and at last asses milk. I will tell you sincerely, that if I were younger, and in health, or in hopes of it, I would endeavour to divert my mind by all methods, in order to pass my life in quiet; but I now want only three months of sixty. I am strongly visited with a disease, that will at last cut me off, if I should this time escape; if not, I have but a poor remainder, and that is below any wise man's valuing. I do not intend to return to Ireland so soon as I purposed; I would not be there in the very midst of grief. I desire you will speak to Mr Worral, to get a new licence about the beginning of October, when my old one, as he will see by the date, shall expire; but if that fatal accident were not to happen, I am not able to travel in my present condition. What I intend is, immediately to leave this place, and go with my cousin for a nurse,

nurse, about five miles from London, on the other side towards the sea; and if I recover, I will either pass this winter near Salisbury-plain, or in France. And therefore I desire Mr Worral may make this licence run like the former, [to Great-Britain, or elsewhere, for the recovery of his health.]

Neither my health nor grief will permit me to say more. Your directions to Mr Lancelot, at his house in New Bond-street, over-against the crown and cushion, will reach me. Farewel.

This stroke was unexpected, and my fears last year were ten times greater *.

L E T T E R CCCXCVII.

MRS HOWARD TO DR SWIFT.

Aug. 1727.

I WRITE to you to please myself. I hear you are melancholy because you have a bad head, and deaf ears. These are two misfortunes I have laboured under these many years, and yet was never peevish with myself or the world. Have I more philosophy and resolution than you? Or am I so stupid I don't feel the evil? Is this meant in a good-natured view? Or do I mean, that I please myself when I insult over you? Answer these queries in writing, if poison or
other

† See letter ccclv.

other methods don't enable you soon to appear in person. Though I make use of your own word poison, give me leave to tell you it is nonsense; and I desire you will take more care for the time to come, how you endeavour to impose upon my understanding, by making no use of your own. I am, &c.

L E T T E R CCCXCVIII.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

London, Sept. 2. 1727.

I HAD your's of the 19th of August, which I answered the 29th from Twickenham. I came to town on the last day of August, being impatient of staying there longer, where so much company came to us, while I was so giddy and deaf. I am now got to my cousin Lancelot's house; where I desire all letters may be directed to me. I am still in the same condition, or rather worse; for I walk like a drunken man, and am deafer than ever you knew me. If I had any tolerable health, I would go this moment to Ireland; yet I think I would not, considering the news I daily expect to hear from you. I have just received your's of August 24.; I kept it an hour in my pocket, with all the suspense of a man who expected to hear the worst news that fortune could give him, and at the same time was not able to hold up my head. These
are

are the perquisites of living long. The last act of life is always a tragedy at best; but it is a bitter aggravation to have one's best friend go before one. I desired in my last, that you would not enlarge upon that event, but tell me the bare fact. I long knew that our dear friend had not the *flamina vitæ*; but my friendship could not arm me against this accident, although I foresaw it. I have said enough in my last letter, which now I suppose is with you. I know not whether it be an addition to my grief or no, that I am now extremely ill; for it would have been a reproach to me to be in perfect health, when such a friend is desperate. I do profess, upon my salvation, that the distressed and desperate condition of our friend makes life so indifferent to me, who, by course of nature, have so little left, that I do not think it worth the time to struggle: Yet I should think, according to what hath been formerly, that I may happen to overcome this present disorder; and to what advantage? Why, to see the loss of that person for whose sake only life was worth preserving. I brought both those friends over *, that we might be happy together as long as God should please. The knot is broken; and the remain-

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ing

* Mrs Johnson and Mrs Dingley, both relations of Sir William Temple, at whose house the author became acquainted with them, after he left the university of Dublin. Their fortunes being not very considerable, they chose to spend their days in Ireland.—There is not the least reason to believe that Stella was related to Sir William Temple. *Hawkes.*

ing person, you know, has ill answered the end; and the other, who is now to be lost, is all that was valuable. You agreed with me, or you are a great hypocrite. What have I to do in the world? I never was in such agonies as when I received your letter, and had it in my pocket. — I am able to hold up my sorry head no longer *.

LETTER CCCXCIX.

MR POPE TO DR SHERIDAN.

SIR,

Twickenham, Sept. 6.

I AM both obliged and alarmed by your letter. What you mention of a particular friend of the Dean's being upon the brink of another world, gives me great pain; for it makes me, in tenderness to him, wish him with you; and at the same time I fear he is not in a condition

* That ingenious lady for whom the author expresseth so much concern here, and in the preceding letter, was the famous STELLA, so often celebrated in the author's poems for her fine person, wit, and many virtues. Her physician told her, when she was near dying, that she was at the bottom of the hill, and they must endeavour to get her up again. But she plainly saw the approaches of death, and readily replied, "That she found she would be out of breath before she got up to the top." She died in a few months after the date of these letters, Jan. 23. 1727-8. — See her character 'in Dr Swift's life, prefixed to Vol. I.

dition to make the journey. Though (to ease you as far as I can) his physician and friend, Dr Arbuthnott, assures me he will soon be well. At present he is very deaf, and more uneasy than I hoped that complaint alone would have made him. I apprehend he has written to you in a melancholy way; which has put you into a greater fright, than (with God's will) we may have any reason for. He talks of returning to Ireland in three weeks, if he recovers sufficiently; if not, he will stay here this winter. Upon pretence of some very unavoidable occasions, he went to London four days since, where I see him as often as he will let me. I was extremely concerned at his *opiniatrete* in leaving me; but he shall not get rid of the friend, tho' he may of his house. I have suggested to him the remedy you mention; and I will not leave him a day till I see him better. I wish you could see us in England without manifest inconvenience to yourself; though I heartily hope and believe that our friend will do well. I sincerely honour you for your warmth of affection, where it is so justly merited; and am, both for his sake and your own, with great esteem, your's,
 &c.

A. POPE.

P. S. I have often desired the Dean to make known to you my sense of the good opinion you have expressed of me in your letters. I am pleased to have an opportunity of thanking you

under my hand ; and I desire you to continue it, to one who is no way ungrateful.

•• This letter was probably an answer to one sent by Dr Sheridan to Mr Pope when he last wrote to the Dean. The reason of his going to London appears by the two preceding letters ; and about the time mentioned in this, he returned again to Ireland. Mrs Johnson languished till the 28th of January following, and then died. During her sickness, he composed the prayers which may be found in this edition. They were originally printed from his own hand-writing. *Hawkes.*

L E T T E R CCCC.

MRS HOWARD TO DR SWIFT.

Sept. 1727.

I DID desire you to write me a love-letter ; but I never did desire you to talk of marrying me. I had rather you and I were dumb, as well as deaf, for ever, than that should happen. I would take your giddiness, your head-ach, or any other complaint you have, to resemble you in one circumstance of life. So that I insist upon your thinking yourself a very happy man, at least whenever you make a comparison between yourself and me. I likewise insist upon your taking no resolution to leave England till I see you ; which must be here, for the most disagreeable reason in the world, and the most shocking : I dare not go to you. Believe nobody that talks
to

to you of the Queen, without you are sure the person likes both the Queen and you. I have been a slave twenty years, without ever receiving a reason for any one thing I ever was obliged to do; and I have now a mind to take the pleasure, once in my life, of absolute power; which I expect you to give me, in obeying all my orders, without one question why I have given them.

L E T T E R CCCCI.

DR SWIFT TO MR WORRAL.

London, Sept. 12. 1727.

I HAVE not wrote to you this long time, nor would I now, if it were not necessary. By Dr Sheridan's frequent letters, I am every post expecting the death of a friend, with whose loss I shall have very little regard for the few years that nature may leave me. I desire to know where my two friends lodge. I gave a caution to Mrs Brent, that it might not be *in domo decani, quoniam hoc minime decet, uti manifestum est: habeo enim malignos, qui sinistre hoc interpretabuntur, si eveniat (quod Deus avertat) ut illic moriatur.* I am in such a condition of health, that I cannot possibly travel. Dr Sheridan, to whom I wrote this last post, will be more particular, and spare my weak disordered head. Pray, answer all calls of money in your power to Mrs Dingley, and desire her to ask it. I cannot come back at the time of

my licence, I am afraid. Therefore the second or third day before it expires, which will be the beginning of October, (you will find by the date of the last), take out a new one for another half year; and let the same clause be in (of leave to go to Great-Britain, or elsewhere, for the recovery of his health); for very probably, if this unfortunate event should happen of the loss of our friend, (and I have no probability or hopes to expect better), I will go to France, if my health will permit me, to forget myself *. I leave my whole little affairs with you; I hate to think of them. If Mr Deacon, or Alderman Parson, come to pay rent, take it on account, unless they bring you their last acquittance to direct you. But Deacon owes me seventy-five pounds, and interest, upon his bond; so you are to take care of giving him any receipt in full of all accounts. I hope you and Mrs Worrall have your health. I can hold up my head no longer. I am sincerely your's.

You need not trouble yourself to write till you have business; for it is uncertain where I shall be.

LETTER

* Soon after the date of this letter, the Dean went to Ireland; and Mrs Johnson, after languishing about two months, died on the 28th of January 1727, in the 44th year of her age.

L E T T E R CCCII.

DR SWIFT TO MRS HOWARD *, BEFORE HIS
LEAVING ENGLAND.

MADAM,

Sept. 1727.

THIS cruel disorder of deafness, attended with giddiness, still confines me. I have been debating with myself, that having a home in Dublin not inconvenient, it would be prudent for me to return thither, while my sickness will allow me to travel. I am therefore setting out for Ireland; and it is one comfort to me, that I am ridding you of a troublesome companion.

I am infinitely obliged to you for all your civilities, and shall retain the remembrance of them during my life. I hope you will favour me so far, as to present my most humble duty to the Queen, and to describe to her Majesty my sorrow, that my disorder was of such a nature, as
to

* This lady went, in the prime of her youth, to the court of Hanover, with her husband, and became of the bed-chamber to the Princess of Brunswick, afterwards Princess of Wales, and then Queen Caroline. Upon the death of Queen Anne, she came over with her mistress, and was reckoned the greatest favourite at Leicester-house. Some time after the accession of George II. she was created Countess of Suffolk, and in a few years retired from court. She survived her first husband, and married the Honourable Mr George Berkeley, brother to Lady Betty Germain, in the year 1735. See Mrs Barber's letters, and those of Lady Betty Germain, in this collection.

to make me incapable of attending her, as she was pleased to permit me. I shall pass the remainder of my life with the utmost gratitude for her Majesty's favours *. I am, &c.

LETTER CCCCIII.

Oct. 2. 1727.

IT is a perfect trouble to me to write to you; and your kind letter left for me at Mr Gay's affected me so much, that it made me like a girl. I can't tell what to say to you; I only feel that I wish you well in every circumstance of life; that it is almost as good to be hated as to be loved, considering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn, to find themselves so utterly impotent to do any good, or give any ease to those who deserve most from us. I would very fain know, as soon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could ease any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not, and truly it grieved me. I was sorry to find you could think yourself easier in any house than in mine; though at the same time I can allow for a tenderness in
your

* His opinion of this lady, and sense of her Majesty's favours, are expressed very differently in other places: It is therefore to be presumed, they were changed by some events subsequent to this letter, though I think he was never afterwards in England. See verses on his own death, and the letter of Lady Eliz. Germain, in this collection.

your way of thinking, even when it seemed to want that tenderness. I can't explain my meaning; perhaps you know it. But the best way of convincing you of my indulgence, will be, if I live, to visit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way as you did here in your's. I will not leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added some disagreeable news from Ireland, which might occasion your so sudden departure: For the last time I saw you, you assured me you would not leave us this whole winter, unless your health grew better; and I don't find it did so. I never complied so unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you, in staying so entirely from you; nor could I have had the constancy to do it, if you had not promised, that, before you went, we should meet, and you would send to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to those you mention in your's. We are quite sorry for you, I mean for ourselves. I hope, as you do, that we shall meet in a more durable and more satisfactory state; but the less sure I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe we shall have something better than even a friend there; but certainly here we have nothing so good. Adieu for this time. May you find every friend you go to as pleased and happy, as every friend you went from is sorry and troubled.

Your's, &c.

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCCIV.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Dublin, Oct. 12. 1727.

I HAVE been long reasoning with myself upon the condition I am in, and in conclusion have thought it best to return to what fortune hath made my home. I have there a large house, and servants and conveniencies about me. I may be worse than I am; and I have no-where to retire. I therefore thought it best to return to Ireland, rather than go to any distant place in England. Here is my maintenance, and here my convenience. If it pleases God to restore me to my health, I shall readily make a third journey; if not, we must part, as all human creatures have parted. You are the best and kindest friend in the world, and I know nobody alive or dead to whom I am so much obliged: And if ever you made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wished that God Almighty would be so easy to the weakness of mankind, as to let old friends be acquainted in another state; and if I were to write an Utopia for heaven, that would be one of my schemes. This wildness you must allow for, because I am giddy and deaf.

I find it more convenient to be sick here, without the vexation of making my friends uneasy; yet my giddiness alone would not have done, if that unsociable comfortless deafness had not quite
tired

tired me. And I believe I should have returned from the inn, if I had not feared it was only a short intermission, and the year was late, and my licence expiring. Surely, besides all other faults, I should be a very ill judge, to doubt your friendship and kindness. But it hath pleased God, that you are not in a state of health to be mortified with the care and sickness of a friend. Two sick friends never did well together; such an office is fitter for servants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether we give them trouble or no. The case would be quite otherwise if you were with me; you could refuse to see any body; and here is a large house, where we need not hear each other if we were both sick. I have a race of orderly elderly people of both sexes at command, who are of no consequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread softly when I am only giddy and would sleep.

I had another reason for my haste hither; which was changing my agent, the old one having terribly involved my little affairs; to which however I am grown so indifferent, that I believe I shall lose two or three hundred pounds rather than plague myself with accounts; so that I am very well qualified to be a lord, and put into Peter Walter's hands.

Pray God continue and increase Mr Congreve's amendment; though he does not deserve it like you, having been too lavish of that health which nature gave him.

I hope my Whitehall landlord is nearer to a place than when I left him; as the preacher said, "the day of judgment was nearer than ever it had been before."

Pray God fend you health, *det solutum, det o-pes; animam æquam tibi ipse parabis*. You see Horace wished for money as well as health; and I would hold a crown he kept a coach; and I shall never be a friend to the court till you do so too.

L E T T E R CCCC.V.

FROM THE PRINCE OF LILLIPUT.

†**†.*

In European characters and English thus:
The high and mighty Prince EGROEGO, born to the most puissant empire of the East,
Unto STELLA, the most resplendent glory of the Western hemisphere, sendeth health and happiness.

BRIGHTEST PRINCESS,

1727.

THAT invincible hero, the MAN-MOUNTAIN, fortunately arriving at our coast some years ago, delivered us from ruin by conquering the fleets and armies of our enemies, and gave us hopes of a durable peace and happiness. But now the martial people of Blefuscu, encouraged from his absence, have renewed the war, to revenge upon us the loss and disgrace they suffered by our valiant champion.

The

* Here we have a parcel of characters formed at random, by way of the address in the Lilliputian tongue.

The fame of your super-excellent person and virtue, and the huge esteem which that great general has for you, urged us in this our second distress to sue for your favour. In order to which we have sent our able and trusty NARDAC KORBNIOB, requesting, that if our general does yet tread upon the terrestrial globe, you, in compassion to us, would prevail upon him to take another voyage for our deliverance.

And least any apprehensions of famine amongst us should render NARDAC MOUNTAIN averse to the undertaking, we signify to you, that we have stored our folds, our coops, our granaries and cellars, with plenty of provision for a long supply of the wastes to be made by his capacious stomach.

And furthermore, because as we hear you are not so well as we could wish, we beg you would complete our happiness, by venturing your most valuable person along with him into our country, where, by the salubrity of our finer air and diet, you will soon recover your health and stomach.

In full assurance of your complying goodness, we have sent you some provision for your voyage, and we shall with impatience wait for your safe arrival to our kingdom. Most illustrious lady, farewell.

Prince EGROEGO.

Dated the 11th day of the 6th Moon, in the }
2001 year of the Lilliputian era. }

L E T T E R CCCCVI.

EDWARD EARL OF OXFORD TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Dover-street, Oct. 12. 1727.

I WAS very much concerned to hear you were so much out of order when I went to the North; and, upon my return, which was but lately, I was in hopes to have found you here, and that you would not have gone to your deanry till the spring. I should be glad to hear that you are well, and have got rid of that troublesome distemper, your deafness.

I have seen Pope but once, and that was but for a few minutes; he was very much out of order, but I hope it only proceeded from being two days in town, and staying out a whole opera. He would not see the coronation, although he might have seen it with little trouble.

I came last night well home, after attending, and paying my duty in my rank at the coronation. I hope there will not be another till I can have the laudable excuse of old age not to attend; which is no ill wish to their present Majesties, since Nottingham at fourscore could bear the fatigue very well. I will not trouble you with an account of the ceremony; I do not doubt but you will have a full and true account from much better hands.

I have been put in hopes that we shall see you again early in the spring, which will be a very great pleasure to me.

There

There is a gentleman that is now upon putting out a new edition of the Oxford Marmora: I should take it for a great favour if you would be so kind to lend me your copy of that book. I think there are some corrections: If you think fit to do this, Mr Clayton, who is in Ireland, will take care to bring it safe to me, and I will with great care return it to you again.

I must not conclude this without making my wife's compliments to you. I am with true respect, Sir, your most humble servant,

OXFORD.

You forgot to send me the ballad.

Mr Clayton will call upon you before he comes to England; I have written him to that purpose.

L E T T E R CCCCVII.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

Oct. 22. 1727.

THE Queen's family is at last settled; and in the list I was appointed gentleman-usher to the Princess Louisa, the youngest princess; which, upon account that I am so far advanced in life, I have declined accepting; and have endeavoured, in the best manner I could, to make my excuses by a letter to her Majesty. So now all my expectations are vanished; and I have no prospect, but depending wholly upon myself,

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and

and my own conduct. As I am used to disappointments, I can bear them; but as I can have no more hopes, I can no more be disappointed; so that I am in a blessed condition.—You remember you were advising me to go into Newgate to finish my scenes the more correctly.—I now think I shall, for I have no attendance to hinder me; but my opera is already finished. I leave the rest of this paper to Mr Pope.

Gay is a free man, and I writ him a long congratulatory letter upon it. Do you the same. It will mend him and make him a better man than a court could do. Horace might keep his coach in Augustus's time if he pleased; but I won't in the time of our Augustus. My poem, (which it grieves me that I dare not send you a copy of for fear of the Curls and Dennis's of Ireland, and still more for fear of the worst of traitors, our friends and admirers), my poem, I say, will shew what a distinguishing age we live in. Your name is in it, with some others, under the mark of such ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that company. Adieu; and God bless you, and give you health and spirits,

Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy-chair,
Or in the graver gown instruct mankind,
Or, silent, let thy morals tell thy mind.

These two verses are over and above what I have said of you in the poem. Adieu.

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCCVIII.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Oct. 30. 1727.

THE first letter I writ after my landing was to Mr Gay; but it would have been wiser to direct it to Tonson or Lintot, to whom I believe his lodgings are better known than the runners of the post-office. In that letter you will find what a quick change I made in seven days from London to the deanry, through many nations and languages unknown to the civilized world. And I have often reflected, in how few hours, with a swift horse, or a strong gale, a man may come among a people as unknown to him as the antipodes. If I did not know you more by your conversation and kindness than by your letter, I might be base enough to suspect, that, in point of friendship, you acted like some philosophers, who wrote much better upon virtue than they practised it. In answer, I can only swear, that you have taught me to dream, which I had not done in twelve years, further than by inexpressible nonsense; but now I can every night distinctly see Twickenham and the grotto, and Dawley, and many other *et cetera's*; and it is but three nights since I beat Mrs Pope. I must needs confess, that the pleasure I take in thinking on you is very much lessened by the pain I am in about your health. You pay dearly for

the great talents God hath given you, and for the consequences of them, in the esteem and distinction you receive from mankind, unless you can provide a tolerable stock of health; in which pursuit I cannot much commend your conduct, but rather intreat you would mend it, by following the advice of my Lord Bolingbroke and your other physicians. When you talked of cups and impressions, it came into my head to imitate you in quoting scripture, not to your advantage. I mean what was said to David by one of his brothers. *I knew thy pride, and the naughtiness of thy heart.* I remember when it grieved your soul to see me pay a penny more than my club at an inn, when you had maintained me three months at bed and board; for which, if I had dealt with you in the Smithfield way, it would have cost me a hundred pounds; for I live worse here upon more. Did you ever consider, that I am for life almost twice as rich as you, and pay no rent, and drink French wine twice as cheap as you do port, and have neither coach, chair, nor mother? As to the world, I think you ought to say to it with St Paul, *If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?* This is more proper still, if you consider the French word *spiritual*, in which sense the world ought to pay you better than they do. If you made me a present of a thousand pound, I would not allow myself to be in your debt; and if I made you a present of two, I would not allow myself

to

to be out of it. But I have not half your pride: Witness what Mr Gay says in his letter, that I was censured for begging presents, though I limited them to ten shillings. I see no reason (at least my friendship and vanity see none) why you should not give me a visit, when you shall happen to be disengaged. I will send a person to Chester to take care of you, and you shall be used by the best folks we have here, as well as civility and good nature can contrive. I believe local motion will be no ill physic; and I will have your coming inscribed on my tomb, and recorded in never-dying verse.

I thank Mrs Pope for her prayers, but I know the mystery. A person of my acquaintance, who used to correspond with the last Great Duke of Tuscany, shewing one of the Duke's letters to a friend, and professing great sense of his Highness's friendship, read this passage out of the letters, *I would give one of my fingers to procure you real good.* The person to whom this was read, and who knew the Duke well, said, the meaning of *real good* was only, that the other might turn a good Catholic. Pray ask Mrs Pope whether the story is applicable to her and me? I pray God bless her, for I am sure she is a good Christian, and (which is almost as rare) a good woman. Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCIX.

DR SWIFT TO MR GAY.

Dublin, Nov. 23. 1727.

I ENTIRELY approve your refusal of that employment, and your writing to the Queen. I am perfectly confident you have a keen enemy in the ministry. God forgive him, but not till he puts himself in a state to be forgiven. Upon reasoning with myself, I should hope they are gone too far to discard you quite, and that they will give you something; which, although much less than they ought, will be (as far as it is worth) better circumstantiated; and since you already just live, a middling help will make you just tolerable. Your lateness in life (as you so soon call it) might be improper to begin the world with; but almost the eldest men may hope to see changes in a court. A minister is always seventy: you are thirty years younger; and consider, Cromwel himself did not begin to appear till he was older than you. I beg you will be thrifty, and learn to value a shilling, which Dr Birch said was a serious thing. Get a stronger fence about your 1000 l. and throw the inner fence into the heap, and be advised by your Twickenham landlord and me about an annuity. You are the most refractory, honest, good-natured man I ever have known. I could argue out this paper.—I am very glad your opera is finished,

nished, and hope your friends will join the reader to make it succeed, because you are ill used by others.

I have known courts these thirty-six years, and know they differ; but in some things they are extremely constant. First, in the trite old maxim of a minister's never forgiving those he hath injured. Secondly, in the insincerity of those who would be thought the best friends. Thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and tale-bearing. Fourthly, in sacrificing those whom we really wish well, to a point of interest or intrigue. Fifthly, in keeping every thing worth taking, for those who can do service or disservice.

Now, why does not Pope publish his *Dunciads* *? The rogues he marks will die of themselves in peace, and so will his friends; and so there will be neither punishment nor reward.—Pray inquire how my Lord St John does. There's no man's health in England I am more concerned about than his.—I wonder whether you begin to taste the pleasure of independency, or whether you do not sometimes leer upon the court *oculo retorto*. Will not you think of an annuity when you are two years older, and have doubled your purchase-money? Have you dedicated your opera, and got the usual dedication-fee of twenty guineas? How is the Doctor? Does he not chide that you never called upon him for hints? Is my Lord Bolingbroke, at the
moment

* The Dunciad.

moment I am writing, a planter, a philosopher, or a writer? Is Mr Pulteney in expectation of a son, or my Lord Oxford of a new old manuscript?

I bought your opera to-day for sixpence; a cursed print. I find there is neither dedication nor preface, both which wants I approve; it is in the *grand gout*.

We are as full of it, *pro modulo nostro*, as London can be; continually acting, and houses cramm'd, and the Lord Lieutenant several times there laughing his heart out. I did not understand, that the scene of Locket and Peachum's quarrel was an imitation of one between Brutus and Cassius, till I was told it. I wish Macheath, when he was going to be hanged, had imitated Alexander the Great when he was dying. I would have had his fellow-rogues desire his commands about a successor, and he to answer, Let it be the most worthy, &c. We hear a million of stories about the opera, of the applause at the song, *That was levell'd at me*, when two great ministers were in a box together, and all the world staring at them. I am heartily glad your opera hath mended your purse, though perhaps it may spoil your court.

Will you desire my Lord Bolingbroke, Mr Pulteney, and Mr Pope, to command you to buy an annuity with two thousand pounds, that you may laugh at courts and bad ministers.—

Ever preserve some spice of the alderman, and prepare against age, and dulness, and sickness,

ness, and coldness, or death of friends. A whore has a resource left, that she can turn bawd; but an old decayed poet is a creature abandoned, and at mercy, when he can find none. Get me likewise Polly's mezzotinto. Lord, how the school-boys at Westminster, and university-lads adore you at this juncture! Have you made as many men laugh as ministers can make weep?

I will excuse Sir — the trouble of a letter. When ambassadors came from Troy to condole with Tiberius upon the death of his nephew, after two years, the Emperor answered, That he likewise condoled with them for the untimely death of Hector. I always loved and respected him very much, and do still as much as ever; and it is a return sufficient, if he pleases to accept the offers of my most humble service.

The Beggar's Opera hath knocked down Gulliver; I hope to see Pope's Dulness knock down the Beggar's Opera, but not till it hath fully done its job.

To expose vice, and make people laugh with innocence, does more public service than all the ministers of state from Adam to Walpole; and so adieu.

L E T T E R CCCCX.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

POPE charges himself with this letter. He has been here two days; he is now hurrying

rying to London; he will hurry back to Twickenham in two days more; and, before the end of the week, he will be, for aught I know, at Dublin. In the mean time, his *Dulness* * grows and flourishes, as if he was there already. It will indeed be a noble work. The many will stare at it, the few will smile, and all his patrons, from Bickerstaff to Gulliver, will rejoice to see themselves adorned in that immortal piece.

I hear that you have had some return of your illness, which carried you so suddenly from us, if indeed it was your own illness which made you in such haste to be at Dublin. Dear Swift, take care of your health. I'll give you a receipt for it, *a la Montagne*, or, which is better, *a la Bruyere*. "Nourir bien voir corps; ne le
 " fatiguer jamais : laisser rouiller l'esprit, meuble
 " inutile, votre outil dangereux : laisser sonner
 " vos cloches le matin, pour eveiller les cha-
 " noines, et pour faire dormir le Doyen d'un
 " sommeil doux et profond, qui lui procure de
 " beaux songes : lever vous tard, et aller a l'é-
 " glise, pour vous faire payer d'avoir bien dormi
 " et bien déjeuné." As to myself, (a person about whom I concern myself very little), I must say a word or two out of complaisance to you. I am in my farm, and here I shoot strong and tenacious roots. I have caught hold of the earth (to use a gardener's phrase), and neither my enemies nor my friends will find it an easy matter to transplant me again. Adieu. Let me
 hear

* The Dunciad.

hear from you, at least of you. I love you for a thousand things; for none more than for the just esteem and love which you have for all the sons of Adam.

P. S. According to Lord Bolingbroke's account, I shall be at Dublin in three days. I cannot help adding a word, to desire you to expect my soul there with you by that time; but as for the jade of a body that is tacked to it, I fear there will be no dragging it after. I assure you I have few friends here to detain me, and no powerful one at court absolutely to forbid my journey. I am told the gynocracy are of opinion, that they want no better writers than Cibber, and the British Journalist; so that we may live at quiet, and apply ourselves to our more abstruse studies. The only courtiers I know, or have the honour to call my friends, are John Gay and Mr Bowry. The former is at present so employed in the elevated airs of his opera, and the latter in the exaltation of his high dignity, (that of her Majesty's waterman), that I can scarce obtain a categorical answer from either to any thing I say to them. But the opera succeeds extremely, to your's and my extreme satisfaction, of which he promises this post to give you a full account. I have been in a worse condition of health than ever, and think my immortality is very near out of my enjoyment: So it must be in you, and in posterity, to make me what amends you can for dying young. Adieu.

VOL. XVI.

I

While

While I am, I am your's. Pray love me, and take care of yourself.

LETTER CCCCXI.

DR ARBUTHNOTT TO DR SWIFT.

London, Nov. 30. 1727.

I HAVE heard, dear Sir, with great pleasure, of your safe arrival; and, which is more, of the recovery of your health. I think it will be the best expedient for me to take a journey. You will know who the inclosed comes from; and, I hope, will value mine for what it contains. I think every one of your friends have heard from you, except myself. Either you have not done me justice, or they have not done you; for I have not heard from them of my name being mentioned in any of your letters. If my curiosity wanted only to be gratified, I don't stand in need of a letter from yourself, to inform me what you are doing; for there are people about court, who can tell me every thing that you do or say; so that you had best take care of your conduct. You see of what importance you are. However, all quarrels aside, I must ask you, if you have any interest? Or do you think that I could have, or procure any with my Lord Lieutenant, to advance a relation of mine, one Capt. Innes, I think in Colonel Wilson's regiment, and now in Limerick? He is an exceeding
worthy

worthy man, but has stuck long in a low post for want of friends. Pray tell me which way I shall proceed in this matter.

I was yesterday with all your friends at St James's. There is certainly a fatality upon poor Gay. As for hopes of preferment there by favour, he has laid it aside. He has made a pretty good bargain (that is, a Smithfield one) for a little place in the custom-house, which was to bring him in about a hundred a-year. It was done as a favour to an old man, and not at all to Gay. When every thing was concluded, the man repented, and said, he would not part with his place. I have begged Gay not to buy an annuity upon my life; I am sure I should not live a week. I long to hear of the safe arrival of Dr Delany. Pray, give my humble service to him.

As for news, it was wrote from Spain to me, from my brother in France, that the preliminaries were ratified, and yet the ministry know nothing of it. Nay, some told me, that the answer was rather furly. Lord Townshend is very ill; but I think, by the description of his case, it is not mortal. I was with our friend at the back-stairs yesterday, and had the honour to be called in, and prettily chid for leaving off, &c. The first part of the discourse was about you, Mr Pope, Curl, and myself. My family are well: they, and my brother in France, and one that is here, all give their service to you. If you had been so lucky as to have gone to Paris last summer, you would have had health, honour, and diversion in

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abundance;

abundance; for I will promise, you would have recovered of the spleen. I shall add no more, but my kindest wishes, and that I am with the greatest affection and respect, your's, &c.

L E T T E R CCCCXII.

DR SWIFT TO MRS MOORE.

DEAR MADAM, *Deanry-house, Dec. 7. 1727.*

THOUGH I see you seldomer than is agreeable to my inclinations, yet you have no friend in the world that is more concerned for any thing that can affect your mind, your health, or your fortune. I have always had the highest esteem for your virtue, the greatest value for your conversation, and the truest affection for your person; and therefore cannot but heartily condole with you for the loss of so amiable, and (what is more) so favourite a child. These are the necessary consequences of too strong attachments, by which we are grieving ourselves with the death of those we love; as we must one day grieve those who love us, with the death of ourselves. For life is a tragedy, wherein we sit as spectators a while, and then act our own part in it. Self-love, as it is the motive to all our actions, so it is the sole cause of our grief. The dear person you lament, is by no means an object of pity, either in a moral or religious sense. Philosophy always taught men to despise life, as a most contemptible

temptible thing in itself; and religion regards it only as a preparation for a better; which you are taught to be certain that so innocent a person is now in possession of: so that she is an immense gainer, and you and her friends the only losers. Now, under misfortunes of this kind, I know no consolation more effectual to a reasonable person, than to reflect rather upon what is left, than what is lost. She was neither an only child, nor an only daughter. You have three children left; one of them of an age to be useful to his family*, and the two others as promising as can be expected from their age: So that, according to the general dispensations of God Almighty, you have small reason to repine upon that article of life. And religion will tell you, that the true way to preserve them is, not to fix any of them too deep in your heart: which is a weakness that God seldom leaves long unpunished; common observation shewing us, that such favourite children are either spoiled by their parents indulgence, or soon taken out of the world; which last is, generally speaking, the lighter punishment of the two.

God, in his wisdom, hath been pleased to load our declining years with many sufferings; with diseases, and decays of nature, with the death of many friends, and the ingratitude of more; sometimes with the loss or diminution of our fortunes, when our infirmities most need them; often with contempt from the world, and always with neglect from it; with the death of our most

I 3

hopeful

* Charles Devenish, Esq;

hopeful or most useful children ; with a want of relish for all worldly enjoyments ; with a general dislike of persons and things : and though all these are very natural effects of increasing years, yet they were intended by the Author of our being to wean us gradually from our fondness of life, the nearer we approach towards the end of it. And this is the use you are to make, in prudence as well as in conscience, of all the afflictions you have hitherto undergone, as well as of those which, in the course of nature and providence, you have reason to expect. May God, who hath endued you with so many virtues, add strength of mind, and reliance upon his mercy, in proportion to your present sufferings, as well as those he may think fit to try you with, through the remainder of your life.

I fear my present ill disposition, both of health and mind *, has made me but a sorry comforter : however, it will shew, that no circumstance of life can put you out of my mind ; and that I am with the truest respect, esteem, and friendship,

Dear MADAM,

Your most obedient,

and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER

• It was written little more than a month before Mrs Johnson's death, an event which was then almost daily expected. *Hawkes.*

L E T T E R CCCCXIII.

MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

*In London, at the White Peruke,
Covent-Garden, 14th Dec. 1727.*

YOU will be surpris'd in receiving an English* essay from a French traveller. Pray forgive an admirer of you, who owes to your writings the love he bears to your language, which has betrayed him into the rash attempt of writing in English.

You will see by the advertisement, that I have some designs upon you, and that I must mention you for the honour of your country, and for the improvement of mine. Do not forbid me to grace my relation with your name. Let me indulge the satisfaction of talking of you, as posterity will do.

In the mean time, can I make bold to intreat you to make some use of your interest in Ireland, about some subscriptions for the *Henriade*; which is almost ready, and does not come out yet

* An Essay on the Civil Wars of France, which he made the foundation of his *Henriade*, an heroic poem, since well known. He had been imprisoned in the Bastille in Paris; but being released about the year 1725, he came to England, and solicited subscriptions for his poem. In about a year and an half, he made himself master of our language; and, in 1727, when this letter was written, he published the essay here mentioned, with an essay on the epic poetry of the European nations, from Homer to Milton.

yet for want of a little help? The subscriptions will be but one guinea in hand. I am, with the highest esteem, and the utmost gratitude, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

VOLTAIRE.

L E T T E R CCCCXIV.

MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE TO DR SWIFT, AFTER
THE PUBLICATION OF THE HENRIADE.

SIR,

I SENT the other day a cargo of French dulness to my Lord Lieutenant. My Lady Bollingbroke has taken upon herself to send you one copy of the *Henriade*. She is desirous to do that honour to my book; and I hope the merit of being presented to you by her hands will be a commendation to it. However, if she has not done it already, I desire you to take one of the cargo, which is now at my Lord Lieutenant's. I wish you a good hearing; if you have got it, you want nothing. I have not seen Mr Pope this winter; but I have seen the third volume of the *Miscellanea*; and the more I read your works, the more I am ashamed of mine. I am, with respect, esteem, and gratitude, Sir, your most humble obedient servant,

VOLTAIRE.

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCCXV.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE LORD CARTERET
LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

MY LORD,

Jan. 18. 1727-8.

I WAS informed, that your Excellency having referred to the university here, some regulation of his Majesty's benefaction for professors; they have, in their answer, insinuated as if they thought it best that the professorships should be limited to their fellows, and to be held only as they continue to be so. I need not inform your Excellency, how contrary such a practice is to that of all the universities in Europe. Your Excellency well knows how many learned men of the two last ages have been invited by princes to be professors in some art or science, for which they were renowned; and that the like rule hath been followed in Oxford and Cambridge. I hope your Excellency will shew no regard to so narrow and partial an opinion, which can only tend to mend fellowships, and spoil professorships; although I should be sorry that any fellow should be thought incapable on that account, when otherwise qualified. And I should be glad that any person, whose education hath been in this university, should be preferred before another upon equal deservings. But that must be left to those who shall be your Excellency's successors, who may not always be great clerks: And I wish
you

you could, in some measure, provide against having this benefaction made a perquisite of humour or favour. Whoever is preferred to a bishoprick, or to such a preferment as shall hinder him from residing within a certain distance of this town, should be obliged to resign his professorship.

As long as you are governor here, I shall always expect the liberty of telling you my thoughts; and I hope you will consider them until you find I grow impertinent, or have some bias of my own.

If I had not been confined to my chamber by the continuance of an unconvertible disorder, I would have exchanged your trouble of reading for that of hearing. I am, &c.

I desire to present my most humble respects to my Lady Carteret.

Your friend Walpole hath lately done one of the cruellest actions that ever I knew, even in a minister of state, these thirty years past; which, if the Queen hath not intelligence of, may my right hand forget its cunning.

L E T T E R CCCCXVI.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Dublin, Feb. 13. 1728.

I LIVED very easily in the country. Sir A. is a man of sense, and a scholar, has a good voice, and my Lady a better; she is perfectly well bred,

bred, and desirous to improve her understanding, which is very good, but cultivated too much like a fine lady. She was my pupil there, and severely chid when she read wrong. With that, and walking, and making twenty little amusing improvements, and writing family-verses of mirth by way of libels on my Lady, my time passed very well, and in very great order; infinitely better than here, where I see no creature but my servants, and my old Presbyterian house-keeper, denying myself to every body, till I shall recover my ears.

The account of another Lord Lieutenant was only in a common news-paper when I was in the country; and if it should have happened to be true, I would have desired to have had access to him, as the situation I am in requires. But this renews my grief for the death of our friend Mr Congreve, whom I loved from my youth, and who surely, besides his other talents, was a very agreeable companion. He had the misfortune to squander away a very good constitution in his younger days; and I think a man of sense and merit like him, is bound in conscience to preserve his health, for the sake of his friends, as well as of himself. Upon his own account I could not much desire the continuance of his life under so much pain, and so many infirmities. Years have not yet hardened me; and I have an addition of weight on my spirits since we lost him, though I saw him so seldom; and possibly if he had lived on, should never have seen him more.

more. I do not only wish, as you ask me, that I was unacquainted with any deserving person, but almost that I never had a friend. Here is an ingenious good-humoured physician *, a fine gentleman, an excellent scholar, easy in his fortunes, kind to every body, hath abundance of friends, entertains them often and liberally; they pass the evening with him at cards, with plenty of good meat and wine, eight or a dozen together; he loves them all, and they him. He has twenty of these at command; if one of them dies, it is no more than, Poor Tom! he gets another, or takes up with the rest, and is no more moved than at the loss of his cat; he offends nobody, is easy with every body.—Is not this the true happy man? I was describing him to my Lady A——, who knows him too; but she hates him mortally by my character, and will not drink his health. I would give half my fortune for the same temper; and yet I cannot say I love it; for I do not love my Lord ——, who is much of the Doctor's nature. I hear Mr Gay's second opera †, which you mention, is forbid; and then he will be once more fit to be advised, and reject your advice. Adieu.

LETTER

* Dr Hefham.

† Polly.

L E T T E R CCCCXVII.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Whitehall, Feb. 15. 1727-8.

I HAVE deferred writing to you from time to time, till I could give you an account of the Beggar's Opera. It is acted at the play-house in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields with such success, that the play-house hath been crouded every night. To-night is the fifteenth time of acting; and it is thought it will run a fortnight longer. I have ordered Motte * to send the play to you the first opportunity. I made no interest, either for approbation or money; nor hath any body been pressed to take tickets for my benefit: Notwithstanding which, I think I shall make an addition to my fortune of between six and seven hundred pounds. I know this account will give you pleasure, as I have pushed through this precarious affair without servility or flattery.

As to any favours from great men, I am in the same state you left me; but I am a great deal happier, as I have no expectations. The Dutchess of Queensberry hath signalized her friendship to me upon this occasion, in such a conspicuous manner, that I hope (for her sake) you will take care to put your fork to all its proper uses, and suffer nobody for the future to put their knives in their mouths†. Lord Cobham says, I should have printed it in Italian over-against the English,

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lish,

* 'Benjamin, the bookseller.'

† See the letter of November 9. 1729.

lish, that the ladies might have understood what they read. The outlandish (as they now call it) opera hath been so thin of late, that some have called that the Beggar's Opera; and if the run continues, I fear I shall have remonstrances drawn up against me by the Royal Academy of Music. As none of us have heard from you of late, every one of us are in concern about your health: I beg we may hear from you soon. By my constant attendance on this affair, I have almost worried myself into an ill state of health; but I intend in five or six days to go to our country-seat at Twickenham, for a little air. Mr Pope is very seldom in town. Mrs Howard frequently asks after you, and desires her compliments to you. Mr George Arbuthnott, the Doctor's brother, is married to Mrs Peggy Robinson.

I would write more, but as to-night is for my benefit, I am in a hurry to go out about business. I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate and obedient servant,

J. GAY.

LETTER CCCCXVIII.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

March 20. 1727-8.

I AM extremely sorry that your disorder is returned; but as you have a medicine which hath twice removed it, I hope by this time you have

have again found the good effects of it. I have seen Dr Delany at my lodgings; but as I have been for a few days with Mr Pulteney at Cashio-berry, I have not yet returned his visit. I went with him to wait upon Lord Bathurst and Lord Bolingbroke; both of whom desire me to make you their compliments. Lady Bolingbroke was very much out of order, and with my Lord is now at Dawley: She expects a letter from you. Mrs Howard would gladly have the receipt you have found so much benefit by: She is happier than I have seen her ever since you have left us, for she is free as to her conjugal affairs, by articles of agreement. The Beggar's Opera hath been acted now thirty-six times, and was as full the last night as the first; and, as yet, there is not the least probability of a thin audience; though there is a discourse about the town, that the Doctors of the Royal Academy of Music design to solicit against its being played on the outlandish opera-days, as it is now called. On the benefit-day of one of the actresses last week, one of the players falling sick, they were obliged to give out another play, or dismiss the audience. A play was given out, but the audience called out for the Beggar's Opera; and they were forced to play it, or the audience would not have staid.

I have got by all this success between seven and eight hundred pounds; and Rich, deducting the whole charge of the house, hath cleared already near four thousand pounds. In about a

month I am going to Bath with the Dutchess of Marlborough, and Mr Congreve; for I have no expectations of receiving any favours from the court. The Dutchess of Queensberry is in Wiltshire, where she hath had the small-pox, in so favourable a way, that she had not above seven or eight on her face; she is now perfectly recovered. There is a mezzotinto print published to-day of Polly, the heroine of the Beggar's Opera*; who was before unknown, and is now in so high vogue, that I am in doubt whether her fame does not surpass that of the opera itself. I would not have talked so much on this subject, or upon any thing that regards myself, but to you: As I know you interest yourself so sincerely in every thing that concerns me, I believe you would have blamed me, if I had said less.

I saw Dr Arbuthnott last night with Mr Lewis, at Sir William Wyndham's, who, if he had not the gout, would have answered your letter you sent him a year and a half ago. He said this to me a week since; but he is now pretty well again, and so may forget to write; for which reason, I ought to do him justice, and tell you, that I think him a sincere wellwisher of your's. I have not seen Mr Pope lately, but have heard that both he and Mrs Pope † are very well. I intend to see him at Twickenham on Sunday next. I have not drank out the Gutheridge cyder yet;

* Miss Fenton.

† Mr Pope's mother.

yet; but I have not so much as a single pint of port in my cellar. I have bought two pair of sheets against your coming to town, so that we need not send any more to Jervais upon that account. I really miss you every day; and I would be content that you should have a whole window to yourself, and half another, to have you again. I am, dear Sir, your's most affectionately.

You have half a year's interest due at Lady-day, and now it is March the 20th 1727-8.

L E T T E R CCCCXIX.

March 23. 1727-8.

I SEND you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boston in New-England, wherein you'll find a real person, a member of their parliament, of the name of Jonathan Gulliver. If the fame of that traveller has travelled thither, it has travelled very quick to have folks christened already by the name of the supposed author. But if you object, that no child so lately christened could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected into parliament; I reply, (to resolve the riddle), that the person is an Anabaptist, and not christened till of full age; which sets all right. However it be, the accident is very singular, that these two names should be united.

Mr Gay's opera has been acted near forty days running, and will certainly continue the whole season. So he has more than a fence about his

thousand pounds *: he'll soon be thinking of a fence about his two thousand. Shall no one of us live as we would wish each other to live? Shall he have no annuity, you no settlement on this side, and I no prospect of getting to you on the other? This world is made for Cæsar,—as Cato said, for ambitious, false, or flattering people to domineer in. Nay, they would not, by their good will, leave us our very books, thoughts, or words, in quiet. I despise the world yet, I assure you, more than either Gay or you, and the court more than all the rest of the world. As for those scribblers for whom you apprehend I would suppress my *Dulness*), which, by the way, for the future, you are to call by a more pompous name, “The Dunciad”), how much that nest of hornets are my regard, will easily appear to you, when you read the treatise of the Bathos.

At all adventures, your's and my name shall stand linked as friends to posterity, both in verse and prose, and, as Tully calls it, *in consuetudine studiorum*. Would to God our persons could but as well and as surely be inseparable! I find my
other

* Before Mr Gay had fenced this thousand pounds, he had a consultation with his friends about the disposal of it. Mr L. advised him to entrust it to the funds; and live upon the interest; Dr Arbuthnott, to entrust it to Providence, and live upon the principal; and Mr Pope was for purchasing an annuity for life. In this uncertainty, he could only say with the old man in Terence, *Fecisti probe*.

Incertior sum multo, quam dudum. Warb.

other ties dropping from me : Some worn off, some torn off, others relaxing daily : my greatest, both by duty, gratitude, and humanity, time is shaking every moment, and it now hangs but by a thread ! I am many years the older for living so much with one so old ; much the more helpless, for having been so long helped and tended by her ; much the more considerate and tender, for a daily commerce with one who required me justly to be both to her, and consequently the more melancholy and thoughtful, and the less fit for others, who want only, in a companion or a friend, to be amused or entertained. My constitution too has had its share of decay, as well as my spirits ; and I am as much in the decline at forty as you at sixty. I believe we should be fit to live together, could I get a little more health, which might make me not quite insupportable. Your deafness would agree with my dulness ; you would not want me to speak when you could not hear. But God forbid you should be as destitute of the social comforts of life, as I must when I lose my mother ; or that ever you should lose your more useful acquaintance so utterly, as to turn your thoughts to such a broken reed as I am, who could so ill supply your wants. I am extremely troubled at the returns of your deafness ; you cannot be too particular in the accounts of your health to me ; every thing you do or say in this kind, obliges me, nay delights me, to see the justice you do me in thinking me concerned in all your concerns ; so that though the pleasantest thing

thing you can tell me be that you are better or easier, next to that, it pleases me that you make me the person you would complain to.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happiest end I know of this life, so the next felicity is, to get rid of fools and scoundrels; which I can't but own to you was one part of my design in falling upon these authors, whose incapacity is not greater than their insincerity; and of whom I have always found, (if I may quote myself),

That each bad author is as bad a friend.

This poem will rid me of those insects.

*Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite, Graii;
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade;*

I mean than *my Iliad*; and I call it *Nescio quid*, which is a degree of modesty; but however, if it silence these fellows *, it must be something greater than any *Iliad* in Christendom. Adieu.

L E T T E R CCCCXX.

MRS MARTHA BLOUNT TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

May 7. 1728.

I AM very much pleased with your letter, but I should have thought myself much more obliged had you been less sincere, and not told me

* It did in a little time effectually silence them. *Warb.*

me I did not owe the favour entirely to your inclinations, but to an information that I had a mind to hear from you : and I mistrust you think even that as much as I deserve. If so, you really are not deserving of my repeated inquiries after you, and my constant good wishes and concern for your welfare ; which merits some remembrance without the help of another. I can't say I have a great inclination to write to you, for I have no great vanity that way, at least not enough to support me above the fear of writing ill : But I would fain have you know how truly well I wish you.

I am sorry to hear no good account of your health : Mine has been, since Christmas (at which time I had my fever and rash) neither well nor ill enough to be taken notice of ; but within these three weeks I have been sick in forms, and kept my bed for a week, and my chamber to this day.

This confinement, together with the mourning, has enabled me to be very easy in my chair-hire : for a dyed black gown, and a scoured white one, have done my business very well ; and they are now just fit for Petersham, where we talk of going in three weeks ; and I am not without hopes I shall have the same squire * I had last year. I am very unwilling to change ; and moreover, I begin to fear I have no great prospect of getting any new dangles ; and therefore, in order to make a tolerable figure, I shall endeavour

to

* Dr Swift.

to behave myself mighty well, that I may keep my old ones.

As a proof that I continue to be well received at court, I will tell you where the royal family design to pass this summer: Two months at Richmond-Lodge, the same time at Hampton-Court, and six weeks at Windsor. Mrs Howard is well, and happier than ever you saw her; for her whole affair with her husband is ended to her satisfaction.

Dr Arbuthnott I am very angry with: He neglects me for those he thinks finer ladies. Mr Gay's fame continues, but his riches are in a fair way of diminishing: he is gone to the bath: I wish you were ordered there, for I believe that would carry Mr Pope, who is always inclined to do more for his friends than himself. He is much out of order, and is told nothing is so likely to do him good.

My illness has prevented my writing to you sooner. If I was a favourite at court, I would soon convince you that I am very sincerely your faithful friend, and very humble servant,

M. B.

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCCXXI.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Dublin, May 10. 1728.

I HAVE with great pleasure shewn the New-England news-paper, with the two names Jonathan Gulliver; and I remember Mr Fortescue sent you an account from the assizes, of one Lemuel Gulliver, who had a cause there, and lost it on his ill reputation of being a liar. These are not the only observations I have made upon odd strange accidents in trifles, which, in things of great importance, would have been matter for historians. Mr Gay's opera hath been acted here twenty times; and my Lord Lieutenant * tells me it is very well performed; he hath seen it often, and approves it much.

You give a most melancholy account of yourself, and which I do not approve. I reckon, that a man subject like us to bodily infirmities, should only occasionally converse with great people, notwithstanding all their good qualities, easinesses, and kindneses. There is another race which I prefer before them, as beef and mutton for constant diet before partridges; I mean a middle kind, both for understanding and fortune; who are perfectly easy, never impertinent, complying in every thing, ready to do an hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and sit with me five times for once that I go to them,
and

* Lord Carteret.

and whom I tell without offence, that I am otherwise engaged at present. This you cannot expect from any of those that either you, or I, or both, are acquainted with on your side; who are only fit for our healthy seasons, and have much business of their own. God forbid I should condemn you to Ireland, (*quanquam O!*) and for England I despair; and indeed a change of affairs would come too late at my season of life, and might probably produce nothing on my behalf. You have kept Mrs Pope longer, and have had her care beyond what from nature you could expect; not but her loss will be very sensible, whenever it shall happen. I say one thing, that both summers and winters are milder here than with you; all things for life in general better for a middling fortune: you will have an absolute command of your company, with whatever obsequiousness or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly housekeeper*, who hath been my W—lp—le above thirty years, whenever I lived in this kingdom. I have the command of one or two villa's near this town: you have a warm apartment in this house, and two gardens for amusement. I have said enough, yet not half. Except absence from friends, I confess freely that I have no discontent at living here; besides what arises from a silly spirit of liberty, which as it neither sours my drink, nor hurts my meat, nor spoils my stomach farther than in imagination, so I resolve to throw it off.

You

* Mrs Breat.

You talk of this Dunciad ; but I am impatient to have it *volare per ora* ;—there is now a vacancy for fame. The Beggar's Opera hath done its task ; *discedat, uti conviva satur*. Adieu.

L E T T E R CCCCXXII.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE LORD CARTERET,
LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND *.

MY LORD,

About May 10. 1728.

I TOLD your Excellency that you were to run on my errands. My Lord Burlington hath a very fine monument of his ancestor the Earl of Cork, in my cathedral, which your Excellency hath seen. I and the Chapter have written to him in a body to have it repaired, and I in person have desired he would do it. And I desired likewise, that he would settle a parcel of land, worth five pounds a-year, (not an annuity) to keep it always in repair. He said he would do any thing to oblige me ; but was afraid that, in future times, the five pounds a-year would be misapplied, and secured by the Dean and Chapter to their own use. I answered, That a dean and twenty-four members of so great a Chapter, who, in livings, estates, &c. had about 4000l. a-year amongst them, would hardly divide four shillings among them to cheat his posterity ; and that

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* This letter is not dated, but indorsed " To Lord Lieutenant Carteret before his going off."

we could have no view but to consult the honour of his family. I therefore command your Excellency to lay this before him, and the affront he hath put upon us, in not answering a letter written to him by the Dean and Chapter in a body.

The great Duke of Schomberg is buried under the altar in my cathedral. My Lady Holderness is my old acquaintance, and I writ to her about a small sum, to make a monument for her grandfather. I writ to her myself; and also there was a letter from the Dean and Chapter, to desire she would order a monument to be raised for him in my cathedral. It seems Mildmay, now Lord F***, her husband, is a covetous fellow; or whatever is the matter, we have had no answer. I desire you will tell Lord F***, that if he will not send fifty pounds to make a monument for the old Duke, I and the Chapter will erect a small one of ourselves for ten pounds; wherein it shall be expressed, That the posterity of the Duke, naming particularly Lady Holderness and Mr Mildmay, not having the generosity to erect a monument, we have done it of ourselves. And if, for an excuse, they pretend they will send for his body, let them know it is mine; and rather than send it, I will take up the bones, and make of it a skeleton, and put it in my register-office, to be a memorial of their baseness to all posterity. This I expect your Excellency will tell Mr Mildmay, or as you now call him, Lord F***. And I expect likewise, that he will let Sir Conyers Darcy know how ill I take his neglect

neglect in this matter; although, to do him justice, he averred, that Mildmay was so avaricious a wretch, that he would let his own father be buried without a coffin, to save charges.

I expect likewise, that if you are acquainted with your successor, you will let him know how impartial I was in giving you characters of clergymen, without regard to party, and what weight you laid on them; and that, having but one clergyman who had any relation to me, I let him pass unpreferred: And lastly, that you will let your said successor know, that you lament the having done nothing for Mr Robert Gratton; and give him such a recommendation, that he may have something to mend his fortune.

These are the matters I leave in charge to your Excellency: And I desire that I, who have done with courts, may not be used like a courtier; for as I was a courtier when you were a school-boy, I know all your arts. And so God bless you, and all your family, my old friends: And remember, I expect you shall not dare to be a courtier to me. I am, &c.

L E T T E R CCCCXXIII.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Bath, May 16. 1728.*

I HAVE been at the Bath about ten days, and I have played at no game but once, and that at backgammon, with Mr Lewis, who is very

much your humble servant. Lord and Lady Bollingbroke are here; I think she is better: They stay, as I guess, about a fortnight longer. They both desired me to make their compliments, as does Mr Congreve *, who is in a very ill state of health, but somewhat better since he came here. I do not know how long I shall stay here, because I am now, as I have been all my life, at the disposal of others. I drink the waters, and am in hopes to lay in a stock of health; some of which I wish to communicate to you. Dr Delany told me you had been upon a journey, and I really fancy, taking horse is as good as taking the waters: I hope you have found benefit by it. The Beggar's Opera is acted here; but our Polly hath got no fame, though the actors have got money. I have sent by Dr Delany the opera, Polly Peachum, and Captain Macheath. I would have sent you my own head (which is now engraving) to make up the gang, but it is not yet finished. I suppose you must have heard, that I had the honour to have a sermon preached against my works by a court-chaplain †, which I look upon as no small addition to my fame. Direct to me here when you write; and the sooner that is, the sooner you'll make me happy.

LETTER

* 'He died the 19th of January 1728-9.'

† 'Dr Thomas Herring, then preacher to the Society of Lincoln's-Inn, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Dr Swift, in the *Intelligencer*, No. 3. published in Ireland, speaks with great asperity of Dr Herring, on account of his sermon against the Beggar's Opera.'

L E T T E R CCCCXXIV.

FROM DR SWIFT.

June 1. 1728.

I LOOK upon my Lord Bolingbroke and us two, as a peculiar triumvirate, who have nothing to expect or to fear; and so far fittest to converse with one another: only he and I are a little subject to schemes, and one of us (I won't say which) upon very weak appearances, and this you have nothing to do with. I do profess without affectation, that your kind opinion of me as a patriot, (since you call it so), is what I do not deserve; because what I do is owing to perfect rage and resentment, and the mortifying sight of slavery, folly, and baseness about me, among which I am forced to live. And I will take my oath, that you have more virtue in an hour, than I in seven years: For you despise the follies, and hate the vices of mankind, without the least ill effect on your temper; and with regard to particular men, you are inclined always rather to think the better, whereas with me it is always directly contrary.

I hope, however, this is not in you from a superior principle of virtue, but from your situation, which hath made all parties and interests indifferent to you, who can be under no concern about high and low church, Whig and Tory, or who is first minister.—Your long letter was the

last I received, till this by Dr Delany, although you mention another since. The Doctor told me your secret about the Dunciad, which does not please me, because it defers gratifying my vanity in the most tender point, and perhaps may wholly disappoint it. As to one of your inquiries, I am easy enough in great matters, but have a thousand paltry vexations in my little station; and the more contemptible, the more vexatious. There might be a Lutrin writ upon the tricks used by my Chapter to tease me. I do not converse with one creature of station or title, but I have a set of easy people whom I entertain when I have a mind. I have formerly described them to you, but when you come, you shall have the honours of the country as much as you please: And I shall, on that account, make a better figure as long as I live. Pray God preserve Mrs Pope for your sake and ease; I love and esteem her too much to wish it for her own: If I were five and twenty, I would wish to be of her age, to be as secure as she is of a better life. Mrs P. B. has writ to me, and is one of the best letter-writers I know; very good sense, civility, and friendship, without any stiffness or constraint. The Dunciad has taken wind here, but if it had not, you are as much known here as in England, and the university-lads will crowd to kiss the hem of your garment. I am grieved to hear that my Lord Bolingbroke's ill health forced him to the Bath. Tell me, is not temperance a necessary virtue for great men, since it is the parent
of

of Ease and Liberty, so necessary for the use and improvement of the mind, and which philosophy allows to be the greatest felicities of life? I believe, had health been given so liberally to you, it would have been better husbanded, without shame to your parts.

L E T T E R CCCCXXV.

Darvley, June 28. 1728.

I NOW hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two hay-cocks; but his attention is somewhat diverted, by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleased with your placing him in the triumvirate between yourself and me; though he says, that he doubts he shall fair like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power like Augustus, and another with all the pleasure like Anthony. It is upon a foresight of this that he has fitted up his farm; and you will agree, that this scheme of retreat at least is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the Bath, all peccant humours, he finds, are purged out of him; and his great temperance and oeconomy are so signal, that the first is fit for my constitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up so much money as to buy a bishoprick in England. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might inquire of his
hay-

hay-makers ; but as to his temperance, I can answer, that (for one whole day) we have had nothing for dinner but mutton-broth, beans, and bacon, and a barn-door fowl.

Now his Lordship is run after his cart, I have a moment left to myself to tell you, that I overheard him yesterday agree with a painter for 200 l. to paint his country-hall with trophies of rakes, spades, prongs, &c. and other ornaments, merely to countenance his calling this place a farm.—Now turn over a new leaf.—

He bids me assure you, he should be sorry not to have more schemes of kindness for his friends, than of ambition for himself. There, though his schemes may be weak, the motives at least are strong. And he says further, if you could bear as great a fall and decrease of your revenues, as he knows by experience he can, you would not live in Ireland an hour.

The Dunciad is going to be printed in all pomp, with the inscription, which makes me proudest. It will be attended with Proem, Prolegomena, Testimonia Scriptorum, Index Authorum, and Notæ Variorum. As to the latter, I desire you to read over the text, and make a few in any way you like best *, whether dry raillery, upon the style and way of commenting of trivial critics; or humourous, upon the authors in the poem; or historical, of persons, places, times; or explanatory; or collecting the parallel passages of the ancients. Adieu. I am pretty well, my mother
not

* Dr Swift did so.

not ill; Dr Arbuthnott vexed with his fever by intervals; I am afraid he declines, and we shall lose a worthy man: I am troubled about him very much. I am, &c.

L E T T E R CCCCXXVI.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Bath, July 6. 1728.

THE last news I have heard of you, was from Mr Lancelot, who was at this place with Lord Suffex, who gave me hopes of seeing you the latter end of this summer. I wish you may keep that resolution, and take the Bath in your way to town. You, in all probability, will find here some, or most of those you like to see. Dr Arbuthnott wrote to me to-day from Tunbridge, where he is now for the recovery of his health, having had several relapses of a fever: He tells me he is much better, and that in August he intends to come hither. Mr Congreve and I often talk of you, and wish you health and every good thing; but often, out of self-interest, we wish you with us. In five or six days, I set out upon an excursion to Herefordshire, to Lady Scudamore's, but shall return here the beginning of August. I wish you could meet me at Gutheridge. The Bath did not agree with Lady Bolingbroke. Since she went to Dawley, by her own inclination,

tion, without the advice of physicians, she hath taken to a milk-diet, and writes me an account of prodigious good effects in the recovery of her appetite and spirits. The weather is extremely hot, the place is very empty. I have an inclination to study, but the heat makes it impossible. The D—— of——*, I hear, hath run away with Polly Peachum, having settled 400 l. a-year upon her during pleasure; and, upon disagreement, 200 l. a-year. Mr Pope is in a state of persecution for the Dunciad: I wish to be witness of his fortitude, but he writes but seldom. It would be a consolation to me to hear from him. My portrait mezzotinto is published from Mr Howard's painting; I wish to send you one, but I fancy I could get a better impression at London. I have ten thousand things to talk of to you, but few to write: yet defer writing to you no longer, knowing you interest yourself in every thing that concerns me so much, that I make you happy, as you will me, if you can tell me you are in good health, which I wish to hear every morning as soon as I awake. I am, dear Sir, your's most affectionately.

LETTER

* The Duke of Bolton, who afterwards married Miss Fenton.

L E T T E R CCCCXXVII.

FROM DR SWIFT.

July 16. 1728.

I HAVE often run over the Dunciad in an Irish edition, (I suppose full of faults), which a gentleman sent me. The notes I could wish to be very large, in what relates to the persons concerned; for I have long observed, that twenty miles from London nobody understands hints, initial letters, or town-facts and passages; and in a few years not even those who live in London. I would have the names of those scribblers printed indexically at the beginning or end of the poem, with an account of their works, for the reader to refer to. I would have all the parodies (as they are called) referred to the author they imitate. — When I began this long paper, I thought I should have filled it with setting down the several passages I had marked in the edition I had; but I find it unnecessary, so many of them falling under the same rule. After twenty times reading the whole, I never, in my opinion, saw so much good satire, or more good sense, in so many lines. How it passes in Dublin, I know not yet; but I am sure it will be a great disadvantage to the poem, that the persons and facts will not be understood, till an explanation comes out, and a very full one. I imagine it is not to be published till towards winter, when folks begin to gather in town.

town. Again I insist, you must have your asterisks filled up with some real names of real dunces.

I am now reading your preceding letter of June 28. and find that all I have advised above is mentioned there. I would be glad to know whether the quarto edition is to come out anonymously, as published by the commentator, with all his pomp of prefaces, &c. and among many complaints of spurious editions. I am thinking whether the editor should not follow the old style of this excellent author, &c. and refine in many places when you meant no refinement; and into the bargain, take all the load of naming the dunces, their qualities, histories, and performances.

As to yourself, I doubt you want a spurrier on to exercise and to amusements; but to talk of decay at your season of life, is a jest. But you are not so regular as I. You are the most temperate man God-ward, and the most intemperate yourself-ward, of most I have known. I suppose Mr Gay will return from the Bath with twenty pounds more flesh, and two hundred less in money. Providence never designed him to be above two and twenty, by his thoughtlessness and cul-
libility. He hath as little foresight of age, sickness, poverty, or loss of admirers, as a girl at fifteen. By the way, I must observe, that my Lord Bolingbroke (from the effects of his kindness to me) argues most sophistically: The fall from a million to an hundred thousand pounds is not so great, as from eight hundred pounds a year to one;

one: besides, he is a controller of fortune, and poverty dares not look a great minister in the face under his lowest declension. I never knew him live so great and expensively as he hath done since his return from exile; such mortals have resources that others are not able to comprehend. But God bless you, whose great genius has not so transported you as to leave you to the courtesy of mankind; for wealth is liberty, and liberty is a blessing fittest for a philosopher,—and Gay is a slave just by two thousand pounds too little. —And Horace was of my mind, and let my Lord contradict him, if he dares.—

L E T T E R CCCCXXVIII.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

*Market-bill *, Aug. 2. 1728.*

OUR friends here, as well as myself, were sadly disappointed upon hearing the account of your journey. No body in town or country, as we were informed, knew where you were: but I persuaded our family, that you were certainly in a way of making yourself easy, and had got that living you mentioned; and accordingly we were grieved and rejoiced at the loss and settlement of a friend; but it never entered into our heads, that you were bestowing forty days in several stages between constable

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M

and

* The seat of Sir Arthur Acheson.

and constable, without any real benefit to yourself, further than of exercise; and we wished, that no body should have had the benefit of your long absence from your school but yourself, by a good living, or we by your good company; much less that the pleasure of spiting T—— had been your great motive. I heartily wish you were settled at Hamilton's Bawn; and I would be apt to advise you not to quit your thoughts that way, if the matter may be brought to bear; for by a letter I just received from the Bishop of Cork, which was short and dry, with the stale excuse of pre-engagements, I doubt you can hope nothing from him.—As to what you call my exercise, I have long quitted it. It gave me too much constraint, and the world does not deserve it. We may keep it cold, till the middle of winter.

As to my return, there are many speculations. I am well here, and hate removals. My scheme was, that you should come hither, as you say, and I return with you in your chaise. Sir Arthur, on hearing your letter, pressed me to stay longer. I am a very busy man, such as at Quilca, which you will know when you come: Yet I would contrive to be pressed more to stay till Christmas, and then you may contrive to be here again, and take me back with you time enough for my own visitation: And my reason of staying is, to be here the planting and pruning time, &c. I hate Dublin, and love the retirement here, and the civility of my hosts.

This

This is my state, and humour upon it, and accordingly you are to manage my scheme. However I would have you keep your vacation of September here; and let Mrs Brent send me a dozen guineas (half of them half-guineas) by you, and a periwig, and a new riding-gown and cassock, and whatever else I may want by a longer absence, provided you will resolve and swear that I shall stay.

I had all Mrs Brent's packets by Mr Little. My service to Mrs Dingley. I cannot say that I have more to say, than to say that I am, &c.

L E T T E R CCCCXXIX.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

* Sept. 18. 1728.

MY continuance here is owing partly to indolence, and partly to my hatred to Dublin. I am in a middling way, between healthy and sick, hardly ever without a little giddiness or deafness, and sometimes both. So much for that. As to what you call my lesson, I told you I would think no more of it; neither do I conceive the world deserves so much trouble from you or me. I think the sufferings of the country for want of silver, deserve a paper †,

M 2

since

* This should be also dated from Market-hill.

† In the *Intelligencer*, the 19th number of which is on this subject. See it in Vol. IV. p. 98. *Hawkes*.

since the remedy is so easy, and those in power so negligent. I had some other subjects in my thoughts; but truly I am taken up so much with long lampoons on a person who owns you for a back, that I have no time for any thing else; and if I do not produce one every now and then, of about two hundred lines, I am chid for my idleness, and threatened with you. I desire you will step to the deanry, speak to Mrs Brent *, bid her open the middle great drawer of Ridgeway's scrutoire in my closet, and then do you take out from thence, the history † in folio, marble cover; and two thin folio's fairly writ. I forget the titles, but you have read them. One is an account of the proceedings of Lord Oxford's ministry, and the other ‡ to the same purpose. There are foul copies of both in the same drawer; but do you take out the fair ones, not in my hand. Let them be packed up, and brought hither by the bearer. My Lady is perpetually quarrelling with Sir Arthur and me, and shews every creature the libels I have writ against her §.

Mr Worral sent me the particulars of the havock made in Naboth's vineyard ||.—The d—burst, &c.

I

* The Dean's house-keeper.

† History of the peace of Utrecht.

‡ The state of affairs in 1714. See it in Vol. VI. p. 92.

§ See Hamilton's Bawn; or, The Grand Question debated, in Vol. IX. p. 24.

|| A field not far from the deanry-house, which Dr Swift inclosed at a great expence, with a fine stone-wall lined

I think Lady Dun's burning would be an admirable subject, to shew how hateful an animal a human creature is, that is known to have never done any good: The rabble all rejoicing, &c. which they would not have done at any misfortune to a man known to be charitable.

I wish you could get in with the Primate, on the account of some discourse about you here to-day with Whaley and Walmfley. Whaley goes to Dublin on Monday next, in order for England. I would have you see him. I fancy you may do some good with the Primate, as to the first good vacant school, if you wheedle him, and talk a little Whiggishly.

L E T T E R CCCCXXX.

MR POPE TO DR SHERIDAN.

SIR,

I THANK you kindly for the news of the Dean of St Patrick's, for your Persius, for every thing in your letter. I will use my warmest endeavours to serve Dr Whaley *. Besides his own merit, the demerit of his antagonist goes into the scale, and the Dean tells me he is coadjutant of that fool Smedley †. You *must have*

M 3

seen,

lined with brick; against which he planted vines, and the best chosen fruit-trees, for the benefit of the Dean of St Patrick's for the time being.

* An eminent clergyman of the diocese of Armagh.

† Dean of Fernes. See An excellent new ballad, &c. in Vol. IX. p. 33.

seen, but you *cannot have read*, what he has lately published against our friend and me. The only pleasure a bad writer can give me, he has given, that of being abused with my betters and my friends. I am much pleased with most of the *Intelligencers* *; but I am a little piqued at the author of them, for not once doing me the honour of a mention upon so honourable an occasion as being slandered by the dunces, together with my friend the Dean, who is properly the author of the *Dunciad*. It had never been writ but at his request, and for his deafness †; for had he been able to converse with me, do you think I had used my time so ill? I will not trouble you with amendments to so imperfect an edition as is now published: you'll soon see a better, with a full and true commentary, setting all mistakes right, and branding none but our own cattle. Some very good epigrams on the gentlemen of the *Dunciad*, have been sent me from Oxford, and others of the London authors. If I had an amanuensis, (which is a thing neither I nor my common trifles are worth), you should have them with this. If your university or town have produced any on this subject, pray send them me, or keep them at least together, for another day they may all meet.

I

* Though this letter is not dated, it appears by the mention here made of the *Intelligencers*, to be written in 1728; and by the Dean's libelling the lady, to be while he was at Sir Arthur's, where he wrote *Hamilton's Bawn*.

† See this compliment elegantly returned in a poem addressed to Mr Pope, Vol. VIII. p. 248.

CORRESPONDENCE. 139

I have writ to the Dean just now by Mr Elrington, who charges himself with this; and have inserted a hint or two of his libelling the lady of the family; in as innocent a manner as he does it, he will hardly suspect I had any information of it.

Though I am a very ill correspondent, I shall at all times be glad to have the favour of a line from you. My eye-sight is bad, my head often in pain, my time strangely taken up. Were I my own master, (which I thank God I yet am in all points but one, where humanity only constrains me), I would infallibly see Ireland before I die. But whether that, or many other of my little, though warm designs, will ever take effect,

Caliginosa nocte premit Deus!

I am (where-ever I am) the Dean's, and the Dean's friends, and consequently faithfully,

S I R,

Your affectionate servant,

A. POPE.

L E T T E R CCCCXXXI.

DR SWIFT TO MR WORRALL.

Sept. 28. 1728.

I HAD all the letters given me by my servant: so tell Mrs Brent * and Dr Sheridan; and I thank you for the great care you had in the commissions

* His house-keeper.

commissions I troubled you with. We have a design upon Sheridan. He sent us in print a ballad upon Ballyspellin, in which he has employed all the rhimes he could find to that word; but we have found fifteen more, and employed them in abusing his ballad and Ballyspellin too. I here send you a copy, and desire you will get it printed privately, and published *. I am ever your's, &c.

L E T T E R CCCCXXXII.

Bath, Nov. 12. 1728.

I HAVE passed six weeks in quest of health, and found it not: but I found the folly of solicitude about it in a hundred instances; the contrariety of opinions and practices, the inability of physicians, the blind obedience of some patients, and as blind rebellion of others. I believe, at a certain time of life, men are either fools or physicians for themselves, and zealots or divines for themselves.

It was much in my hopes that you intended us a winter's visit; but last week I repented that wish, having been alarmed with a report of your lying ill on the road from Ireland; from which I am just relieved, by an assurance that you are still at Sir A——'s planting and building; two things that I envy you for, besides a third, which is the society of a valuable lady. I conclude,
(though

* See the verses in Vol. XIV. Swift's works, 8vo edition.

(though I know nothing of it), that you quarrel with her, and abuse her every day, if she is so. I wonder I hear of no lampoons upon her, either made by yourself, or by others, because you esteem her. I think it a vast pleasure, that whenever two people of merit regard one another, so many scoundrels envy and are angry at them: It is bearing testimony to a merit they cannot reach; and if you knew the infinite content I have received of late, at the finding your's and my name constantly united in any silly scandal, I think you would go near to sing, *Io triumphe!* and celebrate my happiness in verse; and I believe, if you won't, I shall. The inscription to the Dunciad is now printed, and inserted in the poem. Do you care I should say any thing farther how much that poem is your's? since certainly without you it had never been. Would to God we were together for the rest of our lives! The whole weight of scribblers would just serve to find us amusement, and not more. I hope you are too well employed to mind them. Every stick you plant, and every stone you lay, is to some purpose; but the business of such lives as theirs is but to die daily, to labour, and raise nothing. I only wish we could comfort each other under our bodily infirmities; and let those who have so great a mind to have more wit than we, win it and wear it. Give us but ease, health, peace, and fair weather; I think it is the best wish in the world, and you know whose it was. If I lived in Ireland, I fear the
web

wet climate would endanger more than my life, my humour and health, I am so atmospherical a creature.

I must not omit acquainting you, that what you heard of the words spoken of you in the drawing-room, was not true. The sayings of princes are generally as ill related as the sayings of wits. To such reports little of our regard should be given, and less of our conduct influenced by them.

L E T T E R CCCCXXXIII.

DR SWIFT TO MR WALLIS.

SIR,

*Market-hill *, Nov. 16. 1728.*

I AM extremely obliged to you for your kind intention to the purchase you mention; but it will not answer my design, because these lands are let in leases renewable for ever †, and consequently can never have the rent raised, which is mortal to all estates left for ever to a public use, and is contrary to a fundamental maxim of mine; and most corporations feel the smart of it.

I

* The seat of Sir Arthur Acheson, where the Dean passed two summers. He had a farm near it, which was let to him by Sir Arthur, called afterwards Drapier's Hill. See some verses on that subject.

† Accordingly, in his will, by which he devised his fortune to the building and endowing an hospital for lunatics, he restrained his executors from purchasing any lands that were "encumbered with leases for lives renewable."

I have been here several months to amuse me in my disorders of giddiness * and deafness, of which I have frequent returns—and I shall hardly return to Dublin till Christmas.

I am truly grieved at your great loss †. Such misfortunes seem to break the whole scheme of a man's life; and although time may lessen sorrow, yet it cannot hinder a man from feeling the want of so near a companion, nor hardly supply it with another ‡. I wish you health and happiness, and that the pledge § left you may prove a comfort. I am, with great sincerity,

Your most obliged and

most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER

* This disorder, which, with intermissions, pursued him till it seemed to complete its conquest, by rendering him the exact image of one of his own Stuldrugs, Lord Orrery often heard him ascribe to a surfeit, occasioned by eating an immoderate quantity of fruit at Sir William Temple's in 1691.

† The death of Mrs Wallis.

‡ This sentiment, no doubt, came from the writer's heart. Stella, the incomparable Stella, was then no more.

§ It appears by a letter from Swift to Ben. Tooke, his bookseller, dated Dublin, June 29. 1710, that Mr Thomas Swift (his "little parson-cousin," as the Dean styles him) affected to be thought author of the "Tale of a Tub." This will account for Swift's dislike of him.

LETTER CCCCXXXIV.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, Dec. 2. 1728.

I THINK this is my fourth letter; I am sure it is the third, without any answer. If I had any assurance of your health, I should have been more easy. I should have wrote to you upon this subject above a month ago, had it not been for a report that you were upon your road in your way to England, which I fear now was without foundation. Lord and Lady Bolingbroke are in town: She hath been lately very ill, but is now somewhat better. I have had a very severe attack of a fever, which, by the care of our friend Dr Arbuthnott, hath, I hope, almost left me. I have been confined about ten days, but never to my bed; so that I hope soon to get abroad about my business, that is, the care of the second part of the Beggar's Opera, which was almost ready for rehearsal; but Rich received the Duke of Grafton's commands (upon an information that he was rehearsing a play not proper to be represented) not to rehearse any new play whatever, till his Grace hath seen it. What will become of it, I know not; but I am sure I have writ nothing that can be legally suppressed, unless the setting vices in general in an odious light, and virtue in an amiable one, may give offence. I passed five or six months this year at the Bath with

with the Dutcheſs of Marlborough; and then, in the view of taking care of myſelf, writ this piece. If it goes on, in caſe of ſucceſs, I have taken care to make better bargains for myſelf: I tell you this, becauſe I know you are ſo good as to intereſt yourſelf ſo warmly in my affairs, that it is what you would want to know. I ſaw Mr Pope on Friday, who, as to his health, is juſt as you left him. Dr Arbuthnott particularly deſires his compliments; and Mrs Howard often aſks after you. Prince Frederick is expected over this week. I hope to go abroad in two or three days. I wiſh I could meet you, either abroad or at home.

L E T T E R CCCCXXXV.

* * * * * TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Montroſe, Dec. 17. 1728.

SOME people here having flattered me that I have a genius for poetry, and my circumſtances a little favouring it, I have reſolved to turn my thoughts that way: I have already tried my talent on ſome little amuſements, and have had the pleaſure in ſecret to ſee them pretty well received; but few here being much converſant in that ſtudy, can be proper judges; and as I would not venture my character abroad in the world without the advice of thoſe who have ſucceeded in it, I thought I could not more properly apply than to you, who have been pretty hap-

py that way. What I mean is, that you would be pleased to furnish me with a theme to try my genius with what rules you may think necessary. I expect your compliance with this, as it is the first, at least of this nature, you ever had from this place; and as soon as it is finished, you may expect a copy of the performance from, Sir, your most humble servant,

***** †.

L E T T E R CCCCXXXVI.

LADY JOHNSON ‡ TO DR SWIFT.

[March 30. 1729.]

To the Revd the Dean of St Patrick's.

HON^D S^R

I AM a Huckster and Lives in Strand-Street, & has dealings with several familys, a saturday Night a Case of instruments || was sent me in pawn by a Certain person in Mary's Street, for two Rowls a print of Butter four Herrings and three Nagins of strong Waters, My foster brother who plys about that End of the town, tells me, he wantst saw it in your hand, fearing
Hawkins's

† As this letter seems to have been written by some very young adventurer in poetry, we chuse to suppress the name at present, especially as we cannot tell what answer he received from Dr Swift, or whether afterwards he applied himself with success to Apollo and the muses.

‡ Thus indorsed by Dr Swift: "The best letter I ever read."

|| It is not unlikely this was a present of a case of instruments from Lady Johnson to the Doctor.

Hawkins's * whip I fend it to you, and will take an Other Course to get My Money, so I remain your Hon^{rs} Humble Sarv^t to Command.

ye 30

MARTHA SHARP.

L E T T E R CCCCXXXVII.

TO MR POPE.

SIR,

March 6. 1728-9.

IF I am not a good correspondent, I have bad health; and that is as good. I passed eight months in the country, with Sir Arthur and my Lady Acheson, and had at least half a dozen returns of my giddiness and deafness, which lasted me about three weeks a-piece; and, among other inconveniencies, hindered me from visiting my Chapter, and punishing enormities, but did not save me the charges of a visitation-dinner. This disorder neither hinders my sleeping, nor much my walking, yet is the most mortifying malady I can suffer. I have been just a month in town, and have just got rid of it in a fortnight; and when it is on me, I have neither spirits to write, or read, or think, or eat. But I drink as much as I like; which is a resource you cannot fly to when you are ill. And I like it as little as you: But I can bear a pint better than you can a spoonful. You were very kind in your care for Mr Whalley; but I hope

N 2

you

* Hawkins was keeper of Newgate.

you remembered, that Daniel is a damnable poet, and consequently a public enemy to mankind. But I despise the Lords decree, which is a jest upon common sense: For what did it signify to the merits of the cause, whether George the Old or the Young were on the throne?

I intended to pass last winter in England, but my health said no; and I did design to live a gentleman, and, as Sancho's wife said, to go in my coach to court. I know not whether you are in earnest to come hither in spring: If not, pray God you may never be in jest. Dr Delany shall attend you at Chester, and your apartment is ready; and I have a most excellent chaise, and about sixteen dozen of the best cyder in the world; and you shall command the town and kingdom, and *digito monstrari*, &c. And when I cannot hear, you shall have choice of the best people we can afford, to hear you, and nurses enough; and your apartment is on the sunny side.

The next paragraph strikes me dumb. You say I am to blame, if I refuse the opportunity of going with my Lady Bolingbroke to Aix la Chapelle. I must tell you, that a foreign language is mortal to a deaf man. I must have good ears to catch up the words of so nimble a tongued race as the French, having been a dozen years without conversing among them. Mr Gay is a scandal to all lusty young fellows with healthy countenances; and I think he is not intemperate

rate in a physical sense. I am told he has an asthma, which is a disease I commiserate more than deafness, because it will not leave a man quiet either sleeping or waking. I hope he does not intend to print his Opera * before it is acted; for I defy all your subscriptions to amount to 800*l*. And yet I believe he lost as much more for want of human prudence.

I told you some time ago, that I was dwindled to a writer of libels on the lady of the family where I lived, and upon myself; but they never went further: And my Lady Acheson made me give her up all the foul copies, and never gave the fair ones out of her hands, or suffered them to be copied. They were sometimes shewn to intimate friends, to occasion mirth, and that was all. So that I am vexed at your thinking I had any hand in what could come to your eyes. I have some confused notion of seeing a paper called Sir Ralph the Patriot, but am sure it was bad or indifferent; and as to the lady at quadrille, I never heard of it. Perhaps it may be the same with a paper of verses, called the Journal of a Dublin Lady, which I writ at Sir Arthur Acheson's; and, leaving out what concerned the family, I sent it to be printed in a paper which Dr Sheridan had engaged in, called the Intelligencer, of which he had made but sorry work, and then dropt it. But the verses were printed by themselves, and most horridly mangled in the press, and were

N 3

very

* The second part of the Beggar's Opera.

very mediocre in themselves; but did well enough in the manner I mentioned, of a family-jest. I do sincerely assure you, that my frequent old disorder, and the scene where I am, and the humour I am in, and some other reasons which time hath shewn, and will shew more if I live, have lowered my small talents with a vengeance, and cooled my disposition to put them in use. I want only to be rich; for I am hard to be pleased; and, for want of riches, people grow every day less solicitous to please me. Therefore I keep humble company, who are happy to come where they can get a bottle of wine without paying for it. I give my vicar a supper, and his wife a shilling, to play with me an hour at back-gammon once a fortnight. To all people of quality, and especially of titles, I am not within; or, at least, am deaf a week or two after I am well. But on Sunday-evenings, it costs me six bottles of wine to people whom I cannot keep out. Pray come over in April, if it be only to convince you that I tell you no lies, and the journey will be certainly for your health. Mrs Brent, my house-keeper, famous in print for digging out the great bottle, says she will be your nurse; and the best physicians we have shall attend you without fees; although, I believe, you will have no occasion but to converse with one or two of them to make them proud.

Your letter came but last post, and you see my punctuality. I am unluckly at every thing I send
to

to England. Two bottles of usquebaugh were broken. Well, my humble service to my Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Bathurst, Lord Masham and his lady, my dear friend, and Mr Pulteney, and the Doctor, and Mr Lewis, and our sickly friend Gay, and my Lady Bolingbroke ; and very much to Patty *, who I hope will learn to love the world less, before the world leaves off to love her. I am much concerned to hear of my Lord Peterborow being ill. I am exceedingly his servant, and pray God recover his health. As for your courtier Mrs Howard, and her mistress, I have nothing to say, but that they have neither memory nor manners, else I should have some mark of the former from the latter, which I was promised above two years ago : But since I made them a present, it would be mean to remind them. I am told poor Mrs Pope is ill : Pray God preserve her to you, or raise you up as useful a friend.

This letter is an answer to Mr Ford, whose hand I mistook for your's, having not heard from him this twelvemonth. Therefore you are not to stare ; and it must not be lost, for it talks to you only.

Again, forgive my blunders : For, reading the letter by candle-light, and not dreaming of a letter from Mr Ford, I thought it must be your's, because it talks of our friends.

The letter talks of Gay and Mr Whalley, and Lord Bolingbroke, which made me conclude it
must

* Patty Blount.

must be your's: So all the answering part must go for nothing.

L E T T E R CCCCXXXVIII.

FRANCIS GEOGEGHAN, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

March 10. 1728.

YOUR time is precious, your curiosity not very small, my esteem of you very great; therefore come not within the walls of the four courts in hopes of hearing a matrimonial decree in this reign; for on Monday, (viz.) that is to say, the 10th of this instant March 1728, his Excellency Thomas Windham, Esq; Lord High-chancellor of Ireland pronounced, after your back was turned, and not with the assistance of the two chiefs, his decree in the case of Stewart v. Stewart, on A. Powell, to this effect: He said there was a full consent till such time as the draught of the settlement was sent down to Mrs Stewart, to be considered by her and her friends; and after she had considered it, she shall not be at liberty to make any objections; for all restrictions of marriage are odious in the civil law, and not favoured by the common law, especially after the age of one and twenty; therefore marry they may, and let Mr Nutley * be a lawyer for Mrs Rebecca Stewart, the plaintiff, to take care of the settlement for her advantage, and let Powell chuse

* Mr Nutley had been a judge in Queen Anne's time.

CORRESPONDENCE. 153

chuse another lawyer for himself; though, by the bye, Mr Nutley would serve for both; and it is not necessary to inquire what Powell makes by his practice, although he assured the mother it amounted to one thousand four hundred pounds *per annum*.

Ovid, 'tis true, successfully imparts
The rules to steal deluded virgins hearts;
But Oh! ye fair ones, pious Nutley's skill
Instructs you to elude, by magick bill,
The laws of God, and gratify your will.

You will, I hope, excuse this liberty in one, who, to resent the indignity offered to you by Ram's coachman *, made him drunk soon after at Gorey, which so incensed the aforesaid Ram, that he discharged him his service, and he is now so reduced, that he has no other way of getting his bread but by crying in this city, "Ha' you any dirt to carry out?" I am, Sir, your sincere friend and humble servant,

FRANCIS GEOGEGHAN.

L E T T E R CCCCXXXIX.

— FLOWER, ESQ; † TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Asbbrook, March 18. 1728-9.

AS I have been honoured with some of your letters, and as you are my old acquaintance, though to my sorrow not intimately, so I trust

* Vid. *Intelligencer*, No. 2.

† Afterwards Lord Castledurrow.

trust you will pardon this presumption. Perhaps you may be at a loss to guess what title I have to an old acquaintance with you; but as several little accidents make indelible impressions upon the minds of school-boys, near thirty years ago, when I was one, I remember I was committed to your care from Sheene to London: We took water at Morelake; the commander of the little skiff was very drunk and insolent, put us ashore at Hammersmith, yet insisted, with very abusive language, on his fare, which you courageously refused; the mob gathered; I expected to see your gown stript off, and, for want of a blanket, to take a flight with you in it; but

*Tum pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus astant:
Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet.*

Virg. *Æn.* I. 155.

By your powerful eloquence you saved your bacon and money, and we happily proceeded on our journey. But it is not an inclination purely to tell you this old story, which persuades me to write. A friend from Dublin lately obliged me with a very entertaining paper, intitled *The Intelligencer*; it is numbered 20, a posthumous work of Nestor Ironside; a correspondent mentioning these papers in a letter, raised my curiosity, with the specimen I had of them, to read the rest. For my part, I have buried myself in the country, and know little of the world, but what I learn from news-papers; you who live
so

so much in it, and from other more convincing proofs, I am satisfied are acquainted with the Intelligencer. I wish his zeal could promote the welfare of his poor country, but I fear his labour is in vain.

The miseries of the North, as represented, demand the utmost compassion, and must soften the malice of the most bitter enemy; I hope they, whose interest it is, if they rightly considered it, to relieve those miserable wretches, will redress so public a calamity; to which if, as I have heard, some of the clergy, by exacting of tithes, have contributed, they deserve as great censure, as a certain Dean, who lends several sums without interest to his poor parishioners, has gained credit and honour by his charitable beneficence. Bad men, to be sure, have crept in, and are of that sacred and learned order; the blackest of crimes, forgery, treason, and blasphemy, recently prove this: such should be spued out of it with the utmost contempt, and punished according to their demerit with severe justice. If this allegation be true, I hope to see them censured by the Intelligencer, and recommend to him the words of Jeremiah to expatiate upon, c. x. v. 21. c. xii. v. 10, 11. I imagine the poor widow *, his printer, is in danger of punishment; she suffered very cruelly for the Drapier's works; I hope several contributed to ease her misfortunes on that occasion; I confess I am sorry I did not, but if you will give her a piece of gold, not in my name I beg, being
unwilling

* Mrs Harding.

unwilling to vaunt of charity, but as from a friend of your's, I shall by the first safe hand send one; in return I expect the Drapier's Works entire.

I am sorry, that, for the benefit of the ladies, the author has not given us the English of

*Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura Virgo.*

Not having Creech's Horace, a gentleman prevailed on me to attempt translating of it in a couple of distichs; the science which the compound English and Greek word signifies, little concerns a widower; but I should be glad to see it improved by good proficient in the Ionick jig. I own, in my little reading, I never met with this word, which puts me in mind of a passage on the Thames. My younger uncle, the grave Mr Flower, his wife and mine, and Parson Dingle, one day made the tour of the city: We saw Bedlam, the lions, and what not? and finished with a view of that noble engine under London Bridge: Then we took water for Whitehall; rowed very silently to opposite the glass-house, where a dyer, his boat at an anchor, was angling; Poor Jack unfortunately asked, addressing himself to our waterman, What that man was fishing for? The wag answered very brisk, For——, Master will you buy any? You are a man of too much humour not to be pleased with the reply. I never can think of it without a laugh; and am sure need not describe the scene to you. He is since called in our family by the name of Jack Fisher.

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCCXL.

MR GAY. TO DR SWIFT.

From the Duke of Queensberry's
in Burlington-Gardens.

DEAR SIR,

March 18, 1728-9.

I HAVE writ to you several times ; and having heard nothing from you, makes me fear my letters are miscarried. Mr Pope's letter hath taken off my concern in some degree ; but I hope good weather will entirely re-establish you in your health. I am just recovered from the severest fit of sickness, that ever any body had, who escaped death. I was several times given up by the physicians, and every body that attended me ; and, upon my recovery, was judged to be in so ill a condition, that I should be miserable for the remainder of my life : but, contrary to all expectation, I am perfectly recovered, and have no remainder of the distempers that attacked me, which were at the same time, fever, asthma, and pleurisy. I am now in the Duke of Queensberry's house, and have been so ever since I left Hampstead ; where I was carried at a time, that it was thought I could not live a day. Since my coming to town, I have been very little abroad, the weather has been so severe.

I must acquaint you, (because I know it will please you) that during my sickness I had many of the kindest proofs of friendship, particularly

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O

from

from the Duke and Dutchess of Queensberry, who, if I had been their nearest relation, and nearest friend, could not have treated me with more constant attendance then; and they continue the same to me now.

You must undoubtedly have heard, that the Dutchess took up my defence with the King and Queen, in the cause of my play, and that she hath been forbid the court for interesting herself to increase my fortune by the publication of it, without being acted. The Duke too hath given up his employments (which he would have done, if the Dutchess had not met with this treatment) upon account of ill usage from the ministers; but this hastened him in what he determined. The play is now almost printed, with the music, words, and bases, engraved on thirty-one copper-plates, which, by my friends assistance, hath a probability to turn greatly to my advantage. The Dutchess of Marlborough hath given me a hundred pounds for one copy; and others have contributed very handsomely; but, as my account is not yet settled, I cannot tell you particulars.

For writing in the cause of virtue, and against the fashionable vices, I am looked upon at present as the most obnoxious person almost in England. Mr Pulteney tells me, I have got the start of him. Mr Pope tells me, that I am dead, and that this obnoxiousness is the reward of my inoffensiveness in my former life. I wish I had a book ready to send you; but I believe I shall
not

not be able to complete the work till the latter end of next week. Your money is still in Lord Bathurst's hands; but, I believe, I shall receive it soon: I wish to receive your orders how to dispose of it. I am impatient to finish my work, for I want the country-air; not that I am ill, but to recover my strength: And I cannot leave the work till it is finished. While I am writing this, I am in the room next to our dining-room, with sheets all round it, and two people from the binder folding sheets. I print the book at my own expence, in quarto, which is to be sold for six shillings with the music. You see I don't want industry; and I hope you will allow that I have not the worst œconomy. Mrs Howard hath declared herself strongly, both to the King and Queen, as my advocate. The Dutcheſs of Queensberry is allowed to have shewn more spirit, more honour, and more goodness, than was thought possible in our times; I should have added too, more understanding and good sense. You see my fortune (as I hope my virtue will) increaſes by oppreſſion. I go to no courts; I drink no wine; and am calumniated, even by ministers of ſtate, and yet am in good ſpirits. Moſt of the courtiers, though otherwiſe my friends, reſuſed to contribute to my undertaking. But the city and the people of England take my part very warmly; and, I am told, the beſt of the citizens will give me proofs of it by their contributions.

I could talk to you a great deal more, but I

am afraid I shall write too much for you and for myself. I have not writ so much together since my sickness. I cannot omit telling you, that Dr Arbuthnott's attendance and care of me shewed him the best of friends. Dr Hollings, though entirely a stranger to me, was joined with him, and used me in the kindest and most handsome manner. Mr and Mrs Pulteney were greatly concerned for me, visited me, and shewed me the strongest proofs of friendship. When I see you I will tell you of others, as of Mr Pope, Mrs Blount, Mr and Mrs Rollinson, Lord and Lady Bolingbroke, &c. I think they are all your friends and well-wishers. I hope you will love them the better upon my account; but do not forget Mr Lewis, nor Lord Bathurst, Sir William Wyndham, and Lord Gower, and Lord Oxford, among the number.

L E T T E R CCCCXLI.

DR ARBUTHNOTT TO DR SWIFT.

London, March 19. 1728-9.

THIS is the second or third time, dear Sir, that I have wrote to you, without hearing a word of you or from you; only in general, that you are very much out of order: sometimes of your two old complaints, the vertigo and deafness, which I am very sorry for. The gentleman,

tleman, who carries this, hath come better off than I did imagine: I used my little interest as far as it would go, in his affair. He will be able to give you some account of your friends, many of whom have been in great distress this winter for John Gay. I may say, without vanity, his life, under God, is due to the unwearied endeavours and care of your humble servant; for a physician, who had not been passionately his friend, could not have saved him. I had, besides my personal concern for him, other motives of my care. He is now become a public person, a little Sacheverell; and I took the same pleasure in saving him, as Radcliffe did in preserving my Lord Chief-justice Holt's wife, whom he attended out of spite to the husband, who wished her dead.

The inoffensive John Gay is now become one of the obstructions to the peace of Europe, the terror of the ministers, the chief author of the Craftsman, and all the seditious pamphlets which have been published against the government. He has got several turned out of their places; the greatest ornament of the court banished from it for his sake; another great lady in danger of being *chasse* likewise; about seven or eight dutchesses pushing forward, like the ancient *circumcelliones* in the church, who shall suffer martyrdom upon his account first. He is the darling of the city. If he should travel about the country, he would have hecatombs of roasted oxen sacrificed to him, since he became so conspicuous. Will. Pulteney

hangs his head, to see himself so much outdone in the career of glory. I hope he will get a good deal of money by printing his play; but I really believe he would get more by shewing his person: and, I can assure you, this is the very identical John Gay, whom you formerly knew, and lodged with in Whitehall two years ago. I have been diverting myself with making an extract out of a history, which will be printed in the year 1948. I wish I had your assistance to go through with it; for I can assure you, it riseth to a very solemn piece of burlesque.

As to the condition of your little club, it is not quite so desperate as you might imagine; for Mr Pope is as high in favour, as I am afraid the rest are out of it. The King, upon the perusal of the last edition of his Dunciad, declared he was a very honest man. I did not know till this moment, that I had so good an opportunity to send you a letter; and now I know it, am called away, and am obliged to end with my best wishes and respects, being most sincerely

Your's, &c.

L E T T E R CCCCXLII.

DR SWIFT TO MR GAY.

Dublin, March 19. 1729.

I DENY it. I do write to you according to the old stipulation; for 'when you kept your old company, when I writ to one, I writ to all.

But

But I am ready to enter into a new bargain, since you are got into a new world, and will answer all your letters. You are first to present my most humble respects to the Dutcheſs of Queensberry, and let her know, that I never dine without thinking of her, although it be with some difficulty that I can obey her, when I dine with forks that have but two prongs, and when the ſauce is not very conſiſtent. You muſt likewise tell her Grace, that ſhe is a general toaſt among all honeſt folks here, and particularly at the deanry, even in the face of my Whig-subjects. —I will leave my money in Lord Bathurſt's hands, and the management of it (for want of better) in your's; and pray keep the intereſt-money in a bag wrapt up and ſealed by itſelf, for fear of your own fingers under your careleſſneſs. Mr Pope talks of you as a perfect ſtranger; but the different purſuits, and manners, and intereſts of life, as fortune hath pleaſed to diſpoſe them, will never ſuffer thoſe to live together, who, by their inclinations, ought never to part. I hope when you are rich enough, you will have ſome little œconomy of your own in town or country, and be able to give your friends a pint of port; for the domeſtic ſeaſon of life will come on. I had never much hopes of your vampt play, although Mr Pope ſeemed to have, and although it were ever ſo good: but you ſhould have done like the parſons, and changed your text: I mean the title, and the names of the perſons. After all, it was an effect of idleneſs;
for

for you are in the prime of life, when invention and judgment go together. I wish you had 100 l. a-year more for horses. — I ride and walk whenever good weather invites, and am reputed the best walker in this town and five miles round. I writ lately to Mr Pope. I wish you had a little villakin in his neighbourhood; but you are yet too volatile, and any lady with a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan.

L E T T E R CCCCXLIII.

DR SWIFT TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, March 21. 1729.

YOU tell me you have not quitted the design of collecting, writing, &c. This is the answer of every sinner who defers his repentance. I wish Mr Pope were as great an urger as I, who long for nothing more than to see truth under your hands, laying all detraction in the dust. — I find myself disposed every year, or rather every month, to be more angry and revengeful; and my rage is so ignoble, that it descends even to resent the folly and baseness of the enslaved people among whom I live. I knew an old Lord in Leicestershire, who amused himself with mending pitchforks and spades for his tenants *gratis*. Yet I have higher ideas left, if I were nearer to objects on which I might employ them; and contemning my private fortune, would gladly

ly cross the channel, and stand by, while my betters were driving the boars out of the garden, if there be any probable expectation of such an endeavour. When I was of your age, I often thought of death; but now, after a dozen years more, it is never out of my mind, and terrifies me less. I conclude, that Providence hath ordered our fears to decrease with our spirits: And yet I love *la bagatelle* better than ever; for finding it troublesome to read at night, and the company here growing tasteless, I am always writing bad prose, or worse verses, either of rage or raillery, whereof some few escape to give offence or mirth, and the rest are burnt.

They print some Irish trash in London, and charge it on me, which you will clear me of to my friends; for all are spurious except one paper *, for which Mr Pope very lately chid me. I remember your Lordship used to say, that a few good speakers would in time carry any point that was right; and that the common method of a majority, by calling, To the question, would never hold long when reason was on the other side. Whether politics do not change like gaming, by the invention of new tricks, I am ignorant: But I believe in your time you would never, as a minister, have suffered an act to pass through the H. of C——s, only because you were sure of a majority in the H. of L—s to throw it out; because it would be unpopular, and consequently a
loss.

* Intituled, "A libel on Dr Delany and a certain great Lord." Vol. IX. p. 14.

loss of reputation. Yet this we are told hath been the case in the qualification-bill relating to pensioners. It should seem to me, that corruption, like avarice, hath no bounds. I had opportunities to know the proceedings of your ministry better than any other man of my rank; and having not much to do, I have often compared it with these last sixteen years of a profound peace all over Europe, and we running seven millions in debt. I am forced to play at small game, to set the beasts here a-madding, merely for want of better game: *Tentanda via est, quam me quoque possim*, &c.—The d — take those politics, where a dunce might govern for a dozen years together. I will come in person to England, if I am provoked, and send for the dictator from the plough. I disdain to say, *O mihi prateritos*—but, *cruda deo viridisque senectus*. Pray, my Lord, how are the gardens? Have you taken down the mount, and removed the yew-hedges? Have you not bad weather for the spring-corn? Has Mr Pope gone farther in his ethic poems? And is the head-land sown with wheat? And what says Polybius? And how does my Lord St John *? Which last question is very material to me, because I love Burgundy, and riding between Twickenham and Dawley.—I built a wall five years ago; and when the masons played the knaves, nothing delighted me so much as to stand by, while my servants threw down what was amiss. I have likewise seen a
monkey

* Lord St John of Battersea, father to Lord Bolingbroke.

monkey overthrow all the dishes and plates in a kitchen, merely for the pleasure of seeing them tumble, and hearing the clatter they made in their fall. I wish you would invite me to such another entertainment: But you think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world; and so I would, if I could get into a better before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole. I wonder you are not ashamed to let me pine away in this kingdom, while you are out of power.

I come from looking over the *melange* above written, and declare it to be a true copy of my present disposition; which must needs please you, since nothing was ever more displeasing to myself. I desire you to present my most humble respects to my Lady.

L E T T E R CCCCXLIV.

DR SWIFT TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, April 5. 1729.

I DO not think it could be possible for me to hear better news than that of your getting over your scurvy suit, which always hung as a dead weight on my heart. I hated it in all its circumstances, as it affected your fortune and quiet, and in a situation of life that must make it every way vexatious. And as I am infinitely obliged

obliged to you for the justice you do me, in supposing your affairs do at least concern me as much as my own; so I would never have pardon'd your omitting it. But before I go on, I cannot forbear mentioning what I read last summer in a news-paper, that you were writing the history of your own times. I suppose such a report might arise from what was not secret among your friends, of your intention to write another kind of history; which you often promised Mr Pope and me to do. I know he desires it very much; and I am sure I desire nothing more, for the honour and love I bear you, and the perfect knowledge I have of your public virtue. My Lord, I have no other notion of œconomy, than that it is the parent of liberty and ease; and I am not the only friend you have who hath chid you in his heart for the neglect of it, though not with his mouth as I have done. For there is a silly error in the world, even among friends otherwise very good, not to intermeddle with mens affairs in such nice matters. And, my Lord, I have made a maxim, that should be writ in letters of diamonds, That a wise man ought to have money in his head, but not in his heart. Pray, my Lord, inquire whether your prototype, my Lord Digby, after the Restoration, when he was at Bristol, did not take some care of his fortune, notwithstanding that quotation I once sent you out of his speech to the H. of Commons? In my conscience I believe fortune, like other drabs, values a man gradually less for every year
he

he lives. I have demonstration for it; because if I play at piquet for sixpence with a man or a woman two years younger than myself, I always lose; and there is a young girl of twenty, who never fails of winning my money at backgammon, though she is a bungler and the game be ecclesiastic. As to the public, I confess nothing could cure my itch of meddling with it, but these frequent returns of deafness, which have hindered me from passing last winter in London; yet I cannot but consider the perfidiousness of some people, who I thought, when I was last there, upon a change that happened, were the most impudent in forgetting their professions that I have ever known. Pray will you please to take your pen, and blot me out that political maxim from whatever book it is in, That *res nolunt diu male administrari*; the commonness makes me not know who is the author, but sure he must be some modern.

I am sorry for Lady Bolingbroke's ill health; but I protest I never knew a very deserving person of that sex, who had not too much reason to complain of ill health. I never wake without finding life a more insignificant thing than it was the day before; which is one great advantage I get by living in this country, where there is nothing I shall be sorry to lose. But my greatest misery is recollecting the scene of twenty years past, and then all on a sudden dropping into the present. I remember, when I was a little boy, I felt a great fish at the end of my line, which I

drew up almost on the ground, but it dropt in ; and the disappointment vexes me to this very day ; and I believe it was the type of all my future disappointments. I should be ashamed to say this to you, if you had not a spirit fitter to bear your own misfortunes, than I have to think of them. Is there patience left to reflect, by what qualities wealth and greatness are got, and by what qualities they are lost ? I have read my friend Congreve's verses to Lord Cobham, which end with a vile and false moral, and I remember is not in Horace to Tibullus, which he imitates, " That
" all times are equally virtuous and vicious ;" wherein he differs from all poets, philosophers, and Christians that ever writ. It is more probable, that there may be an equal quantity of virtue always in the world ; but sometimes there may be a peck of it in Asia, and hardly a thimble-full in Europe. But if there be no virtue, there is abundance of sincerity ; for I will venture all I am worth, that there is not one human creature in power, who will not be modest enough to confess, that he proceeds wholly upon a principle of corruption. I say this, because I have a scheme, in spite of your notions, to govern England upon the principles of virtue : And when the nation is ripe for it, I desire you will send for me. I have learned this by living like a hermit, by which I am got backwards about nineteen hundred years in the æra of the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedness of men. I dine alone upon half a dish of meat, mix water
with

with my wine, walk ten miles a-day, and read Baronius. *Hic explicit epistola ad Dom. Bolingbroke, et incipit ad amicum Pope.*

Having finished my letter to Aristippus, I now begin to you. I was in great pain about Mrs Pope, having heard from others that she was in a very dangerous way, which made me think it unseasonable to trouble you. I am ashamed to tell you, that when I was very young, I had more desire to be famous than ever since; and fame, like all things else in this life, grows with me every day more a trifle. But you, who are so much younger, although you want that health you deserve, yet your spirits are as vigorous as if your body were sounder. I hate a croud, where I have not an easy place to see and be seen. A great library always makes me melancholy, where the best author is as much squeezed, and as obscure, as a porter at a coronation. In my own little library, I value the compliments of Grævius and Gronovius, which make thirty-one volumes in folio, (and were given me by my Lord Bolingbroke), more than all my books besides; because whoever comes into my closet, casts his eyes immediately upon them, and will not vouchsafe to look upon Plato or Xenophon. I tell you, it is almost incredible how opinions change, by the decline or decay of spirits; and I will further tell you, that all my endeavours from a boy to distinguish myself, were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whe-

ther right or wrong, it is no great matter ; and so the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue ribband, or of a coach and six horses. To be remembered for ever on the account of our friendship, is what would exceedingly please me ; but yet I never loved to make a visit, or be seen walking with my betters, because they get all the eyes and civilities from me. I no sooner writ this than I corrected myself, and remembered Sir Fulk Grevil's epitaph, " Here lies, &c. who was friend to Sir Philip Sidney." And therefore I most heartily thank you, for you desire that I would record our friendship in verse ; which if I can succeed in, I will never desire to write one more line in poetry while I live. You must present my humble service to Mrs Pope, and let her know I pray for her continuance in the world, for her own reason, that she may live to take care of you.

LETTER CCCCXLV.

CHEVALIER RAMSAY TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

London, 10th April, 1729.

ONE of the greatest pleasures I proposed to myself in a journey to England, was that of seeing you at London ; and it is a very sensible mortification to me to find myself disappointed in so agreeable an expectation. It is now many years since I had the greatest esteem of your genius

nius and writings; and when I was very young, I found, in some of them, certain ideas, that prepared me for relishing those principles of universal religion, which I have since endeavoured to unfold in *Cyrus*. I could not let our common friend Mr Lesley * go back to Ireland, without seizing the opportunity of acknowledging the obliging zeal you have shewn to make my work esteemed. Such marks of friendship do me a great deal of honour, as well as pleasure, and I hope I have a thorough sense of them. As I have much enlarged my book, I am going to publish a new edition by subscription. I have given an hundred copies of the proposals to our friend, and flatter myself, that I may count upon the continuation of your friendship. I am, with great respect, Sir, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

A. RAMSAY.

L E T T E R CCCCXLVI.

DR ARBUTHNOTT TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, May 8. 1729.

I HAVE wrote three times to Mr Dean of St Patrick's, without receiving so much as an acknowledgment of the receipt of my letters, at the same time I hear of other letters, which his acquaintances receive from him. I believe I

P 3

should

* Son of the Reverend Mr Charles Lesley, the famous Nonjuror.

should hardly have brought myself to have written this, were it not to serve you, and a friend at the same time.

I recommended one Mr Mason, son of Mason, gentleman of the Queen's chapel, a bary-tone voice, for the vacancy of a singer in your cathedral. This letter was wrote from Bath last September. The same Mason informs me, that there is another vacancy: Therefore I renew my request. I believe you will hardly get a better: He has a pleasant mellow voice, and has sung several times in the King's chapel this winter, to the satisfaction of the audience. I beg at least your answer to this. Your friends in town, such as I know, are well. Mr Pope is happy again, in having his mother recovered. Mr Gay is gone to Scotland with the Duke of Queensberry. He has about twenty law-suits with book-sellers for pirating his book. The King goes soon to Hanover. These are all the news I know. I hope you don't imagine I am so little concerned about your health, as not to desire to be informed of the state of it from yourself. I have been tolerably well this winter, I thank God. My brother Robin is here, and longs, as well as I, to know how you do. This, with my best wishes and respects, from, dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCCXLVII.

DR ARBUTHNOTT TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, June 9. 1729.

THIS is given you by Mr Mafon, whom I believe you will find answering the character I gavè of him, which really was not partial; for I am not so much as acquainted with his father or himself. I explained every thing to him according to the tenor of the letter which I received from you some time ago, and for which I most heartily thank you. Let him now speak for himself. I have been inquiring about a counter-tenor; but have, as yet, no intelligence of any.

I am really sensibly touched with the account you give of Ireland. It is not quite so bad here; but really bad enough: At the same time we are told, that we are in great plenty and happiness.

Your friends, whom you mention in your's, are well. Mr Gay is returned from Scotland, and has recovered his strength by his journey. Mr Pope is well; he had got an injunction in Chancery against the printers who printed his Dunciad: It was dissolved again, because the printer could not prove any property, nor did the author appear. That is not Mr Gay's case; for he has owned his book. Mr Pulteney gives you his service. They are all better than myself; for I am now so bad of a constant convulsion in
my

my heart, that I am like to expire sometimes. We have no news that I know of. I am apt to believe, that, in a little time, this matter of the provincial treaty will be on or off. The young man waits for my letter. I shall trouble you no more at present, but remain, with my best wishes, and most sincere affection, dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

L E T T E R CCCCXLVIII.

LADY CATHERINE JONES * TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Chelsea, June 11. 1729.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter of the 22d of May, and own my obligation to Mr Dean for the information of the decay of my grandfather's monument † in the cathedral church of St Patrick.

Mr French, the present receiver of my father's estate, will be, some time next month, in that kingdom, whom I have ordered to wait upon you for your direction in that affair: In which, when

* Daughter of Richard Earl of Ranelagh, who had been paymaster-general and governor of Chelsea hospital, and great-niece to Mr Boyle, being one of the granddaughters of his sister Catherine, Countess of Ranelagh.

† A monument erected to the memory of Archbishop Jones, and his son Lord Viscount Ranelagh. It was then in a ruinous condition, but repaired by the order of this lady.

when he has informed me of the expence, I shall immediately give directions to have it done, agreeably to the desire of the Dean and Chapter, as well as the duty done to the memory of my grandfather, without adding further trouble to Mr Dean, from his most humble and obedient servant.

CATHERINE JONES.

L E T T E R CCCCXLIX.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Aug. 11. 1729.

I AM very sensible, that, in a former letter, I talked very weakly of my own affairs, and of my imperfect wishes and desires; which however I find, with some comfort, do now daily decline, very suitable to my state of health for some months past. For my head is never perfectly free from giddiness, and especially towards night. Yet my disorder is very moderate, and I have been without a fit of deafness this half-year; so I am like a horse, which, though off his mettle, can trot on tolerably; and this comparison puts me in mind to add, that I am returned to be a rider, wherein I wish you would imitate me. As to this country, there have been three terrible years dearth of corn, and every place strowed with beggars; but dearths are common in better climates, and our evils
here

here lie much deeper. Imagine a nation, the two-thirds of whose revenues are spent out of it, and who are not permitted to trade with the other third, and where the pride of women will not suffer them to wear their own manufactures, even where they excel what come from abroad. This is the true state of Ireland, in a very few words. These evils operate more every day, and the kingdom is absolutely undone, as I have been telling often in print these ten years past.

What I have said requires forgiveness; but I had a mind for once to let you know the state of our affairs, and my reason for being more moved than perhaps becomes a clergyman, and a piece of a philosopher: And perhaps the increase of years and disorders may hope for some allowance to complaints, especially when I may call myself a stranger in a strange land. As to poor Mrs Pope, (if she be still alive), I heartily pity you and pity her. Her great piety and virtue will infallibly make her happy in a better life, and her great age hath made her fully ripe for heaven and the grave, and her best friends will most wish her eased of her labours, when she hath so many good works to follow them. The loss you will feel by the want of her care and kindness, I know very well; but she has amply done her part, as you have yours. One reason why I would have you in Ireland when you shall be at your own disposal, is, that you may be master of two or three years revenues, *provisæ frugis in annos copia*, so as not to be pinched in the

the least when years increase, and perhaps your health impairs; and when this kingdom is utterly at an end, you may support me for the few years I shall happen to live; and who knows but you may pay me exorbitant interest, for the spoonful of wine, and scraps of a chicken it will cost me to feed you? I am confident you have too much reason to complain of ingratitude; for I never yet knew any person one-tenth part so heartily disposed as you are to do good offices to others, without the least private view.

Was it a gasconade to please me, that you said your fortune was increased 100 l. a-year since I left you? you should have told me how. Those *subsidia senectuti* are extremely desirable, if they could be got with justice, and without avarice; of which vice though I cannot charge myself yet, nor feel any approaches towards it, yet no usurer more wishes to be richer, (or rather to be surer of his rents). But I am not half so moderate as you; for I declare I cannot live easily under double to what you are satisfied with.

I hope Mr Gay will keep his 3000 l. and live on the interest, without decreasing the principal one penny; but I do not like your seldom seeing him. I hope he is grown more disengaged from his intentness on his own affairs, which I ever disliked, and is quite the reverse to you, unless you are a very dextrous disguiser. I desire my humble service to Lord Oxford, Lord Bathurst, and particularly to Mrs B—, but to

no

no lady at court, God bless you for being a greater dupe than I. I love that character too myself, but I want your charity. Adieu.

L E T T E R CCCCL.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

Aix la Chapelle, Aug. 30. 1729. N. S.

I TOOK a letter of your's from Pope, and brought it with me to this place, that I might answer at least a part of it. I begin to-day; when I shall finish I know not; perhaps when I get back to my farm. The waters I have been persuaded to drink, and those which my friends drink, keep me fuddled or employed all the morning. The afternoons are spent in airings or visits, and we go to bed with the chicken*.

L E T T E R CCCCLI.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

Brussels, Sept. 27. 1729.

I HAVE brought your French acquaintance † thus far on her way into her own country, and considerably better in health than she was when

* "The rest of the letter is printed in Mr Pope's works, Vol. IX. p. 141, &c."

† Lady Bolingbroke.

when she went to Aix. I begin to entertain hopes that she will recover such a degree of health as may render old age supportable. Both of us have closed the tenth lustre, and it is high time to determine how we shall play the last act of the farce. Might not my life be intitled much more properly a *What-d'ye-call-it*, than a *farce*? Some comedy, a great deal of tragedy, and the whole interspersed with scenes of Harlequin, Scaramouch, and Dr Balordo, the prototype of your hero.—I used to think sometimes formerly of old age and of death; enough to prepare my mind, not enough to anticipate sorrow, to dash the joys of youth, and to be all my life a-dying. I find the benefit of this practice now, and find it more as I proceed on my journey: Little regret when I look backwards, little apprehension when I look forward. You complain grievously of your situation in Ireland: I would complain of mine too in England; but I will not, nay I ought not; for I find by long experience, that I can be unfortunate without being unhappy. I do not approve your joining together the *figure of living*, and the *pleasure of giving*, though your old prating friend Montagne does something like it in one of his rhapsodies. To tell you my reasons, would be to write an essay, and I shall hardly have time to write a letter; but if you will come over and live with Pope and me, I'll show you in an instant why those two things should not *aller de pair*; and that forced retrenchments on both

may be made without making us even uneasy. You know that I am too expensive, and all mankind knows that I have been cruelly plundered; and yet I feel in my mind the power of descending without anxiety two or three stages more. In short, Mr Dean, if you will come to a certain farm in Middlesex, you will find that I can live frugally, without growling at the world, or being peevish with those whom fortune has appointed to eat my bread, instead of appointing me to eat theirs: And yet I have naturally as little disposition to frugality as any man alive. You say you are no philosopher, and I think you are in the right to dislike a word which is so often abused. But I am sure you like to follow reason, not custom, (which is sometimes the reason, and oftner the caprice of others, of the mob of the world). Now, to be sure of doing this, you must wear your philosophical spectacles as constantly as the Spaniards used to wear theirs. You must make them part of your dress; and sooner part with your broad-brimmed beaver, your gown, your scarf, or even that emblematical vestment, your surplice. Through this medium you will see few things to be vexed at, few persons to be angry at: And yet there will frequently be things which we ought to wish altered, and persons whom we ought to wish hanged.

In your letter to Pope, you agree, that a regard for fame becomes a man more towards his exit, than at his entrance into life; and yet you confess,

confess, that the longer you live, the more you grow indifferent about it. Your sentiment is true and natural; your reasoning, I am afraid, is not so upon this occasion. Prudence will make us desire fame, because it gives us many real and great advantages in all the affairs of life. Fame is the wise man's means; his ends are his own good, and the good of society. You poets and orators have inverted this order; you propose fame as the end, and good, or at least great actions, as the means. You go further; you teach our self-love to anticipate the applause which we suppose will be paid by posterity to our names; and with idle notions of immortality you turn other heads besides your own. I am afraid this may have done some harm in the world.

Fame is an object which men pursue successfully by various, and even contrary courses. Your doctrine leads them to look on this end as essential, and on the means as indifferent; so that Fabricius and Crassus, Cato and Cæsar, pressed forward to the same goal. After all, perhaps it may appear, from a consideration of the depravity of mankind, that you could do no better, nor keep up virtue in the world, without calling this passion, or this direction of self-love, in to your aid. Tacitus has crowded this excuse for you, according to his manner, into a maxim, *Contemptu famæ contemni virtutes*. But now, whether we consider fame as an useful instrument in all the occurrences of private and public life, or whether we consider it as the cause of that pleasure which

our self-love is so fond of; methinks, our entrance into life, or (to speak more properly) our youth, not our old age, is the season when we ought to desire it most, and therefore, when it is most becoming, to desire it with ardour. If it be useful, it is to be desired most when we have, or may hope to have, a long scene of action open before us. Towards our exit, this scene of action is, or should be closed; and then, methinks, it is unbecoming to grow fonder of a thing which we have no longer occasion for. If it is pleasant, the sooner we are in possession of same, the longer we shall enjoy this pleasure. When it is acquired early in life, it may tickle us on till old age; but when it is acquired late, the sensation of pleasure will be more faint, and mingled with the regret of our not having tasted it sooner.

From my farm, Oct. 5.

I am here. I have seen Pope, and one of my first inquiries was after you. He tells me a thing I am sorry to hear; you are building, it seems, on a piece of land you have acquired for that purpose, in some county of Ireland *. Though I have built in a part of the world, which I prefer very little to that where you have been thrown and confined by our ill fortune and yours, yet I am sorry you do the same thing. I have repented a thousand times of my resolution, and I hope you will repent of yours before it is executed. Adieu, my old and worthy friend. May the physical evils of life fall as easily upon you

as

* In the county of Armagh, called Drapier's Hill.

as ever they did, on any man who lived to be old ; and may the moral evils, which surround us, make as little impression on you as they ought to make on one who has such superior sense to estimate things by, and so much virtue to wrap himself up in.

My wife desires not to be forgotten by you. She's faithfully your servant, and zealously your admirer. She will be concerned and disappointed not to find you in this island at her return, which hope both she and I had been made to entertain before I went abroad.

L E T T E R CCCCLII.

Oct. 9. 1729.

IT pleases me that you received my books at last : but you have never once told me if you approve the whole, or disapprove not of some parts of the commentary, &c. It was my principal aim in the entire work, to perpetuate the friendship between us, and to shew, that the friends or the enemies of one were the friends or enemies of the other. If in any particular any thing be stated or mentioned in a different manner from what you like, pray tell me freely, that the new editions now coming out here may have it rectified. You'll find the octavo rather more correct than the quarto, with some additions to the notes and epigrams cast in, which I wish had been increased by your acquaintance in Ireland. I rejoice

in hearing that Drapier's Hill is to emulate Parnassus. I fear the country about it is as much impoverished. I truly share in all that troubles you, and wish you removed from a scene of distress, which I know works your compassionate temper too strongly. But if we are not to see you here, I believe I shall once in my life see you there. You think more for me, and about me, than any friend I have, and you think better for me. Perhaps you'll not be contented, though I am, that the additional 100l. a-year is only for my life. My mother is yet living, and I thank God for it: she will never be troublesome to me, if she be not so to herself. But a melancholy object it is, to observe the gradual decays both of body and mind, in a person to whom one is tied by the links of both. I can't tell whether her death itself would be so afflicting.

You are too careful of my worldly affairs. I am rich enough, and I can afford to give away 100l. a-year. Don't be angry: I will not live to be very old; I have revelations to the contrary. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good when I have a mind to do it. I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give, by giving it alive, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die, I should be ashamed to leave enough to build me a monument, if there were a wanting friend above ground.

Mr Gay assures me his 3000l. is kept entire and sacred. He seems to languish after a line from you, and complains tenderly. Lord Bolingbroke

broke has told me ten times over he was going to write to you: Has he, or not? The doctor is unalterable, both in friendship and quadrille. His wife has been very near death last week: his two brothers buried their wives within these six weeks. Gay is sixty miles off, and has been so all this summer, with the Duke and Dutchess of Queensberry. He is the same man; so is every one here that you know. Mankind is unamendable. *Optimus ille qui minimis urgetur.*—Poor Mrs ** is like the rest; she cries at the thorn in her foot, but will suffer nobody to pull it out. The court-lady I have a good opinion of; yet I have treated her more negligently than you would do, because you like to see the inside of a court, which I do not. I have seen her but twice. You have a desperate hand at dashing out a character by great strokes, and at the same time a delicate one at fine touches. God forbid you should draw mine, if I were conscious of any guilt: but if I were conscious only of folly, God send it! For as nobody can detect a great fault so well as you, nobody would so well hide a small one. But, after all, that lady means to do good, and does no harm, which is a vast deal for a courtier. I can assure you, that lord Peterborow always speaks kindly of you, and certainly has as great mind to be your friend as any one. I must throw away my pen; it cannot, it will never tell you, what I inwardly am to you. *Quod nequeo monstrare, et sentio tentum.*

LETTER

LETTER CCCCLIII.

DR SWIFT TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, Oct. 31. 1729.

I RECEIVED your Lordship's travelling letter of several dates, at several stages, and from different nations, languages, and religions. Neither could any thing be more obliging than your kind remembrance of me in so many places. As to your ten lustres, I remember, when I complained in a letter to Prior, that I was fifty years old, he was half angry in jest, and answered me out of Terence, *Ista commemoratio est quasi exprobratio*. How then ought I to rattle you, when I have a dozen years more to answer for, all monastically passed in this country of liberty, and delight, and money, and good company! I go on answering your letter. It is you were my hero, but the * other never was; yet if he were, it was your own fault, who taught me to love him, and often vindicated him, in the beginning of his ministry, from my accusations. But I grant he had the greatest inequalities of any man alive, and his whole scene was fifty times more a What-d'ye-call-it, than yours: For I declare yours was *unie*: and I wish you would so order it, that the world may be as wise as I upon that article. Mr Pope wishes it too; and I believe there is not a more honest man in England, even without wit.

But

* Lord Oxford.

But you regard us not.—I was forty-seven years old * when I began to think of death ; and the reflections upon it now begin when I wake in the morning, and end when I am going to sleep.

—I writ to Mr Pope, and not to you. My birth, although from a family not undistinguished in its time, is many degrees inferior to yours : All my pretensions from person and parts infinitely so ; I a younger son of younger sons ; you born to a great fortune ; yet I see you, with all your advantages, sunk to a degree that you could never have been without them : But yet I see you as much esteemed, as much beloved, as much dreaded, and perhaps more, (though it be almost impossible), than ever you were in your high exaltation ;—only I grieve like an alderman, that you are not so rich. And yet, my Lord, I pretend to value money as little as you ; and I will call five hundred witnesses (if you will take Irish witnesses) to prove it. I renounce your whole philosophy, because it is not your practice. By the *figure of living*, (if I used that expression to Mr Pope), I do not mean the parade, but a suitableness to your mind ; and as for the *pleasure of giving*, I know your soul suffers when you are debarred of it. Could you, when your own generosity, and contempt of outward things, (be not offended, it is no ecclesiastical, but an Epicurean phrase), could you, when these have brought you to it, come over, and live with Mr Pope and me at the deanry ? I could almost wish the

* The year of Queen Anne's death.

the experiment were tried;—no, God forbid that ever such a scoundrel as Want should dare to approach you. But in the mean time do not brag; retrenchments are not your talent. But as old Weymouth said to me in his lordly Latin, *Philosophia verba ignava opera*; I wish you could learn arithmetic, that three and two make five, and will never make more. My philosophical spectacles which you advise me to, will tell me, that I can live on 50 l. a-year, (wine excluded, which my bad health forces me to); but I cannot endure that *otium* should be *sine dignitate*.—My Lord, what I would have said of fame, is meant of fame which a man enjoys in his life; because I cannot be a great lord, I would acquire what is a kind of *subsidium*; I would endeavour that my betters should seek me by the merit of something distinguishable, instead of my seeking them. The desire of enjoying it in after-times is owing to the spirit and folly of youth: But with age we learn to know the house is so full, that there is no room for above one or two at most in an age through the whole world. My Lord, I hate and love to write to you; it gives me pleasure, and kills me with melancholy. The d—— take stupidity, that it will not come to supply the want of philosophy.

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCCLIV.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Oct. 31. 1729.

YOU were so careful of sending me the Dunciad, that I have received five of them, and have pleased four friends. I am one of every body who approve every part of it, text and comment; but am one abstracted from every body, in the happiness of being recorded your friend, while wit, and humour, and politeness, shall have any memorial among us. As for your octavo edition, we know nothing of it; for we have an octavo of our own, which hath sold wonderfully, considering our poverty and dulness, the consequence of it.

I writ this post to Lord B. and told him in my letter, that, with a great deal of loss for a frolic, I will fly as soon as build; I have neither years, nor spirits, nor money, nor patience, for such amusements. The frolic is gone off, and I am only 100 l. the poorer. But this kingdom is grown so excessively poor, that we wise men must think of nothing but getting a little ready money. It is thought there are not two hundred thousand pounds of specie in the whole island; for we return thrice as much to our absentees, as we get by trade, and so are all inevitably undone; which I have been telling them in print
these

these ten years, to as little purpose as if it came from the pulpit. And this is enough for Irish politics, which I only mention, because it so nearly touches myself. I must repeat what I believe I have said before, that I pity you much more than Mrs Pope. Such a parent and friend hourly declining before your eyes, is an object very unfit for your health and duty, and tender disposition; and I pray God it may not affect you too much. I am as much satisfied that your additional 100*l. per annum* is for your life as if it were for ever. You have enough to leave your friends; I would not have them glad to be rid of you: and I shall take care that none but my enemies will be glad to get rid of me. You have embroiled me with Lord B—— about the figure of living, and the pleasure of giving. I am under the necessity of some little paltry figure in the station I am; but I make it as little as possible. As to the other part, you are base, because I thought myself as great a giver as ever was of my ability; and yet in proportion you exceed, and have kept it till now a secret even from me, when I wondered how you were able to live with your whole little revenue. Adieu.

L—— C——, who doth his duty as a good governor in enslaving this kingdom as much as he can, talks to me of you in the manner he ought.

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCCLV.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

Middleton Stoney, Nov. 9. 1729.

I HAVE long known you to be my friend upon several occasions, and particularly by your reproofs and admonitions. There is one thing which you have often put me in mind of, the over-running you with an answer before you had spoken. You find I am not a bit the better for it; for I still write and write on, without having a word of an answer. I have heard of you once by Mr Pope: Let Mr Pope hear of you the next time by me. By this way of treating me, I mean, by your not letting me know that you remember me, you are very partial to me, I should have said, very just to me. You seem to think, that I do not want to be put in mind of you, which is very true; for I think of you very often, and as often wish to be with you. I have been in Oxfordshire, with the Duke of Queensberry for these three months, and have had very little correspondence with any of our friends. I have employed my time in new-writing a damned play, which I wrote several years ago, called "The Wife of Bath*." As it is approved or disapproved of

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by

* This comedy was the first he wrote, and was unsuccessfully performed at the theatre in Drury-Lane, in the year 1713. It was altered by the author, and revived several years after (1729-30). at the theatre in Lincoln's-

Inn-fields,

by my friends, when I come to town, I shall either have it acted or let it alone, if my ** brethren do not take offence at it. The ridicule turns upon superstition, and I have avoided the very words, *bribery* and *corruption*. Folly indeed is a word that I have ventured to make use of; but that is a term, that never gave fools offence. It is a common saying, that he is wise that knows himself. What hath happened of late, I think, is a proof that it is not limited to the wife.

My Lord Bathurst is still our cashier: When I see him, I intend to settle our accounts, and repay myself the five pounds of the two hundred I owe you. Next week I believe I shall be in town; not at Whitehall, for those lodgings were judged not convenient for me, and were disposed of. Direct to me to the Duke of Queensberry's, in Burlington-gardens, near Piccadilly. You have often twitted me in the teeth for hankering after the court. In that you mistook me; for I know by experience, that there is no dependence, that can be sure, but a dependence upon one's self. I will take care of the little fortune I have got. I know you will take this resolution kindly, and you see my inclinations will make me write to you, whether you will write to me or no. I am, dear Sir, your's most sincerely and most affectionately,

J. GAY.

P. S.

Inn-fields, and damned a second time, although the author's reputation was then at its height, from the uncommon success of his Beggar's Opera.

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P. S. To the lady I live with I owe my life and fortune: Think of her with respect; value and esteem her as I do; and never more despise a fork with three prongs. I wish too you would not eat from the point of your knife *. She hath so much goodness, virtue, and generosity, that, if you knew her, you would have a pleasure in obeying her as I do. She often wishes she had known you.

L E T T E R CCCCLVI.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

Nov. 19. 1729.

I FIND that you have laid aside your project of building in Ireland, and that we shall see you in this island *cum zephyris, et hirundine prima*. I know not whether the love of fame increases as we advance in age; sure I am that the force of friendship does. I loved you almost twenty years ago; I thought of you as well as I do now; better was beyond the power of conception, or to avoid an equivoue, beyond the extent of my ideas. Whether you are more obliged to me for loving you as well when I knew you less, or for loving you as well after loving you so many years, I shall not determine. What I would say is this: Whilst my mind grows daily more independent of the world, and feels less need of leaning on external objects, the ideas of friendship return

R 2

oftener;

* See the letter of Feb. 15. 1727-8.

oftener; they busy me, they warm me more: Is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great separation approaches? or is it that they who are to live together in another state, (for *vera amicitia non nisi inter bonos*), begin to feel more strongly that divine sympathy which is to be the great band of their future society? There is no one thought which soothes my mind like this. I encourage my imagination to pursue it, and am heartily afflicted when another faculty of the intellect * comes boisterously in, and wakes me from so pleasing a dream, if it be a dream. I will dwell no more on œconomics than I have done in my former letter. Thus much only I will say, that *otium cum dignitate* is to be had with 500 l. a-year as well as with 5000 l. The difference will be found in the value of the man, and not in that of the estate. I do assure you, that I have never quitted the design of collecting, revising, improving, and extending several materials which are still in my power; and I hope that the time of setting myself about this
last

* Viz. Reason. Tully (or, what is much the same, his disciple) observes something like this on the like occasion; where, speaking of Plato's famous book of the soul, he says, "Nescio quemodo, dum lego, adsentior; cum posui librum, et mecum ipse de immortalitate animorum cœpi cogitare, adfensio illa omnis elabitor." Cicero seems to have had but a confused notion of the *cause* which the letter-writer has here explained, namely, that the *imagination* is always ready to indulge so flattering an idea, but severer *reason* corrects and disclaims it. As to RELIGION, that is out of the question; for Tully wrote to his few philosophic friends. *Warb.*

last work of my life is not far off. Many papers of much curiosity and importance are lost, and some of them in a manner which would surprise and anger you. However, I shall be able to convey several great truths to posterity, so clearly, and so authentically, that the Burnets and the Oldmixons of another age may rail, but not be able to deceive. Adieu, my friend. I have taken up more of this paper than belongs to me, since Pope is to write to you. No matter; for, upon recollection, the rules of proportion are not broken; he will say as much to you in one page, as I have said in three. Bid him talk to you of the work he is about; I hope in good earnest, it is a fine one; and will be in his hands, an original*. His sole complaint is, that he finds it too easy in the execution. This flatters his laziness; it flatters my judgment, who always thought, that (universal as his talents are) this is eminently and peculiarly his, above all the writers I know living or dead; I do not except Horace. Adieu.

L E T T E R CCCCLVII.

Nov. 28. 1729.

THIS letter (like all mine) will be a rhapsody; it is many years ago since I wrote as a wit†. How many occurrences or informations must one omit, if one determined to say nothing

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* Essay on Man.

† He used to value himself on this particular. *Warb.*

that one could not say prettily? I lately received from the widow of one dead correspondent, and the father of another, several of my own letters of about fifteen and twenty years old; and it was not unentertaining to myself to observe, how and by what degrees I ceased to be a witty writer; as either my experience grew on the one hand, or my affection to my correspondents on the other. Now, as I love you better than most I have ever met with in the world, and esteem you too the more, the longer I have compared you with the rest of the world; so inevitably I write to you more negligently, that is, more openly, and what all but such as love one another will call writing worse. I smile to think how Curl would be bit, were our epistles to fall into his hands, and how gloriously they would fall short of every ingenious reader's expectations?

You can't imagine what a vanity it is to me, to have something to rebuke you for in the way of œconomy. I love the man that builds a house *subito ingenio*, and makes a wall for a horse; then cries, "We wise men must think of nothing but getting ready money." I am glad you approve my annuity; all we have in this world is no more than an annuity, as to our own enjoyment: But I will increase your regard for my wisdom, and tell you, that this annuity includes all the life of another *, whose concern ought to be as near to me as my own, and

* His mother's.

and with whom my whole prospects ought to finish. I throw my javelin of hope no farther, *Cur brevi fortes jacularum avo*,—&c.

The second (as it is called, but indeed the eighth) edition of the Dunciad, with some additional notes and epigrams, shall be sent you, if I know any opportunity; if they reprint it with you, let them by all means follow that octavo edition.—The Drapier's Letters are again printed here, very laudably as to paper, print, &c. for you know I disapprove Irish politics, (as my commentator tells you), being a strong and jealous subject of England. The lady you mention, you ought not to complain of for not acknowledging your present; she having lately received a much richer present from Mr Knight of the South-sea; and you are sensible she cannot ever return it to one in the condition of an out-law. It is certain, as he can never expect any favour *, his motive must be wholly disinterested. Will not this reflection make you blush? Your continual deplorings of Ireland make me wish you were here long enough to forget those scenes that so afflict you: I am only in fear if you were, you would grow such a patriot here too, as not to be quite at ease, for your love of old England.—It is very possible, your journey in the time I compute, might exactly tally with my intended one to you; and if you must soon again go back, you would

* He was mistaken in this. Mr Knight was pardoned, and came home in the year 1742. *Warb.*

would not be unattended. For the poor woman decays perceptibly every week; and the winter may too probably put an end to a very long, and a very irreproachable life. My constant attendance on her does indeed affect my mind very much, and lessen extremely my desires of long life; since I see the best that can come of it is a miserable benediction. I look upon myself to be many years older in two years since you saw me: The natural imbecillity of my body, joined now to this acquired old age of the mind, makes me at least as old as you, and we are the fitter to crawl down the hill together: I only desire I may be able to keep pace with you. My first friendship at sixteen, was contracted with a man of seventy; and I found him not grave enough or consistent enough for me, though we lived well to his death. I speak of old Mr Wycherly; some letters of whom (by-the-bye) and of mine, the booksellers have got and printed, not without the concurrence of a noble friend of mine and yours *. I don't much approve of it; though there is nothing for me to be ashamed of, because I will not be ashamed of any thing I do not do myself, or of any thing that is not immortal, but merely dull, (as for instance, if they printed this letter I am now writing; which they easily may, if the underlings at the post-office please to take a copy of it). I admire, on
this

* See the occasion, in the second and third paragraph of the preface to the first volume of Pope's Letters, the 7th of Warburton's edition of his works.

this consideration, your sending your last to me quite open, without a seal, wafer, or any closure whatever, manifesting the utter openness of the writer. I would do the same by this, but fear it would look like affectation to send two letters so together.——I will fully represent to our friend, (and, I doubt not, it will touch his heart), what you so feelingly set forth as to the badness of your Burgundy, &c. He is an extreme honest man; and indeed ought to be so, considering how very indiscreet and unreserved he is: But I do not approve this part of his character, and will never join with him in any of his idlenesses in the way of wit. You know my maxim, to keep as clear of all offence, as I am clear of all interest in either party. I was once displeased before at you, for complaining to Mr *** of my not having a pension, and am so again at your naming it to a certain Lord. I have given proof in the course of my whole life, (from the time when I was in the friendship of Lord Bolingbroke and Mr Cragg's, even to this when I am civilly treated by Sir R. Walpole), that I never thought myself so warm in any party's cause as to deserve their money; and therefore would never have accepted it: But give me leave to tell you, that of all mankind, the two persons I would least have accepted any favour from, are those very two to whom you have unluckily spoken of it. I desire you to take off any impressions which that dialogue may have left on his Lordship's mind, as if I ever had
any

any thought of being beholden to him, or any other in that way. And yet you know I am no enemy to the present constitution; I believe, as sincere a well-wisher to it, nay, even to the church established, as any minister in or out of employment whatever, or any bishop of England or Ireland. Yet I am of the religion of Erasmus, a Catholic; so I live, so shall I die; and hope one day to meet you, Bishop Atterbury, the younger Craggs, Dr Garth, Dean Berkeley, and Mr Hutchinson, in that place to which God of his infinite mercy bring us, and every body!

Lord B.'s answer to your letter I have just received, and join it to this packet. The work he speaks of with such abundant partiality, is a system of ethics in the Horatian way.

L E T T E R CCCCLVIII.

TO A CERTAIN ESQUIRE.

SIR,

Jan. 3. 1729-20.

SEEING your frank on the outside, and your address in the same hand, it was obvious who was the writer. And, before I opened it, a worthy friend being with me, I told him the contents of the difference between us. That, your tythes being generally worth five or six pounds *per annum*, and, by the terror of Squireship, frightening my agent to take what you graciously

ously thought fit to give, you wronged me of half my due every year. That, having held from your father an island worth three-pence a-year, which I planted and paid two shillings annually for ; and being out of possession of the said island seven or eight years, there could not possibly be above four shillings due to you ; for which you have thought proper to stop three or four years tythe, at your own rate of two pounds five shillings a year, (as I remember) and still continue to stop it, on pretence that the said island was not surrendered to you in form : although you have cut down more plantations of willows, and abeles, than would purchase a dozen such islands. I told my friend, that this talent of Squires prevailed very much formerly in the country : That, as to yourself, from the badness of your education, against all my advices and endeavours, and from the cast of your nature, as well as another circumstance which I shall not mention, I expected nothing from you that became a gentleman : That I had expostulated this scurvy matter very gently with you : That I conceived this letter was an answer : That, from the prerogative of a good estate, however gotten, and the practice of lording over a few Irish wretches, and from the natural want of better thinking, I was sure your answer would be extremely rude and stupid, full of very bad language in all senses : That, a bear in a wilderness will as soon fix on a philosopher as on a cottager : And a man, wholly void of education, judgment,
or

or distinction of persons, has no regard, in his insolence, but to the passion of fear: And how heartily, I wished, that to make you shew your humility, your quarrel had rather been with a captain of dragoons, than the Dean of St Patrick's.

All this happened before my opening your letter: which being read, my friend told me I was an ill gesser. That you affirmed you despised me only as a clergyman by your own confession; and that you had reason, because clergymen pretend to learning, wherein you value yourself as what you are an utter stranger to.

I took some pains in providing and advising about your education; but, since you have made so ill use of my rules, I cannot deny, that, according to your own principles, your usage of me is just. You are wholly out of my danger: The weapons I use will do you no hurt; and to that which would keep nicer men in awe you are insensible. A needle against a stone-wall can make no impression. Your faculty lies in making bargains: Stick to that. Leave your children a better estate than your father left you; as he left you much more than your grandfather left him. Your father and you are much wiser than I, who gave among you fifty years purchase for land, for which I am not to see one farthing. This was intended as an encouragement to a clergyman to reside among you, whenever any of your posterity shall be able to distinguish a man from a beast. One thing I desire you will be set
right

right in: I do not despise all squires. It is true, I despise the bulk of them. But pray take notice, that a squire must have some merit before I shall honour him with my contempt: For I do not despise a fly, a maggot, or a mite.

If you send me an answer to this, I shall not read it, but open it before company, and in their presence burn it; for no other reason but the detestation of bad spelling, no grammar, and that pertness which proceeds from ignorance and an invincible want of taste.

I have ordered a copy of this letter to be taken, with an intention to print it, as a mark of my esteem for you; which, however, perhaps I shall not pursue: For I could willingly excuse our two names from standing in the same paper, since I am confident you have as little desire of fame as I have to give it you.

I wish many happy new years to you and your family, and am, with truth,

Your friend and humble servant,

Let me add something serious: That as it is held an imprudent thing to provoke valour; so I confess, it was imprudent in me to provoke rudeness: Which, as it was my own standing rule never to do, except in cases where I had power to punish it, so my error proceeded from a better opinion of you than you have thought fit to make good. For, with every fault in your nature, your education, and your understanding, I never imagined you so utterly devoid of knowing some little distinction between persons.

L E T T E R CCCCLIX.

WILLIAM PULTENEY ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, Feb. 9. 1730.

A MONG the many compliments I have received from my friends on the birth of my son, I assure you none gave me greater pleasure than the kind letter you honoured me with on the occasion. When you were last in England, your stay was so short, that I scarce had time, and very few opportunities, to convince you how great a desire I had to bear some share of your esteem; but, should you return this summer, I hope you will continue longer among us. Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Bathurst, Pope, myself, and others of our friends, are got together in a country neighbourhood, which would be much enlivened, if you would come and live among us. Mrs Pulteney joins with me in the invitation, and is much obliged to you for remembering her. She bid me tell you, that she is determined to have no more children, unless you will promise to come over, and christen the next. You see how much my happiness, in many respects, depends upon your promise. I have always desired Pope, when he wrote to you, to remember my compliments; and I can assure you with the greatest truth, though you have much older acquaintances, that you have not in England a friend that loves and honours you more than I do,

do, or can be, with greater sincerity, than I am,
your most humble and obedient servant,

W. PULTENEY.

P. S. If any of our pamphlets (with which we abound) are ever sent over to Ireland, and you think them worth reading, you will perceive how low they are reduced in point of argument on one side of the question. This has drove certain people to that last resort of calling names. Villain, traitor, seditious rascal, and such ingenious appellations, have frequently been bestowed on a couple of friends of yours. Such usage has made it necessary to return the same polite language; and there has been more Billingsgate stuff uttered from the press * within these two months, than ever was known before. Upon this Dr Arbuthnott has wrote a very humourous treatise †, which he shewed me this morning; wherein he proves, from many learned instances, that this sort of altercation is ancient, elegant, and classical; and that what the world false-

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* Among the pamphlets published within that period, was Lord Harvey's "Sedition and Defamation displayed; in a letter to the author of the Craftsman," published in January 1730-31.

† Probably that published in the miscellaneous works of the late Dr Arbuthnott, Vol. 1. p. 40. printed at Glasgow in 1731. The title of the piece is, 'A brief Account of Mr John Gunglcut's Treatise concerning the Altercation, or Scolding of the Ancients.'

ly imagines to be polite, is truly Gothic and barbarous. He shews how the gods and goddesses used one another; dog, bitch, and whore were pretty common expressions among them: Kings, heroes, ambassadors, and orators, abuse one another much in the same way; and he concludes, that it is a pity this method of abjuration should be lost. His quotations from Homer, Demosthenes, Æschines, and Tully, are admirable, and the whole is very humourously conducted. I take it for granted he will send it you himself, as soon as it is printed.

L E T T E R CCCCLX.

LORD B——— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR DEAN,

Feb. 12. 1729-30.

I HAVE this moment received a letter from you; but it is the first I can call a letter; the other scraps were only to direct me to convey your correspondence to others, and I thought I answered them best by obeying your commands. But now you have deigned to send me one in form, with a proper beginning and ending, I will not wait even for a post-day; but I have taken pen and ink immediately to tell you, how much I think myself obliged to you, and how sincerely I am ———

Well, I might end here, if I would; but I can't

can't part with you so soon; and I must let you know, that as to your money affairs, though I have paid off John Gay, I still keep the 200l. for which I have given him a note. I have paid him interest to this time for it, which he must account to you for. Now you must imagine, that a man, who has nine children to feed, can't long afford *alienos pascere nummos*; but I have four or five, that are very fit for the table *. I only wait for the Lord Mayor's day to dispose of the largest; and I shall be sure of getting off the youngest, whenever a certain great man † makes another entertainment at Chelsea. Now you see, though I am your debtor, I am not without my proper ways and means to raise a supply answerable to your demand. I must own to you, that I should not have thought of this method of raising money; but that you seemed to point it out to me. For just at the time that scheme came out, which pretended to be calculated only for Ireland, you gave me a hint in one of the envelopes [*anglice covers*] that you wished I might provide for my numerous family; and in this last you harp upon

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* This alludes to a tract of the Dean's, intitled, "A modest proposal for preventing the children of poor people in Ireland from being a burden to their parents or country, and for making them beneficial to the public." The Dean had proposed many useful schemes, which having been neglected, he satirically and humourously proposes to fatten and eat the children of the poor, as the only remaining expedient to prevent misery to themselves, and render them of some benefit to the public.

† 'Sir Robert Walpole.'

the same string. I did immediately propose it to Lady Bathurst as your advice, particularly for her last boy, which was born the plumpest, finest thing, that could be seen; but she fell in a passion, and bid me send you word, that she would not follow your direction, but that she would breed him up to be a parson, and he should live upon the fat of the land; or a lawyer, and then, instead of being eat himself, he should devour others. You know women in passion never mind what they say; but, as she is a very reasonable woman, I have almost brought her over now to your opinion; and having convinced her, that as matters stood, we could not possibly maintain all the nine; she does begin to think it reasonable the youngest should raise fortunes for the eldest. And upon that foot a man may perform family duty with more courage and zeal; for if he should happen to get twins, the selling of one might provide for the other. Or if, by any accident, whilst his wife lies in with one child, he should get a second upon the body of another woman, he might dispose of the fattest of the two, and that would help to breed up the other. The more I think upon this scheme, the more reasonable it appears to me; and it ought by no means to be confined to Ireland; for in all probability we shall, in a very little time, be altogether as poor here as you are there. I believe indeed we shall carry it farther, and not confine our luxury only to the eating of children; for I happened to peep the other day into a large assembly

fembly not far from Westminster-hall *, and I found them roasting a great fat fellow †. For my own part I had not the least inclination to a slice of him ; but, if I guessed it right, four in five of the company had a devilish mind to be at him. You begin now to wish I had ended, when I might have done it so conveniently. Well, adieu.

L E T T E R · CCCCLXI.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *London, March 3. 1729-30.*

I FIND you are determined not to write to me according to our last stipulation. Had I not been every post for some time in expectation to have heard from you, I should have wrote to you before, to let you know the present state of your affairs. Let me know what I shall do with the interest-money I have received. What I have done for you, I did for myself, which will be always the way of my transacting any thing for you. My old vampt play got me no money ; for it had no success. I am going very soon into Wiltshire with the Duke of Queensberry, with intention to stay there till the winter. Since I had that severe fit of sickness, I find my health requires it ; for I cannot bear the town as I could formerly.

• ‘ The Parliament.’

† ‘ Sir Robert Walpole.’

formerly. I hope another summer's air and exercise will reinstate me. I continue to drink nothing but water, so that you can't require any poetry from me. I have been very seldom abroad since I came to town, and not once at court. This is no restraint upon me, for I am grown old enough to wish for retirement. I saw Mr Pope a day or two ago in good spirits, and with good wishes for you. We always talk of you; the doctor does the same. I have left off all great folks but our own family. Perhaps you will think all great folks little enough to leave off us, in our present situation. I don't hate the world, but I laugh at it; for none but fools can be in earnest about a trifle. I am, dear Sir, your's most affectionately.

Direct for me at the D—— of Q——, in Burlington-gardens.

L E T T E R CCCCLXII.

THE EARL OF OXFORD TO DR SWIFT.

Dover-street, March 4. 1729-30.

GOOD MASTER DEAN,

IT is now above a whole year and six months since I have had the favour and pleasure of a line from your own self; and I have not troubled you with one from myself; the answer that you would naturally make is very obvious. Why
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do you then trouble me now? I reply, it is to join with my friend Mr Pope in recommending the person concerned in the inclosed proposal to your favour and protection, and to intreat that you would be so good as to promote his interest. I have not sent you any of his receipts; but will, when you will please to let me know what number you can dispose of: I believe that your bishops have more learning, at least would be thought to have more, than our bench here can pretend to; so I hope they will all subscribe. The person concerned is a worthy honest man; and, by this work of his, he is in hopes to get free of the load which has hung upon him some years: This debt of his is not owing to any folly or extravagance of his, but to the calamity of his house being twice burnt, which he was obliged to rebuild; and having but small preferment in the church, and a large family of children, he has not been able to extricate himself out of the difficulties these accidents have brought upon him. Three sons he has bred up well at Westminster, and they are excellent scholars: The eldest has been one of the ushers in Westminster school since the year 1714.

He is a man in years, yet hearty and able to study many hours in a day. This in short is the case of an honest, poor, worthy clergyman; and I hope you will take him under your protection. I cannot pretend that my recommendation should have any weight with you, but as it is joined to and under the wing of Mr Pope.

I took hold of this opportunity to write to you, to let you know you had such an humble servant in being, that often remembers you, and wishes to see you in this island. My family, I thank God, is well: My daughter had, last summer, the small-pox really, and in the natural way, and she is not marked at all. My wife and daughter desire that you will accept of their humble services, and say that they want much to see you.

I obeyed your commands, and did Mr Whalley all the little services I was capable of: It was little enough that was in my power, God knows. He comes again before us soon after Easter: He seems to be in great hopes, I wish they may be well-founded.

I think it is now time to release you, which I will not do until I have told you, I may say repeat to you, that I have a house for you, or house-room, come when you please, provided you come soon. I am, with true respect and esteem, your most obliged and most humble servant,

OXFORD.

Your Lord Lieutenant would do well to encourage this poor man; he deserves it better than Bulkeley.

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCCLXIII.

Dublin, March 13. 1730-1.

YOUR situation is an odd one ; the Dutcheſs is your treaſurer, and Mr Pope tells me you are the Duke's. And I had gone a good way in ſome verſes on that occaſion, preſcribing leſſons to direct your conduct, in a negative way ; not to do ſo and ſo, &c. like other treaſurers ; how to deal with ſervants, tenants, or neighbouring 'ſquires, which I take to be courtiers, parliaments, and princes in alliance ; and ſo the parallel goes on, but grows too long to pleaſe me. I prove, that poets are the fitteſt perſons to be treaſurers and managers to great perſons, from their virtues and contempt of money, &c.—Pray, why did you not get a new heel to your ſhoe ? unleſs you would make your court at St James's, by affecting to imitate the prince of Lilliput.—But the reſt of your letter being wholly taken up in a very bad character of the Dutcheſs, I ſhall ſay no more to you, but apply myſelf to her Grace.

Madam, ſince Mr Gay affirms that you love to have your own way, and ſince I have the ſame perfection, I will ſettle that matter immediately, to prevent thoſe ill conſequences he apprehends. Your Grace ſhall have your own way in all places except your own houſe, and the domains about it. There, and there only, I expect to have mine ; ſo that you have all the world to reign

reign in, bating only two or three hundred acres, and two or three houses in town and country. I will likewise, out of my special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, allow you to be in the right against all human kind except myself, and to be never in the wrong, but when you differ from me. You shall have a greater privilege in the third article of speaking your mind; which I shall graciously allow you now and then to do even to myself, and only rebuke you when it does not please me.

Madam, I am now got as far as your Grace's letter; which, having not read this fortnight, (having been out of town, and not daring to trust myself with the carriage of it), the presumptuous manner in which you begin had slipped out of my memory. But I forgive you to the seventieth line, where you begin to banish me for ever, by demanding me to answer all the good character some partial friends have given me. Madam, I have lived sixteen years in Ireland, with only an intermission of two summers in England; and consequently am fifty years older than I was at the Queen's death, and fifty thousand times duller, and fifty million times more peevish, perverse, and morose: So that, under these disadvantages, I can only pretend to excel all your other acquaintance about some twenty bars length. Pray, Madam, have you a clear voice? and will you let me sit at your left hand, at least within three of you? for of two bad ears, my right is the best. My groom tells me that he
likes

likes your park, but your house is too little. Can the parson of the parish play at backgammon, and hold his tongue? Is any one of your women a good nurse, if I should fancy myself sick for four and twenty hours? How many days will you maintain me and my equipage? When these preliminaries are settled, I must be very poor, very sick, or dead, or to the last degree unfortunate, if I do not attend you at Aimsbury. For I profess, you are the first lady that ever I desired to see, since the first of August 1714; and I have forgot the date when that desire grew strong upon me; but I know I was not then in England, else I would have gone on foot for that happiness as far as to your house in Scotland. But I can soon recollect the time, by asking some ladies here the month, the day, and the hour when I began to endure their company: Which however I think was a sign of my ill judgment; for I do not perceive they mend in any thing but envying or admiring your Grace. I dislike nothing in your letter but an affected apology for bad writing, bad spelling, and a bad pen, which you pretend Mr Gay found fault with; wherein you affront Mr Gay, you affront me, and you affront yourself. False spelling is only excusable in a chamber-maid, for I would not pardon it in any of your waiting-women.—Pray God preserve your Grace and family; and give me leave to expect that you will be so just to remember me among those who have the greatest regard for virtue, goodness, prudence, courage, and gene-

rosity; after which you must conclude, that I am, with the greatest respect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's most obedient and most humble servant, &c.

To Mr GAY.

I have just got your's of February 24th, with a postscript by Mr Pope. I am in great concern for him; I find Mr Pope dictated to you the first part, and with great difficulty some days after added the rest. I see his weakness by his handwriting. How much does his philosophy exceed mine; I could not bear to see him: I will write to him soon.

L E T T E R CCCCLXIV.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

March the 31st, 1730.

I EXPECT, in about a fortnight, to set out for Wiltshire, and am as impatient as you seem to be to have me get on horseback. I thought proper to give you this intelligence, because Mr Lewis told me last Sunday, that he was, within a day or two, to set out for the Bath; so that very soon you are like to have neither of your cashiers in town. Continue to direct for me at this house: The letters will be sent to me, where-ever

where-ever I am. My ambition at present is levelled to the same point that you direct me to; for I am every day building villakins, and have given over that of castles. If I were to undertake it in my present circumstance, I should, in the most thrifty scheme, soon be strained; and I hate to be in debt; for I can't bear to pawn five pounds worth of my liberty to a taylor or a butcher. I grant you this is not having the true spirit of modern nobility; but it is hard to cure the prejudice of education. I have made your compliments to Mr P——; who is very much your humble servant. I have not seen the Doctor, and am not like to see his Rouen brother very soon; for he is gone to China. Mr Pope told me, he had acquainted the Doctor with the misfortune of the four hermitage. My Lord Oxford told me, he at present could match your's, and from the same person. The Doctor was touched with your disappointment, and hath promised to represent this affair to his brother at his return from China. I assure you, for all your gibes, that I wish you heartily good wine, though I can drink none myself. When Lord Bolingbroke is in town, he lodges at Mr Chetwynd's in Dover-street. I do not know how to direct to him in the country. I have been extremely taken up of late in settling a steward's account. I am endeavouring to do all the justice and service I can to a friend; so I am sure you will think I am well employed upon this occasion. I now and then have seen Jo. Taylor, who says

he hath a demand upon you for rent, you having taken his house in the country, and he being determined not to let it to any body else; and he thinks it but reasonable, that you should either come and live in it, or pay your rent. I neither ride nor walk; but I design to do both this month, and to become a laudable practitioner.

The Dutchess wishes she had seen you, and thinks you were in the wrong to hide yourself, and peep through the window, that day she came to Mr Pope's. The Duke too is obliged to you for your good opinion, and is your humble servant. If I were to write, I am afraid I should incur the displeasure of my superiors. I can't for my life think so well of them, as they themselves think they deserve. If you have a very great mind to please the Dutchess, and at the same time to please me, I wish you would write a letter to her, to send to her brother, Lord Cornbury, to advise him in his travels; for she says she would take your advice rather than mine; and she remembers that you told her in the Park, that you loved and honoured her family. You always insisted upon a lady's making advances to you; I do not know whether you will think this declaration sufficient. Then too, when you were in England, she writ a letter to you, and I have been often blamed since for not delivering it.

The day the pension-bill was thrown out of the House of Lords, Lord Bathurst spoke with great applause. I have not time to go to Mr
Pope's:

Pope's: In a day or two very probably I shall see him, and acquaint him about the usquebaugh. I will not embezzle your interest-money; though, by looking over your accounts, I see how money may be embezzled. As to my being engaged in an affair of this kind, I say nothing for myself, but that I will do all I can: For the rest I leave Jo. Taylor to speak for me. To-day I dine with Alderman Barber, the present sheriff, who holds his feast in the city. Does not Charteris's misfortunes * grieve you? For that great man is like to save his life, and lose some of his money. A very hard case!

P. S. I am just now come from the Alderman's feast, who had a very fine dinner, and a very fine appearance of company.
The post is just going away.

L E T T E R CCCCLXV.

April 14. 1730.

THIS is a letter extraordinary, to do and say nothing but recommend to you (as a clergyman and a charitable one) a pious and a good work, and for a good and an honest man: moreover he is above seventy, and poor, which you might think included in the word *honest*. I shall think it a kindness done myself, if you

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* 'He was condemned at the Old Bailey on the 27th of Feb. 1729-30, for a rape.'

can propagate Mr Westley's subscription for his commentary on Job, among your divines, (bishops excepted, of whom there is no hope), and among such as are believers, or readers of scripture; even the curious may find something to please them, if they scorn to be edified. It has been the labour of eight years of this learned man's life; I call him what he is, a learned man, and I engage you will approve his prose more than you formerly could his poetry. Lord Bolingbroke is a favourer of it, and allows you to do your best to serve an old Tory, and a sufferer for the church of England, though you are a Whig, as I am.

We have here some verses in your name, which I am angry at. Sure you would not use me so ill as to flatter me. I therefore think it is some other weak Irishman.

P. S. I did not take the pen out of Pope's hands, I protest to you. But since he will not fill the remainder of the page, I think I may without offence. I seek no epistolary fame, but am a good deal pleased to think that it will be known hereafter that you and I lived in the most friendly intimacy together.

—Pliny writ his letters for the public; so did Seneca, so did Balfac, Voiture, &c. Tully did not; and therefore these give us more pleasure than any which have come down to us from antiquity. When we read them, we pry into a secret which was intended to be kept

kept from us. That is a pleasure. We see Cato, and Brutus, and Pompey, and others, such as they really were, and not such as the gaping multitude of their own age took them to be, or as historians and poets have represented them to ours. That is another pleasure. I remember to have seen a procession at Aix-la-Chapelle, wherein an image of Charlemagne is carried on the shoulders of a man, who is hid by the long robe of the imperial saint. Follow him into the vestry; you see the bearer slip from under the robe, and the gigantic figure dwindles into an image of the ordinary size, and is set by among other lumber. I agree much with Pope, that our climate is rather better than that you are in, and perhaps your public spirit would be less grieved, or oftener comforted, here than there. Come to us therefore on a visit at least. It will not be the fault of several persons here, if you do not come to live with us. But great good will, and little power, produce such low and feeble effects as can be acceptable to heaven alone, and heavenly men.—I know you will be angry with me, if I say nothing to you of a poor woman *, who is still on the other side of the water in a most languishing state of health. If she regains strength enough to come over, (and she is better within a few weeks), I shall nurse her
in

* Lady Bolingbroke.

in this farm * with all the care and tenderness possible. If she does not, I must pay her the last duty of friendship where-ever she is, tho' I break through the whole plan of life which I have formed in my mind. Adieu. I am most faithfully and affectionately your's.

L E T T E R CCCCLXVI.

TO LADY WORSLEY.

MADAM,

April 19. 1730.

MY Lady Carteret (if you know such a lady) commands me to pursue my own inclination; which is, to honour myself with writing you a letter; and thereby endeavouring to preserve myself in your memory, in spite of an acquaintance of more years, than in regard to my own reputation, as a young gentleman, I care to recollect. I forget whether I had not some reason to be angry with your Ladyship when I was last in England. I hope to see you very soon the youngest great-grandmother in Europe: And fifteen years hence (which I shall have nothing to do with) you will be at the amusement of "Rise up daughter," &c. You are to answer this letter, and to inform me of your health and humour; and, whether you like your daughter better or worse, after having
so

* Lord Bolingbroke's seat at Dawley in Middlesex.
Warb.

so long conversed with the Irish world, and so little with me. Tell me what are your amusements at present; cards, court, books, visiting, or fondling (I humbly beg your Ladyship's pardon, but it is between ourselves) your grandchildren? My Lady Carteret hath been the best Queen we have known in Ireland these many years; yet she is mortally hated by all the young girls, because (and it is your fault) she is handsomer than all of them together. Pray, do not insult poor Ireland on this occasion, for it would have been exactly the same thing in London. And therefore I shall advise the K—g, when I go next to England, to send no more of her sort, (if such another can be found) for fear of turning all his loyal female subjects here against him.

How is our old friend Mrs Barton? (I forget her new name). I saw her three years ago at court, almost dwindled to an echo, and hardly knew her, while your eyes dazzled me as much as when I first met them; which, considering myself, is a greater compliment than you are aware of. I wish you may have grace to find it.

My Lady Carteret hath made me a present, which I take to be malicious, with a design to stand in your place. Therefore I would have you to provide against it by another, and something of your own work, as her's is. For you know I always expect advances and presents from ladies. Neither was I ever deceived in this last article by any of your sex but the Q—n, whom I taxed three years ago with a present of ten pounds

pounds value. Upon taking my leave, she said she intended a medal for me, but it was not finished. I afterwards sent her, on her own commands, about five and thirty pounds worth of silk, for herself and the princesses; but never received the medal to this day. Therefore I will trust your sex no more. You are to present my most humble service to my old friend Sir Robert Worsley. I hope my friend Harry is well and fattening in the sun, and continuing a batchelor to enrich the poor Worsley family.

I command you to believe me to be, with the greatest truth and respect, &c.

LETTER CCCCLXVII.

LORD B——— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR DEAN,

June 30. 1730.

I READ a letter from you some time ago, which gave me infinite pleasure; and I was going to return you an answer immediately: But when I sat down to write, I found my thoughts rolled upon the trifles, which fill the scene of life in that busy, senseless place, where I then was*; and though I had nothing to do there, at least nothing worth doing, and time lay upon my hands, I was resolved to defer writing to you, till I could clear my head from that rubbish, which every one must contract in that place. I cannot

* London.

cannot but fancy, if one of our heads were dissected after passing a winter's campaign there, it would appear just like a pamphlet shop; you'd see a collection of treaties, a bundle of farces, a parcel of encomiums, another of satires, speeches, novels, sermons, bawdy songs, addresses, epigrams, proclamations, poems, divinity-lectures, quack-bills, historical accounts, tables, and God knows what.

The moment I got down here, I found myself quite clear from all those affairs; but really the hurry of business, which came upon me after a state of idleness for six months, must excuse me to you. Here I am absolute monarch of a circle of above a mile round, at least one hundred acres of ground, which (to speak in the style of one of your countrymen) is very populous in cattle, fish, and fowl.

To enjoy this power, which I relish extremely, and regulate this dominion, which I prefer to any other, has taken up my time from morning to night. There are Yahoos in the neighbourhood; but having read in history, that the southern part of Britain was long defended against the Picts by a wall, I have fortified my territories all round. That wise people the Chinese, you know, did the same thing to defend themselves against the Tartars. Now, I think on it, as this letter is to be sent to you, it will certainly be opened; and I shall have some observations made upon it, because I am within three miles of a certain cattle. Therefore I do hereby declare,
that

that nothing herein contained shall extend, or be construed to extend so far : And furthermore, I think myself in honour bound to acknowledge, that under our present just and prudent ministry, I do not fear the least molestation from that quarter. Neither are the fortifications afore-mentioned in any-wise designed to keep them out ; for I am well satisfied they can break through much stronger fences than these, if they should have a mind to it. Observe how naturally power and dominion are attended with fear and precaution. When I am in the herd, I have as little of it about me as any body ; but now that I am in the midst of my own dominions, I think of nothing but preserving them, and grow fearful, least a certain great man should take a fancy to them, and transport them into Norfolk *, to place them in an island in one of his new-made fish-ponds. Or, if you take this for too proud a thought, I will only suppose it to be hung out under a great bow-window.

In either case, I must confess to you, that I don't like it. In the first place, I am not sure his new-made ground may hold good : In the latter case, I have some reason to doubt the foundations of his house are not so solid as he may imagine. Now, therefore, I am not so much in the wrong, as you may conceive, to desire that my territory may remain where it is : For though I know you could urge many arguments to shew the advantages I might reap by being so near him,

* ' To Haughton, the seat of Sir Robert Walpole.'

him, yet I hold it as a maxim, that he who is contented with what he has, ought not to risk that, even though he should have a chance to augment it in any proportion. I learned this from our friend Erasmus; and the corrupt notions, that money is power, and therefore every man ought to get as much as he can, in order to create more power to himself, have no weight with me.

But now, to begin my letter to you, I have received four bottles of usquebaugh, and sent three of them to Mr Pope; so that I have detained only one for myself. I don't believe such an instance of honesty, punctuality, disinterestedness, and self-denial, can be given in this age. The whole being in my power, I have withheld but the quarter part. I expect, if ever I come to be a great man, you will write a vindication of me, whether I am aspersed or not. Till then, I remain your most faithful and most obedient servant.

L E T T E R CCCCLXVIII.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Amesbury, near Salisbury in Wiltshire, July the 4th, 1730.*

YOU tell me, that I have put myself out of the way of my old acquaintance, so that unless I hear from you, I can know nothing of you.

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U

you. Is it not barbarous then to leave me so long without writing one word to me? If you can't write to me for my sake, methinks you might write for your own. How do you know what is become of your money? If you had drawn upon me when I expected it, you might have had your money, for I was then in town; but I am now at Amesbury, at the Duke of Queensberry's. The Dutchess sends you her services. I wish you were here; I fancy you would like her and the place. You might fancy yourself at home; for we have a cathedral near us, where you might find a bishop of the same name*. You might ride upon the Downs, and write conjectures upon Stonehenge. We are but five and twenty miles from the Bath; and I was told this very evening by General Dormer, (who is here) that he heard some-where or other, that you had some intentions of coming there the latter season. I wish any thing would bring us together, but your want of health. I have left off wine and writing; for I really think that man must be a bold writer, who trusts to wit without it. I took your advice; and some time ago took to love, and made some advances to the lady you sent me to in Soho, but I met no return; so I have given up all thoughts of it, and have now no pursuit or amusement. A state of indolence is what I don't like; 'tis what I would not chuse.

I

* 'Dr Benjamin Hoadly Bishop of Salisbury, whose brother, Dr John Hoadly, succeeded Archbishop King in the see of Dublin, 19th January 1729 30.

I am not thinking of a court or preferment; for I think the lady I live with my friend, so that I am at the height of my ambition. You have often told me, there is a time of life that every one wishes for some settlement of his own. I have frequently that feeling about me, but I fancy it will hardly ever be my lot; so that I will endeavour to pass away life as agreeably as I can, the way I am. I often wish to be with you, or you with me; and I believe you think I say true. I am determined to write to you, though those dirty fellows of the post-office do read my letters; for since I saw you, I am grown of that consequence to be obnoxious to the men I despise; so that it is very probable in their hearts they think me an honest man. I have heard from Mr Pope but once since I left London: I was sorry I saw him so seldom, but I had business that kept me from him. I often wish we were together again. If you will not write, come. I am, dear Sir, your's most affectionately.

L E T T E R CCCCLXIX.

THE EARL OF OXFORD TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Dover-street, July 15. 1730.*

MR Clayton telling me he was going for Ireland, I could not forbear sending you a few lines by him, although I may punish you; yet it is so great a pleasure to me to think of you,

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and

and to converse with you even in this manner, that I must expect you will be so good as to forgive the trouble this gives you.

I do not know what notions you entertain of us here: I fear and believe you are in a very bad way: This is my thought, that devoured we certainly shall be; but only this will be the difference, we shall have that great favour and instance of mercy, that we shall have the honour to follow you, and be the last devoured; and though this is so plain, and that demonstrable, yet we have so many unthinking, unaccountable puppies among us, that to them every thing seems to go well as it should do; and are so pleased with this thought, or rather do not think at all, that it is in vain to say any thing to them. This is a very disagreeable subject, and I will therefore leave it.

My wife is, I thank God, pretty well; her stomach is rather better than it was; Peggy is very well; both desire you will accept of their humble service. You mention your law-affairs: I know so much of that sort of people called lawyers, that I pity most heartily any one that is obliged to be concerned with them: If you are not already, I hope you will be soon safe out of their hands.

I suppose Mr Whalley is, by this time got safe to his living, and enjoying the fruit of his victory, peace and quietness. I believe he has enough of law, of lawyers, and of lords both
spiritual

spiritual and temporal. I hope he is well: If you see him, my service to him.

I wish you would come over here, that we might have the pleasure of seeing you. Why should you not pass the winter here? I should think it would be more agreeable to you than where you are.

Lord Bathurst has had a fever: but he is now well again. Pope I saw yesterday: He is pretty well. I am, with true respect and esteem, Sir, your most affectionate humble servant,

OXFORD.

L E T T E R CCCCLXX.

LORD B—— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Cirencester, Sept. 9. 1730.

YOU have taken all the precaution which a reasonable man could possibly take, to break off an impertinent correspondence, and yet it will not do. One must be more stupid than a Dutch burgomaster, not to see through the design of the last letter. "I shew all your letters to our Irish wits. One of them is going to write a treatise of English bulls and blunders." And, for further security, you add at last, I am going to take a progress, God knows where, and shan't be back again, God knows when. I have given you a reasonable breathing time; and now I must at you again. I receive so much pleasure

U 3

in

in reading you letters, that, according to the usual good nature and justice of mankind, I can dispense with the trouble I give you in reading mine; but if you grow obstinate, and won't answer, I'll plague and pester you, and do all I can to vex you. I'll take your works to pieces, and shew you, that it is all borrowed or stole. Have not you stolen the sweetest of your numbers from Dryden and Waller? Have not you borrowed thoughts from Virgil and Horace? At least, I am sure I have seen something like them in those books. As to your prose writings, which they make such a noise about, they are only some little improvements upon the humour you have stole from Miguel de Cervantes and Rabelais.

Well, but the style,——a great matter indeed, for an Englishman to value himself upon, that he can write English: Why, I write English too, but it is in another style.

But I won't forget your political tracts. You may say that you have ventured your ears at one time, and your neck at another, for the good of your country. Why, that other people have done in another manner, upon less occasions, and not at all proud of it. You have overturned and supported ministers: you have set kingdoms in a flame by your pen. Pray what is there in that, but having the knack of hitting the passions of mankind? With that alone, and a little knowledge of ancient and modern history, and seeing a little further into the inside of things than the generality of men, you have made this
bustle.

bustle. There is no wit in any of them: I have read them all over, and don't remember any of those pretty flowers, those just antitheses, which one meets with so frequently in the French-writers. None of those clever turns upon words, nor those apt quotations out of Latin authors, which the writers of the last age amongst us abounded in. None of those pretty similes, which some of our modern authors adorn their works with, that are not only a little like the thing they would illustrate, but are also like twenty other things. In short, as often as I have read any of your tracts, I have been so tired with them, that I have never been easy till I got to the end of them. I have found my brain-heated, my imagination fired, just as if I was drunk. A pretty thing indeed for one of your gown to value himself upon, that, with sitting still an hour in his study, he has often made three kingdoms drunk at once.

I have twenty other points to maul you upon, if you provoke me; but if you are civil, and good-natured, and will send me a long, a very long letter, in answer to this, I will let you alone a good while. Well, adieu. If I had a better pen, I can tell you that I should not have concluded so soon.

LETTER.

L E T T E R CCCCLXXI.

LADY B—— G——* TO DR SWIFT.

London, Sept. 19. 1730.

HAD I not not been retired into the country, your's should have been answered long ago. As to your poetess, I am her obliged servant, and must confess the fact is just as you state it. It is very true, I was gaming: and upon the dapper youth's delivering me a paper, which I just opened, found they were verses: so slunk them into my pocket, and there truly they were kept exceeding private; for I cannot accuse myself of shewing them to a mortal. But let me assure you, it was not out of modesty, but in great hopes that the author would have divulged them; which, you know, would have looked decener than trumpeting my own fame. But it seems, unhappily,

* This lady was daughter of the Earl of Berkeley, one of the Lords Justices of Ireland in 1699, with whom Dr Swift went over as chaplain and private secretary. He lived in his Lordship's family at the castle of Dublin; and Lady Betty Berkeley finding a ballad on the game of traffic unfinished upon Swift's table, added a stanza of raillery upon him, and left the paper where she found it. This occasioned another ballad of Swift's, to the tune of the cut purse. The ballad on traffic is to be found amongst the posthumous pieces, Vol. VI. and that to the tune of the cut purse in Vol. VI. Bat. edit. 1734, 8vo. Lady Betty Berkeley married Sir John Germain, Baronet, of Drayton, in Northamptonshire.

happily, we were both bit, and judged wrong of each other. However, since you desire it, you may be very sure she shall not fail of my entreaties to his Grace the Duke of Dorset for her, though you have not yet let me into the secret what her request is; so till my Lord Carteret does his part, or that I hear from you again, it will be but a blind sort of a petition. I have not seen his Grace this great while, and he is now at Windsor, and I chuse rather to speak to him on all accounts, having not so fine a talent at writing. But as you are commonly esteemed by those, who pretend to know you, to have a tolerable share of honesty and brains, I do not question your doing what is right by him, nor his paying you all the civility and kindness you can desire. Nor will I hope their influence ever can make him do otherwise, though he has the unfashionable quality of esteeming his old friends; but however partial to them, yet not to be biassed against his own sense and judgment. The consequence of this, I hope, will be your coming to England, and meeting often with him, (in Lady Betty's chamber *), where the happy composition † shall exert her skill in ordering dinner; and

* Alluding to the first line of Francis Harris's petition. See Vol. VI. of Swift's works, Bathurst's edit. 1754, 8vo.

† Mrs Biddy Floyd. This expression alludes to the last verse of a little poem of Swift, intitled, A receipt to form a beauty, and called "The happy composition "Floyd." This lady is mentioned in the ballad on the game of traffic, as being one of the party at Lord Berkeley's, and at this time lived with Lady Betty.

and I won't mistake oil of amber for the spirit of it, but continue, as I ever was, your sincere friend, as well as faithful humble servant,

E———G———

L E T T E R CCCCLXXII.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

Amesbury, near Salisbury, Nov. 8. 1730.

DEAR SIR,

SO you are determined never to write to me again; but, for all that, you shall not make me hold my tongue. You shall hear from me (the post-office willing) whether you will or no. I see none of the folks you correspond with, so that I am forced to pick up intelligence concerning you, as I can; which hath been so very little, that I am resolved to make my complaints to you as a friend, who I know loves to relieve the distressed: and in the circumstances I am in, where should I apply, but to my best friend? Mr Pope indeed, upon my frequent inquiries, hath told me, that the letters, which are directed to him, concern me as much as himself: But what you say of yourself, or of me, or to me, I know nothing at all. Lord Carteret was here yesterday, on his return from the Isle of Wight, where he had been a-shooting, and left seven pheasants with us. He went this morning to the Bath,

Bath, to Lady Carteret, who is perfectly recovered. He talked of you three hours last night, and told me that you talk of me. I mean, that you are prodigiously in his favour, as he says, and I believe, that I am in your's; for I know you to be a just and equitable person, and it is but my due. He seemed to take to me, which may proceed from your recommendation; though, indeed, there is another reason for it, for he is now out of employment, and my friends have been generally of that sort: for I take to them, as being naturally inclined to those who can do no mischief. Pray do you come to England this year? He thinks you do. I wish you would; and so does the Dutchess of Queensberry. What would you have more to induce you? Your money cries, Come spend me; and your friends cry, Come see us. I have been treated barbarously by you. If you knew how often I talk of you, how often I think of you, you would now and then direct a letter to me, and I would allow Mr Pope to have a share in it. In short, I don't care to keep any man's money that serves me so. Love or money I must have; and if you will not let me have the comfort of one, I think I must endeavour to get a little comfort by spending some of the other. I must beg, that you will call at Amesbury, in your way to London; for I have many things to say to you: and I can assure you, you will be welcome to a three-pronged fork. I remember your prescription, and I do ride upon the Downs; and, at present, I have no asthma. I have killed five brace of partridges,

partridges, and four brace and half of quails, and I do not envy either Sir Robert or Stephen Duck *, who is the favourite poet of the court. I hear sometimes from Mr Pope, and from scarce any body else. Were I to live ever so long, I believe I should never think of London; but I cannot help thinking of you. Were you here, I could talk to you, but I would not for you †; you shall have all your share of talk, which was never allowed you at Twickenham. You know this was a grievance you often complained of; and so, in revenge, you make me write all, and answer nothing. I beg you to make my compliments to Dr Delaney. I am, dear Sir, your's most affectionately,

J. G A Y.

I ended the letter as above, to go to the Dutchess, and she told me, I might go down, and come a quarter of an hour hence. I had a design to have asked her to sign the invitation that I have made you. As I don't know how much she may have to say to you, I think it will be prudent to leave off, that she may not be stinted for want of room. So much I will say, that whether she signs it or no, both the Duke and Dutchess would be very glad you would come to

* Stephen Duck was a poor thresher, who having written some verses, they were shewed to the late Queen, who made him her library keeper at Richmond. He afterwards took orders, and was preferred to a living, but growing melancholy, he at last drowned himself.

† Mr Gay was reserved in his conversation.

to Amesbury; and you must be persuaded that I say this without the least private view. For what is it to me whether you come or not? For I can write to you, you know.

P. S. By the Dutchess of Q——.

I would fain have you come. I can't say you'll be welcome; for I don't know you, and perhaps I shall not like you; but if I do not, (unless you are a very vain person), you shall know my thoughts as soon as I do myself.

C. Q.

L E T T E R CCCCLXXIII.

DR ARBUTHNOTT TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

[Indorsed, Nov. 1730.]

THE passage in Mr Pope's letter about your health does not alarm me: both of us have had the distemper these thirty years. I have found that steel, the warm gums, and the Bath, all do good in it. Therefore, first take the vomit A; then, every day, the quantity of a nutmeg, in a morning, of the electuary marked B; with five spoonfuls of the tincture marked D. Take the tincture, but not the electuary, in the afternoon. You may take one of the pills marked C, at any time (when you are troubled with it) or thirty of the drops marked E, in any vehicle, even water. I had a servant

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of

of my own, that was cured merely with vomiting. There is another medicine not mentioned, which you may try; the *pulvis rad. Valerianæ sylvestris*, about a scruple of it twice a-day. How came you to take it in your head that I was Queen's physician? When I am so, you shall be a bishop, or any thing you have a mind to. Pope is now the great reigning poetical favourite. Your Lord Lieutenant * has a mind to be well with you. Lady Betty Germain complains you have not wrote to her since she wrote to you. I have shewed as much civility to Mrs Barber as I could, and she likewise to me. I have no more paper, but what serves to tell you that I am, with great sincerity, your most faithful humble servant,

J. ARBUTHNOTT.

I recommended Dr Hellsam to be physician to the Lord Lieutenant. I know not what effect it will have.

A.

℞ Pulv. rad. ipocacoanæ, ʒ.

B.

℞ Conserv. flavedin. aurant. absynth. Rom. ana
3 vi. rubigin. Martis in pollin. redact. ʒiij.
syrup e succo kermes, q. s.

C

℞ Af. foetid. ʒij. tinctur. castor. q. s. fiant pilulæ xxiv.

D.

℞ Cortic. Peruviani elect. rubigin. Martis ana
ʒij.

* The Duke of Dorset.

℥ij. digere tepide in vini alb. Gallic. ℞ ij. per.
24 horas : postea fiat colatura.

E.

℞ Sp. cor. cerv. sp. lavendul. tinctur. castor. ana
3ij. misce.

[As these receipts may possibly be useful to some person troubled with the Dean's complaint of giddiness, Dr Arbuthnott's receipt of bitters, for strengthening the stomach, is added.]

Take of zadoary root one drachm; galangal and Roman wormwood, of each two drachms; orange-peel, a drachm; lesser cardamon seeds, two scruples. Infuse all in a quart of boiling spring-water for six hours : strain it off, and add to it four ounces of greater compound wormwood-water.

L E T T E R CCCCLXXIV.

Dublin, Nov. 10. 1730.

WHEN my Lord Peterborow, in the Queen's time, went abroad upon his embassies, the ministry told me, that he was such a vagrant, they were forced to write *at* him by guess, because they knew not where to write *to* him. This is my case with you; sometimes in Scotland, sometimes at Ham-walks, sometimes God knows where. You are a man of business, and not at leisure for insignificant correspondence. It was I got you the employment of being my

X 2

Lord

Lord Duke's *premier ministre*; for his Grace having heard how good a manager you were of my revenue, thought you fit to be entrusted with ten talents. I have had twenty times a strong inclination to spend a summer near Salisbury-downs, having rode over them more than once, and, with a young parson of Salisbury, reckoned twice the stones of Stonehenge, which are either ninety-two or ninety three. I desire to present my most humble acknowledgments to my Lady Dutchess, in return of her civility. I hear an ill thing, that she is *mater pulchra filia pulchrior*. I never saw her since she was a girl, and would be angry she should excel her mother, who was long my principal goddess. I desire you will tell her Grace, that the ill management of forks is not to be helped, when they are only bidental, which happens in all poor houses, especially those of poets; upon which account a knife was absolutely necessary at Mr Pope's, where it was morally impossible with a bidental fork to convey a morsel of beef, with the incumbrance of mustard and turnips, into your mouth at once. And her Grace hath cost me thirty pounds to provide tridents, for fear of offending her; which sum I desire she will please to return me.—I am sick enough to go to the Bath, but have not heard it will be good for my disorder. I have a strong mind to spend my 200 l. next summer in France. I am glad I have it, for there is hardly twice that sum left in this kingdom. You want no settlement (I call the family where you live,
and

and the foot you are upon, a settlement) till you increase your fortune to what will support you with ease and plenty, a good house and a garden. The want of this I much dread for you. For I have often known a she-cousin, of a good family and small fortune, passing months among all her relations, living in plenty, and taking her circles, till she grew an old maid, and every body weary of her. Mr Pope complains of seldom seeing you: But the evil is unavoidable; for different circumstances of life have always separated those whom friendship would join. God hath taken care of this, to prevent any progress towards real happiness here, which would make life more desirable, and death too dreadful. I hope you have now one advantage that you always wanted before, and the want of which made your friends as uneasy as it did yourself; I mean the removal of that solicitude about your own affairs, which perpetually filled your thoughts, and disturbed your conversation. For if it be true what Mr Pope seriously tells me, you will have opportunity of saving every groat of the interest you receive; and so by the time he and you grow weary of each other, you will be able to pass the rest of your wineless life in ease and plenty, with the additional triumphal comfort of never having received a penny from those tasteless ungrateful people from whom you deserved so much, and who deserve no better geniuses than those by whom they are celebrated. If you see Mr Cæsar, present my humble service to him;

and let him know that the scrub libel printed against me here, and reprinted in London, for which he shewed a kind concern to a friend of us both, was written by myself, and sent to a Whig printer. It was in the style and genius of such scoundrels, when the humour of libelling ran in this strain against a friend of mine whom you know.——But my paper is ended.

L E T T E R CCCCLXXV.

TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD,

Nov. 10. 1730.

I WAS positively advised by a friend, whose opinion hath much weight with me, and who hath a great veneration for your Lordship, to venture a letter of solicitation: And it is the first request of this kind that I ever made since the public changes, in times, persons, measures, and opinions, drove me into distance and obscurity.

There is an honest man, whose name is Launcelot; he hath been long a servant to my Lord Suffex: He married a relation of mine, a widow, with a tolerable jointure, which depending upon a lease which the Duke of Grafton suffered to expire about three years ago, sunk half her little fortune. Mr Launcelot had many promises from the Duke of Dorset, while his Grace held that office which is now in your Lordship;

Lordship*; but they all failed, after the usual fate that the bulk of court-suiters must expect.

I am very sensible that I have no manner of claim to the least favour from your Lordship, whom I have hardly the honour to be known to, although you were always pleased to treat me with much humanity, and with more distinction than I could pretend to deserve. I am likewise conscious of that demerit which I have largely shared with all those who concerned themselves in a court and ministry, whose maxims and proceedings have been ever since so much exploded. But your Lordship will grant me leave to say, that in those times, when any persons of the ejected party came to court, and were of tolerable consequence, they never failed to succeed in any reasonable request they made for a friend. And when I sometimes added my poor solicitations, I used to quote to the then ministers a passage in the gospel, *The poor* (meaning their own dependants) *you have always with you, &c.*

This is the strongest argument I have to intreat your Lordship's favour for Mr Launcelot, who is a perfect honest man, and as loyal as you could wish. His wife, my near relation, hath been my favourite from her youth, and as deserving as it is possible for one of her level. It is understood that some little employments about the court may be often in your Lordship's disposal; and that my Lord Suffex will give Mr
Launcelot

* The Earl of Chesterfield was then Lord Steward of his Majesty's household.

Launcelot the character he deserves : And then let my petition be (to speak in my own trade) a drop in the bucket.

Remember, my Lord, that although this letter be long, yet what particularly concerns my request is but of a few lines.

I shall not congratulate with your Lordship upon any of your present great employments, or upon the greatest that can possibly be given to you ; because you are one of those very few who do more honour to a court, than you can possibly receive from it : Which I take to be a greater compliment to any court than it is to your Lordship. I am,

MY LORD, &c.

LETTER CCCCLXXVI.

Dublin, Nov. 19. 1730.

I WRITE to you a long letter about a fortnight past, concluding you were in London, from whence I understood one of your former was dated. Nor did I imagine you were gone back to Amesbury so late in the year ; at which season I take the country to be only a scene for those who have been ill used by a court, on account of their virtues ; which is a state of happiness the more valuable, because it is not accompanied by envy, although nothing deserves it more. I would gladly sell a dukedom to lose favour in the manner their Graces have done.

I

I believe my Lord Carteret, since he is no longer Lieutenant, may not wish me ill; and I have told him often, that I only hated him as Lieutenant. I confess he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than most of his predecessors; and I confess at the same time, that he had six times a regard to my recommendation, by preferring so many of my friends in the church. The two last acts of his favour were, to add to the dignities of Dr Delany and Mr Stopford, the last of whom was, by you and Mr Pope, put into Mr Pulteney's hands. I told you in my last, that a continuance of giddiness (though not in a violent degree) prevented my thoughts of England at present. For, in my case, a domestic life is necessary; where I can, with the centurion, say to my servant, Go, and he goeth; and, Do this, and he doth it. I now hate all people whom I cannot command, and consequently a dutchess is at this time the hatefulest lady in the world to me, one only excepted; and I beg her Grace's pardon for that exception; for, in the way I mean, her Grace is ten thousand times more hateful. I confess I begin to apprehend you will squander my money, because I hope you never less wanted it; and if you go on with success for two years longer, I fear I shall not have a farthing of it left. The Doctor hath ill informed me, who says that Mr Pope is at present the chief poetical favourite; yet Mr Pope himself talks like a philosopher, and one wholly retired. But the vogue of our
few

few honest folks here is, that Duck is absolutely to succeed Eufden in the laurel; the contention being between Concannen, or Theobald, or some other hero of the Dunciad. I never charged you for not talking; but the dubious state of your affairs in those days was too much the subject, and I wish the Dutchess had been the voucher of your amendment. Nothing so much contributed to my ease as the turn of affairs after the Queen's death; by which all my hopes being cut off, I could have no ambition left unless I would have been a greater rascal than happened to suit with my temper. I therefore sat down quietly at my morsel, adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all succeeding measures and ministries, by way of sauce to relish my meat: And I confess one point of conduct in my Lady Dutchess's life hath added much poignancy to it. There is a good Irish practical bull towards the end of your letter, where you spend a dozen lines in telling me you must leave off, that you may give my Lady Dutchess room to write, and so you proceed to within two or three lines of the bottom; though I would have remitted you my 200 l. to have left place for as many more.

To the Dutchess.

MADAM,

My beginning thus low is meant as a mark of respect, like receiving your Grace at the bottom of the stairs. I am glad you know your duty;
for

for it hath been a known and established rule above twenty years in England, That the first advances have been constantly made me, by all ladies who aspired to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances. Yet I know not by what weakness I have condescended graciously to dispense with you upon this important article. Though Mr Gay will tell you, that a nameless person * sent me eleven messages before I would yield to a visit: I mean a person to whom he is infinitely obliged for being the occasion of the happiness he now enjoys, under the protection and favour of my Lord Duke and your Grace. At the same time, I cannot forbear telling you, Madam, that you are a little imperious in your manner of making your advances. You say, perhaps you shall not like me: I affirm you are mistaken, which I can plainly demonstrate; for I have certain intelligence, that another person dislikes me of late, with whose likings your's have not for some time past gone together. However, if I shall once have the honour to attend your Grace, I will, out of fear and prudence, appear as vain as I can, that I may not know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction, but it was needless; for Diogenes himself would be vain, to have received the honour of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your Grace.

LETTER

* The Princess of Wales, afterward Queen Caroline.

L E T T E R CCCCLXXVII.

TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

MADAM,

Nov. 21. 1730.

I DO now pity the leisure you have to read a letter from me, and this letter shall be a history. First, therefore, I call you to witness that I did not attend on the Q—n till I had received her own repeated messages; which, of course, occasioned my being introduced to you. I never asked any thing, till, upon leaving England the first time, I desired from you a present worth a guinea, and from her Majesty one worth ten pounds, by way of a memorial. Your's I received; and the Q—n, upon my taking leave of her, made an excuse that she had intended a medal for me; which not being ready, she would send it me the Christmas following: Yet this was never done, nor at all remembered when I went back to England the next year, and, by her commands, attended her as I had done before. I must now tell you, Madam, that I will receive no medal from her Majesty, nor any thing less than her picture at half length, drawn by Jervas; and if he takes it from another original, the Q—n shall sit at least twice for him to touch it up. I desire you will let her Majesty know this in plain words, although I have heard that I am under her pleasure. But this is a usual thing with princes as well as ministers,

nisters, upon every false representation; and so I took occasion to tell the Q—n, upon the quarrel Mr Walpole had with our friend Gay, the first time I ever had the honour to attend her.

Against you I have but one reproach: That when I was last in England, and just after the present King's accession, I resolved to pass that summer in France, for which I had then a most lucky opportunity, from which those who seemed to love me well dissuaded me, by your advice: And when I sent you a note, conjuring you to lay aside the character of a courtier and a favourite upon that occasion, your answer positively directed me not to go in that juncture; and you said the same thing to my friends, who seemed to have power of giving me hints, that I might reasonably hope for a settlement in England. Which, God knows, was no very great ambition, considering the station I should leave here, of greater dignity, and which might have easily been managed to be disposed of as the Q—n pleased. If these hints came from you, I affirm you then acted too much like a courtier. But I forgive you, and esteem you as much as ever. You had your reasons, which I shall not inquire into; because I always believed you had some virtues, besides all the accomplishments of mind and person that can adorn a lady.

I am angry with the Q—n for sacrificing my friend Gay to the mistaken piques of Sir Robert Walpole, about a libel written against him, al-

though he was convinced at the same time of Mr Gay's innocence, and although, as I said before, I told her Majesty the whole story. Mr Gay deserved better treatment amongst you, upon all accounts, and particularly for his excellent unregarded fables, dedicated to Prince William, which I hope his Royal Highness will often read for his instruction. I wish her Majesty would a little remember what I largely said to her about Ireland, when, before a witness, she gave me leave, and commanded me to tell here what she spoke to me upon that subject; and ordered me, that if I lived to see her in her present station, to send her our grievances, promising to read my letter, and do all good offices in her power for this miserable and most loyal kingdom, now at the brink of ruin, and never so near as now. As to myself, I repeat again, that I never asked any thing more than a trifle, as a memorial of some distinction which her Majesty graciously seemed to make between me and every common clergyman: But that trifle was forgotten, according to the usual method of princes, although I was taught to think myself upon a foot of pretending to some little exception.

As to yourself, Madam, I most heartily congratulate with you for being delivered from the toil, the envy, the slavery, and vexation of a favourite, where you could not always answer the good intentions that I hope you had. You will now be less teased with solicitations, one of the greatest evils in life. You possess an easy employment,

employment, with quiet of mind, although it be by no means equal to your merit: And if it shall please God to establish your health, I believe and hope you are too wise to hope for more. Mr Pope hath always been an advocate for your sincerity, and even I, in the character I gave you of yourself, allowed you as much of that virtue as could be expected in a lady, a courtier, and a favourite. Yet I confess, I never heartily pledged your health as a toast upon any other regards than beauty, wit, good sense, and an unblemished character. For as to friendship, truth, sincerity, and other trifles of that kind, I never concerned myself about them; because I knew them to be only parts of the lower morals, which are altogether useless at courts. I am content that you should tell the Q—n all I have said of her, and in my own words, if you please.

I could have been a better prophet in the character I gave you of yourself, if it had been good manners, in the height of your credit, to put you in mind of its mortality. For you are not the first, by at least three ladies, whom I have known to undergo the same turn of fortune. It is allowed that ladies are often very good scaffoldings, and I need not tell you the use that scaffoldings are put to by all builders, as well political as mechanic. I should have begun this letter by telling you, that I was encouraged to write it by my best friend, and one of your great admirers; who told me, that, from something that had passed between you, he thought you would not re-

ceive it ill. After all, I know no person of your sex, for whom I have so great an esteem, as I do and believe I shall always continue to bear for you, I mean a private person; for I must except the Q—n, and it is not an exception of form: because I have really a great veneration for her great qualities, although I have reason to complain of her conduct to me; which I could not excuse, although she had fifty kingdoms to govern. I have but room to conclude with my sincere professions of being, with true respect,

MADAM,

Your most obedient
humble servant.

LETTER CCCCLXXVIII.

TO LADY SANTRY.

MADAM,

1730. *At a conjecture.*

MY reason for waiting on you, some time ago, was grounded on the esteem I always had for you; which continued still the same, although I had hardly the least acquaintance with your Lord, nor was at all desirous to cultivate it, because I did not at all approve of his conduct. In two or three days after I saw you at Sir Compton Domville's house, all my acquaintance told me how full the town was of the visit I had made you, and the cruel treatment you received from me, with relation to your son.

I will not believe your Ladyship was so weak as to spread this complaint yourself, but I lay it wholly to those two young women who were then in the same room, I suppose as visitors. But if you were really discontented, and thought to publish your discontent in aggravating words, I must cut off at least nine tenths of the friendship I had for you, and list you in the herd of Irish ladies, whose titles, or those of their husbands, with me never have the weight of a feather, or the value of a pebble. I imagined you had so much sense as to understand, that all I said was intended for the service both of you and your son. I have often spoken much more severely to persons of much higher quality than your son, and in a kingdom where to be a lord is of importance; and I have received hearty thanks, as well as found amendment. One thing I shall observe, upon your account; which is, never to throw away any more advice upon any Irish lord, or his mother; because I thought you would be one of the last to deceive me.

I called four times at the house where you lodge, and you were always denied, by which I suppose, you would have me think you are angry; whereas I am the person who ought to complain, because all I said to you proceeded from friendship, and a desire of reforming your son. But that desire is now utterly at an end.

LETTER CCCCLXXIX.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Amesbury, Dec. 6. 1730.

BOTH your letters, to my great satisfaction, I have received. You were mistaken as to my being in town; for I have been here ever since the beginning of May. But the best way is to direct your letters always to the Duke's house in London; and they are sent hither by his porter. You say, we deserve envy: I think we do; for I envy no man, either in town or out of it. We have had some few visitors, and every one of them such, as one would desire to visit. The Dutchess is a more severe check upon my finances than ever you were; and I submit, as I did to you, to comply to my own good. I was a long time before I could prevail with her to let me allow myself a pair of shoes with two heels; for I had lost one, and the shoes were so decayed, that they were not worth mending. You see by this, that those who are the most generous of their own, can be the most covetous for others. I hope you will be so good to me, as to use your interest with her, (for whatever she says, you seem to have some), to indulge me with the extravagance suitable to my fortune.

The lady you mention, that dislikes you, hath no discernment. I really think you may safely venture

venture to Amesbury, though indeed the lady here likes to have her own way as well as you; which may sometimes occasion disputes: And I tell you before hand, that I cannot take your part. I think her so often in the right, that you will have great difficulty to persuade me that she is in the wrong; then there is another thing that I ought to tell you, to deter you from this place, which is, that the lady of the house is not given to shew civility to those she does not like. She speaks her mind, and loves truth. For the uncommonness of the thing, I fancy, your curiosity will prevail over your fear; and you will like to see such a woman. But I say no more till I know whether her Grace will fill up the rest of the paper.

The Dutcheſs of Q——.

Write I muſt, particularly now, as I have an opportunity to indulge my predominant paſſion of contradiction. I do, in the firſt place, contradict moſt things Mr Gay ſays of me, to deter you from coming here; which if you ever do, I hereby aſſure you, that unleſs I like my own way better, you ſhall have your's; and in all diſputes you ſhall convince me, if you can. But by what I ſee of you, this is not a miſfortune that will always happen; for I find you are a great miſtaker. For example, you take prudence for imperiouſneſs: 'Tis from this firſt that I determined not to like one, who is too giddy-headed for me to be certain, whether or no I ſhall ever

ver be acquainted with. I have known people take great delight in building castles in the air; but I should chuse to build friends upon a more solid foundation. I would fain know; for I often hear more good likeable things than 'tis possible any one can deserve. Pray, come, that I may find out something wrong; for I, and I believe most women, have an inconceivable pleasure to find out any faults, except their own. Mr Cibber is made poet-laureat. I am, Sir, as much your humble servant as I can be to any person I don't know.

C. Q.

Mr Gay is very peevish that I spell and write ill; but I don't care: for neither the pen nor I can do better. Besides, I think you have flattered me, and such people ought to be put to trouble.

Mr GAY's postscript.

Now I hope you are pleased, and that you will allow, for so small a sum as 200*l.* you have a lumping pennyworth.

L E T T E R CCCCLXXX.

THE EARL OF C—— TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Hague, Dec. 15. N. S. 1730.

YOU need not have made any excuses to me for your solicitation: On the contrary, I am proud of being the first person to whom you have

have thought it worth your while to apply since those changes, which, you say, drove you into distance and obscurity. I very well know the person you recommend to me, having lodged at his house a whole summer at Richmond. I have always heard a very good character of him, which alone would incline me to serve him; but your recommendation, I can assure you, will make me impatient to do it. However, that he may not again meet with the common fate of court-suitors, nor I lie under the imputation of making court-promises, I will exactly explain to you how far it is likely I may be able to serve him.

When first I had this office * I took the resolution of turning out no-body; so that I shall only have the disposal of those places, that the death of the present possessors will procure me. Some old servants that have served me long and faithfully, have obtained the promises of the first four or five vacancies; and the early solicitations of some of my particular friends have tied me down for about as many more. But after having satisfied these engagements, I do assure you Mr Launcelot shall be my first care. I confess, his prospect is more remote than I could have wished it; but as it is so remote, he won't have the uneasiness of a disappointment, if he gets nothing; and if he gets something, we shall both be pleased.

As for his political principles, I am in no manner

* 'Of Lord Steward of the king's household, in which he succeeded the Duke of Dorset, appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.'

ner of pain about them. Were he a Tory, I would venture to serve him, in the just expectation, that should I ever be charged with having preferred a Tory, the person who was the author of my crime, would likewise be the author of my vindication. I am, with real esteem, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

C——.

L E T T E R CCCCLXXXI.

LADY E—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

Dec. 24. 1730.

SINCE you, with a modest assurance, affirm you understand and practise good manners better than any other person in either kingdom, I wish you would therefore put into very handsome terms my excuse to Dean Swift, that I have not answered his letter, that I received before the last. For even Prebendary Head assured my brother Harry, that he, in form and justice, took place of a colonel, as being major-general in the church; and therefore you need not have called a council to know whether you or I were to write last; because, as being but a poor courtesey lady, I can pretend to no other place but what other people's goodness gives me. This being settled, I ought not to have writ again; but however, I fear I should have been wrong enough to have desired the correspondence to be kept up,
but

but that I have been ill for a fortnight, and of course lazy, and not in a writing mood.

First, as to Mrs Barber, as I told you before, so I tell you the same again, that upon your recommendation, I shall be very glad to serve her, though I never did see her; and as I had not your letter till I went from Tunbridge, she passed unmarked by me in the crowd; nor have I met with her since. She writ to me to present ———'s poems to the Duke and Dutchess of Dorset. I answered her letter, and obeyed her commands. And as to her own, I shall most willingly subscribe; though I am of the opinion, we ladies are apt to be good poets, especially if we can't spell; but that is by the way of inviolable secret between you and me. So much for this letter. Now to your last epistle, for which it seems I am to give you thanks for honouring me with your commands. Well, I do so, because this gets a proof, that, after so many years acquaintance, there is one that will take my word; which is a certain sign that I have not often broke it. Therefore behold the consequence is this; I have given my word to the Duke of Dorset that you would not so positively affirm this fact concerning Mrs Fox, without knowing the certain truth, that there is no deceit in this declaration of trust. And though it has been recommended to him as you say, he never did give any answer to it, nor designed it, till he was fully satisfied of the truth; and even then, I believe, would not have determined to have

have done it, because it is an easy way of securing a place for ever to a family; and were this to be an example, be it so many pence, or so many pounds, for the future they would be inheritances.

So now, not to shew my power with his Grace (in spite of his dependents, who may cast their eyes on it) for that I dare affirm there never will be need of, where justice or good-nature is necessary; but to shew you his dependence on your honour and integrity, he gives me leave to tell you, it shall certainly be done; nor does this at all oblige you to give the thanks you seem so desirous to have; for at any time, whensoever you have any business, service, or request to make to his Grace of Dorset (whether my proper business or no) till you two are better acquainted with one another's merits, I shall be very glad to shew how sincerely I am your friend and faithful humble servant,

E—— G——.

L E T T E R CCCCLXXXII.

DR SWIFT TO MRS WHITEWAY.

Dec. 28. 1730.

YOU might give a better reason for restoring my book, that it was not worth keeping. I thought by the superscription that your letter was written by a man; for you have neither the
scrawl

scrawl nor the spelling of your sex. You live so far off, and I believe so seldom at home, and I am so ill a visitor, that it is no wonder we meet so seldom: But if you knew what I say of you to others, you would believe it was not want of inclination: I mean what I say of you as I knew you formerly; for as to what you are now, I know but little. I give you the good wishes of the season; and am, with true esteem and affection, your's, &c.

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R CCCCLXXXIII.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

Jan. 1730-31.

I BEGIN my letter, by telling you, that my wife has been returned from abroad about a month, and that her health, though feeble and precarious, is better than it has been these two years. She is much your servant; and as she has been her own physician with some success, imagines she could be your's with the same. Would to God you was within her reach. She would, I believe, prescribe a great deal of *medicina animi*, without having recourse to the books of Trismegistus. Pope and I should be her principal apothecaries in the course of the cure: And though our best botanists complain, that few of the herbs and simples which

go to the composition of these remedies, are to be found at present in our soil, yet there are more of them here than in Ireland; besides, by the help of a little chemistry, the most noxious juices may become salubrious, and rank poison a specific.—Pope is now in my library with me, and writes to the world, to the present and to future ages, whilst I begin this letter which he is to finish to you. What good he will do mankind, I know not; this comfort he may be sure of, he cannot do less than you have done before him. I have sometimes thought, that if preachers, hangmen, and moral writers keep vice at a stand, or so much as retard the progress of it, they do as much as human nature admits. A real reformation is not to be brought about by ordinary means; it requires those extraordinary means which become punishments as well as lessons. National corruption must be purged by national calamities.—Let us hear from you. We deserve this attention, because we desire it, and because we believe that you desire to hear from us.

L E T T E R CCCCLXXXIV.

TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD,

Jan. 5. 1730-I.

I RETURN your Lordship my most humble thanks for the honour and favour of your letter,

letter, and desire your justice to believe, that, in writing to you a second time, I have no design of giving you a second trouble. My only end at present is to beg your pardon for a fault of ignorance. I ought to have remembered, that the arts of courts are like those of play; where, if the most expert be absent for a few months, the whole system is so changed, that he hath no more skill than a new beginner. Yet I cannot but wish, that your Lordship had pleased to forgive one, who hath been an utter stranger to public life above sixteen years. Bussy Rabutin himself, the politest person of his age, when he was recalled to court after a long banishment, appeared ridiculous there: And what could I expect from my antiquated manner of addressing your Lordship in the prime of your life; in the height of fortune, favour, and merit; so distinguished by your active spirit, and greatness of your genius? I do here repeat to your Lordship, that I lay the fault of my misconduct entirely on a friend whom I exceedingly love and esteem, whom I dare not name, and who is as bad a courtier by nature, as I am grown by want of practice. God forbid that your Lordship should continue in an employment, however great and honourable, where you only can be an ornament to the court so long, until you have an opportunity to provide offices for a dozen low people like the poor man whom I took the liberty to mention. And God forbid, that, in one particular branch of the King's family, there should

ever be such mortality as to take away a dozen of his meaner servants in less than a dozen years.

Give me leave, in further excuse of my weakness, to confess, that, besides some hints from my friends, your Lordship is in a great measure to blame, for your obliging manner of treating me in every place where I had the honour to see you; which I acknowledge to have been a distinction that I had not the least pretence to, and consequently as little to ground upon it the request of a favour.

As I am an utter stranger to the present forms of the world, I have imagined more than once, that your Lordship's proceeding with me may be a refinement introduced by yourself: And that as, in my time, the most solemn and frequent promises of great men usually failed against all probable appearances, so that single slight one of your Lordship, may, by your generous nature, early succeed against all visible impossibilities. I am, &c.

L E T T E R CCCCLXXXV.

LADY B — G — TO DR SWIFT.

Jan. 11. 1731.

IT is well for Mr Pope your letter came as it did, or else I had called for my coach, and was going to make a thorough search at his house; for, that I was most positively assured
that

that you were there in private, the Duke of Dorset can tell you. *Non credo* is all the Latin I know, and the most useful word upon all occasions to me. However, like most other people, I can give it up for what I wish; for once I believed, or at least went half way in what I hoped was true, and then, for the only time, your letter was unwelcome. You tell me you have a request, which is purely personal to me: *Non credo* for that; for I am sure you would not be so disagreeable as not to have made it, when you know 'tis a pleasure and satisfaction to me to do any thing you desire, by which you may find you are not *sans consequence* to me.

I met with your friend Mr Pope the other day. He complains of not being well, and indeed looked ill. I fear that neither his wit nor sense do arm him enough against being hurt by malice; and that he is too sensible of what fools say: The run is much against him on the Duke of Chandos's* account; but I believe their rage is not kindness to the Duke, but they are glad to give it vent with some tolerable pretence. I wish your presence would have such a miraculous effect as your design on Biddy's† speech: You know formerly her tongue was not apt to run much by her inclination; but now every winter is kept still *per force*, for she constantly gets a

Z 3

violent

* It was said that Mr Pope intended the character of Timon, in his epistle on the use of riches in works of taste addressed to the Earl of Burlington, for the Duke of Chandos.

† Mrs Biddy Floyd.

violent cold that lasts her all winter. But as to that quarrelsome friend of the Duke of Dorset's, I will let her loose at you, and see which can get the better. Miss Kelly was a very pretty girl when she went from hence, and the beaux shew their good taste by liking her. I hear her father is now kind to her; but if she is not mightily altered, she would give up some of her airs and equipage to live in England.

Since you are so good as to inquire after my health, I ought to inform you I never was better in my life than this winter. I have escaped both head-achs and gout: And that your's may not be endangered by reading such a long letter, I will add no more, but bid adieu to my dear Dean,

E——G——.

L E T T E R CCCCLXXXVI.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, Jan. 18. 1731.

IT is now near nine o'clock. I deferred sitting down to write to you, in expectation to have seen Mr Pope, who left me two or three hours ago to try to find Lord Burlington, within whose walls I have not been admitted this year and half; but for what reason I know not. Mr Pope is just this minute come in, but had not the good luck to find him; so that I cannot give you any satisfaction in the affair you writ last about.

bout. He designs to see him to-morrow; and if any thing can be done, he says you shall hear from him.

By the beginning of my letter, you see how I decline in favour; but I look upon it as a particular distinction, that as soon as the court gains a man, I lose him. It is a mortification I have been used to, so I bear it as a philosopher should. The letter which you writ to me and the Duke I received, and Mr Pope shewed me that directed to him, which gave me more pleasure than all the letters you have writ since I saw you, as it gives me hopes of seeing you soon.

Were I to acquaint the Duke and Dutcheſs of my writing, I know that they would have something to say to you, and perhaps would prevent my sending the letter this post, so I chuse to say nothing about it. You are in great favour and esteem with all those that love me, which is one great reason that I love and esteem them.

Whenever you will order me to turn your fortune into ready money, I will obey you; but I chuse to leave it where it is, till you want it, as it carries some interest; though it might be now sold to some advantage, and is liable to rises and falls with other stocks. It might be higher as well as lower; so I will not dispose of it till I hear from you. I am impatient to see you, so are all your friends. You have taken your resolution, and I shall henceforth every week expect
an

an agreeable surprise. The bellman rings for the letter, so I can say no more.

L E T T E R CCCCXXXVII.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

Feb. 23. 1730-r.

NOW were you in vast hopes you should hear no more from me, I being slow in my motions : But don't flatter yourself ; you began the correspondence, set my pen a going, and God knows when it will end ; for I had it by inheritance from my father, ever to please myself when I could ; and though I don't just take the turn my mother did of fasting and praying ; yet to be sure that was her pleasure too, or else she would not have been so greedy of it. I don't care to deliver your message this great while to Lieutenant Head, he having been dead these two years. And though he had, as you say, a head, I loved him very well ; but, however, from my Dame Wadger's * first impression, I have ever had a natural antipathy to spirits.

I have not acquaintance enough with Mr Pope, which I am sorry for, and expect you should come to England, in order to improve it. If it was the Queen, and not the Duke of Grafton, that picked out such a laureat † she deserves his poetry in her praise.

Your

* The deaf house-keeper at Lord Berkeley's.

† Colly Cibber.

Your friend Mrs Barber has been here. I find she has some request; but neither you nor she yet let it out to me what it is: For certainly you cannot mean that, by subscribing to her book; if so, I shall be mighty unhappy to have you call that a favour. For surely there is nothing so easy as what one can do one's self, nor any thing so heavy as what one must ask other people for; though I don't mean by this, that I shall ever be unwilling, when you require it; yet shall be much happier, when it is in my own power to shew, how sincerely I am my old friend's most faithful humble servant.

Mrs Floyd is much your's, but dumber than ever, having a violent cold.

L E T T E R CCCCLXXXVIII.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

Feb. 23. 1731.

I LIKE to know my power (if it is so) that I can make you uneasy at my not writing; though I shan't often care to exert it, lest you should grow weary of me and my correspondence; but the slowness of my answers does not come from the emptiness of my heart, but the emptiness of my head; and that you know is nature's fault, not mine. I was not learned enough to know *non credo* has been so long in fashion; but every day convinces me more of the necessity

sity of it, not but that I often wish against myself; as *per* example, I would fain believe you are coming to England; because most of your acquaintance tell me so; and yet turn and wind, and sift your letters to find any thing like it be true; but instead of that, there I find a law-suit, which is a worse tie by the leg than your lameness. And pray what is "this hurt above my heel?" Have you had a fellow-feeling with my Lord Lieutenant* of the gout, and call it a sprain, as he does? who has lain † so long and often to disguise it, that I verily think he has not a new story left. Does he do the same in Ireland; for there I hoped he would have given a better example?

I find you are grown a horrid flatterer, or else you could never have thought of any thing so much to my taste as this piece of marble you speak of for my sister Penelope ‡, which I desire may be at my expence. I cannot be exact, neither as to the time nor year, but she died soon after we came there, and we did not stay quite two years,

* The Duke of Dorset.

† This seems to be humourously made the participle of *He* mention.

‡ Lady Penelope Berkeley died in Dublin, whilst her father was in the government, and was interred in St Andrew's church under the altar. No monument was erected to her memory till about this time, when Dr Swift caused a plate of black marble to be fixed in the wall over the alter-piece, with this inscription:

"Underneath lieth the body of the Lady

"Penelope Berkeley, daughter of the right honourable Charles Earl of Berkeley. She

"died Sept. the 3d. 1699."

years, and were in England some months before King William died. I wish I had my dame Wadger's, or Mr Ferrers's memorandum head, that I might know whether it was at the time * of gooseberries.

Surely your Irish air is very bad for darts, if Mrs Kelly's are blunted already, make her cross father let her come over, and we won't use her so in England. If my Dutchess † sees company in a morning, you need not grumble at the hour; it must be purely from great complaisance, for that never was her taste here, though she is as early a riser as the generality of ladies are: And I believe there are not many dressing-rooms in London, but mine where the early idle come.

Adieu abruptly; for I will have no more formal humble servants, with your whole name at the bottom, as if I was asking your catechism.

LETTER

* In the petition of Frances Harris to the Lords Justices, upon losing her purse, there are these verses:

" Yes, says she, the steward I remember, when I was

" at my Lady Shrewsbury's,

" Such a thing as this happened just about the time

" of gooseberries."

This steward was Mr Ferrers; and Dame Wadger, was the old deaf house-keeper in Lord Berkeley's family, when he was one of the Lords Justices of Ireland.

† The Dutchess of Dorset.

LETTER CCCCLXXXIX.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

March 20. 1730-1.

I THINK it is above three months since I wrote to you, in partnership with the Dutchess. About a fortnight since I wrote to you from Twickenham, for Mr Pope and myself. He was then disabled from writing by a severe rheumatic pain in his arm; but is pretty well again, and at present in town. Lord Oxford, Lord Bathurst, he and I dined together yesterday at Barnes, with old Jacob Tonson, where we drank your health. I am again, by the advice of physicians, grown a moderate wine-drinker, after an abstinence of above two years; and now look upon myself as qualified for society as before.

I formerly sent you a state of the accounts between us. Lord B—— hath this day paid me your principal and interest. The interest amounted to 12l. and I want your directions how to dispose of the principal, which must lie dead, till I receive your orders. I had a scheme of buying two lottery tickets for you, and keeping your principal entire. And as all my good fortune is to come, to shew you that I consult your advantage, I will buy two for myself, and then you and I will go halves in the ten thousand pounds. That there will be a lottery is certain: The scheme is not yet declared, but I hear it will not
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be the most advantageous one; for we are to have but 3 l. *per cent.*

I solicit for no court favours, so that I propose to buy the tickets at the market price, when they come out, which will not be these two or three months. If you do not like to have your money thus disposed of; or if you like to trust to your own fortune, rather than to share in mine, let me have your orders; and at the same time, tell me what I shall do with the principal sum. I came to town the 7th of January last, with the Duke and Dutchess, about business, for a fortnight. As it depended upon others, we could not get it done till now. Next week we return to Amesbury, in Wiltshire, for the rest of the year; but the best way is always to direct to me at the Duke's, in Burlington-gardens, near Piccadilly. I am ordered by the Dutchess to grow rich in the manner of Sir John Cutler. I have nothing at this present writing, but my frock that was made at Salisbury, and a bob periwig. I persuade myself that it is shilling-weather as seldom as possible; and have found out, that there are few court-visits that are worth a shilling. In short, I am very happy in my present independency. I envy no man; but have the due contempt of voluntary slaves of birth and fortune. I have such a spite against you, that I wish you may long for my company, as I do for your's. Though you never write to me, you cannot make me forget you; so that if it is out of friendship you write so seldom to me, it doth not answer

the purpose. Those who you like should remember you, do so whenever I see them. I believe they do it upon their own account; for I know few people who are solicitous to please or flatter me. The Dutchess sends you her compliments, and so would many more, if they knew of my writing to you.

L E T T E R CCCCXC.

To DR SWIFT *from* ~~to~~ LORD BOLINGBROKE.

I HAVE delayed several posts answering your letter of January last, in hopes of being able to speak to you about a project which concerns us both, but me the most, since the success of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head, and at my heart; if it can be set a going, you shall hear more of it. I was ill in the beginning of the winter for near a week, but in no danger, either from the nature of my distemper, or from the attendance of three physicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have paid to health deserves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear Dean, and have been some years going down the hill; let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us: Let us fence against moral evil by philosophy;

sophy ; for passion may decay, and stupidity not succeed. *Passions* (says Pope, our divine, as you will see one time or other) are the *gales* of life. Let us not complain that they do not blow a storm. What hurt does age do us, in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives ? It is now six in the morning. I recal the time, (and am glad it is over), when about this hour I used to be going to bed, surfeited with pleasure, or jaded with business: My head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour refreshed, serene, and calm ? that the past, and even the present affairs of life, stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeable so as not to be strongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me ? Passions in their force would bring all these, nay, even future contingencies about my ears at once, and reason would but ill defend me in the scuffle.

I leave Pope to speak for himself ; but I must tell you how much my wife is obliged to you. She says she would find strength enough to nurse you, if you was here ; and yet, God knows, she is extremely weak. The slow fever works under, and mines the constitution : We keep it off sometimes ; but still it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not ashamed to say to you, that I admire her more every hour of my life. Death is not to her the king of terrors ; she beholds him without

the least. When she suffers much, she wishes for him as a deliverer from pain; when life is tolerable, she looks upon him with dislike, because he is to separate her from those friends to whom she is more attached than to life itself. — You shall not stay for my next as long as you have for this letter; and in every one Pope shall write something much better than the scraps of old philosophers, which were the presents, *munuscula*, that Stoical sop Seneca used to send in every epistle to his friend Lucilius.

P. S. My Lord has spoken justly of his lady: Why not I of my mother? Yesterday was her birth-day, now entering on the ninety-first year of her age; her memory much diminished, but her senses very little hurt, her sight and hearing good; she sleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, says her prayers; this is all she does. I have reason to thank God for continuing so long to me a very good and tender parent, and for allowing me to exercise for some years those cares which are now as necessary to her as her's have been to me. An object of this sort daily before one's eyes, very much softens the mind; but perhaps may hinder it from the willingness of contracting other ties of the like domestic nature, when one finds how painful it is even to enjoy the tender pleasures. I have formerly made some strong efforts to get and deserve a friend: Perhaps it were wiser never to attempt; but live extempore, and look upon the world only as a place to pass through, just pay your hosts their due,

due, disperse a little charity, and hurry on. Yet I am just now writing (or rather planning) a book, to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleasure, and put morality in good humour.—And just now too I am going to see one I love very tenderly; and to-morrow to entertain several civil people, whom, if we call friends, it is by the courtesy of England.—*Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.* While we do live, we must make the best of life,

Certantes licet usque (minus via ladat) eamus,
as the shepherd said in Virgil, when the road was long and heavy. I am your's.

L E T T E R CCCCXCI.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

YOU may assure yourself, that if you come over this spring, you will find me not only got back into the habits of study, but devoted to that historical task which you have set me these many years. I am in hopes of some materials which will enable me to work in the whole extent of the plan I propose to myself. If they are not to be had, I must accommodate my plan to this deficiency. In the mean time Pope has given me more trouble than he or I thought of; and you will be surpris'd to find, that I have been partly drawn by him, and partly by myself,

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self, to write a pretty large volume upon a very grave and very important subject; that I have ventured to pay no regard whatever to any authority except sacred authority; and that I have ventured to start a thought, which must, if it is pushed as successfully as I think it is, render all your metaphysical theology both ridiculous and abominable. There is an expression in one of your letters to me, which makes me believe you will come into my way of thinking on this subject; and yet I am persuaded, that divines and free-thinkers would both be clamorous against it, if it was to be submitted to their censure, as I do not intend that it shall. The passage I mean, is that where you say, that you told Dr. ** the grand points of Christianity ought to be taken as infallible revelations *, &c.

It has happened, that whilst I was writing this to you, the Doctor came to make me a visit from London, where I heard he was arrived some time ago. He was in haste to return, and is, I perceive, in great haste to print. He left me with eight dissertations †, a small part, as I understand, of his work: and desired me to peruse, consider, and observe upon them against Monday next, when he will come down again. By what I have read of the two first, I find myself

* In this maxim all bigotted *divines* and *free-thinking* politicians agree; the one for fear of disturbing the established religion; the other lest that disturbance should prove injurious to their administration of government.
Warb.

† 'Revelation examined with candor.'

self unable to serve him. The principles he reasons upon, are begged in a disputation of this sort; and the manner of reasoning is by no means close and conclusive. The sole advice I could give him in conscience, would be that which he would take ill, and not follow. I will get rid of this task as well as I can; for I esteemed the man, and should be sorry to disoblige him where I cannot serve him.

As to retirement and exercise, your notions are true. The first should not be indulged so much as to render us savage, nor the last neglected so as to impair health. But I know men, who, for fear of being savage, live with all who live with them, and, who, to preserve their health, santer away half their time. Adieu. Pope calls for the paper.

P. S. I hope what goes before will be a strong motive to your coming. God knows if ever I shall see Ireland; I shall never desire it, if you can be got hither, or kept here. Yet I think I shall be too soon a free man—Your recommendations I constantly give to those you mention; though some of them I see but seldom, and am every day more retired. I am less fond of the world, and less curious about it: yet no way out of humour, disappointed, or angry; though in my way I receive as many injuries as my betters; but I don't feel them: therefore I ought not to vex other people, nor even to return injuries. I pass almost all my time at home.

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My lord (of which I partly take the merit to myself) is as much estranged from politics as I am. Let philosophy be ever so vain, it is less vain now than politics, and not quite so vain at present as divinity. I know nothing that moves strongly but satire; and those who are ashamed of nothing else, are so of being ridiculous. I fancy, if we three were together but for three years, some good might be done even upon this age.

I know you'll desire some account of my health. It is usual, but my spirits rather worse. I write little or nothing. You know I never had either a taste or talent for politics, and the world minds nothing else. I have personal obligations which I will ever preserve, to men of different sides; and I wish nothing so much as public quiet, except it be my own quiet. I think it is a merit, if I can take off any man from grating or satirical subjects, merely on the score of party: and it is the greatest vanity of my life, that I have contributed to turn my Lord Bolingbroke to subjects moral, useful, and more worthy his pen. Dr——'s book is what I can't commend so much as Dean Berkeley's *, though it has many things ingenious in it, and is not deficient in the writing part: but the whole book, though he meant it *ad populum*, is, I think, purely *ad clerum*. Adieu.

LETTER

* A fine original work, called, "The minute Philosopher."

L E T T E R CCCCXCII.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT, WITH A POSTSCRIPT.

DEAR SIR,

April 11. 1731.

THE fortune of the person you interest yourself in, amounts to at present (all debts paid) above three thousand four hundred pounds; so that, whatever other people think, I look upon him, as to fortune, to be happy; that is to say, an independent creature. I have been in expectations, post after post, to have received your directions about the disposal of your money. Left that sum, with 200*l.* of my own, in Mr Hoare's hands, at my coming out of town. If I hear nothing from you, I shall do with it, as I do with my own. I made you a proposal about purchasing lottery-tickets in partnership with myself; that is to say, four tickets between us. This can be done with the overplus of the interest-money I have received; but in this I will do nothing till I hear from you.

I am now got to my residence at Amesbury, getting health, and saving money. Since I have got over the impediment to a writer, water-drinking, if I can persuade myself that I have any wit, and find I have inclination, I intend to write, though, as yet, I have another impediment: for I have not provided myself with a scheme. Ten to one but I shall have a propensity to write against vice, and who can tell how far that may offend? But

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an author should consult his genius rather than his interest, if he cannot reconcile them. Just before I left London, I made a visit to Mrs Barber. I wish I could any-ways have contributed to her subscription. I have always found myself of no consequence, and am now of less than ever; but I have found out a way, in one respect, of making myself of more consequence, which is by considering other people of less. Those who have given me up, I have given up; and in short, I seek after no friendships, but am content with what I have in the house. They have subscribed, and I proposed it before Jo. Taylor, who, upon hearing she was a friend of your's, offered his subscription, and desired his compliments to you. I believe she hath given you an account that she hath some prospect of success from others recommendations to those I know; and I have not been wanting upon all occasions to put in my good word, which I fear avails but little. Two days ago I received a letter from Dr Arbuthnott, which gave me but a bad account of Mr Pope's health. I have writ to him; but have not heard from him since I came into the country. If you knew the pleasure you gave me, you would keep your contract of writing more punctually; and especially you would have answered my last letter, as it was a money-affair, and you have to do with a man of business.

Your letter was more to the Dutchess than to me; so I now leave off to offer her the paper.

Postscript

Postscript by the Dutcheſs.

It was Mr Gay's fault that I did not write ſooner; which, if I had, I ſhould hope you would have been here by this time; for I have to tell you, all your articles are agreed to; and that I only love my own way, when I meet not with others whoſe ways I like better. I am in great hopes that I ſhall approve of your's; for to tell the truth, I am at preſent a little tired of my own. I have not a clear or diſtinct voice, except when I am angry; but I am a very good nurse, when people don't fancy themſelves ſick.

Mr Gay knows this; and he knows too how to play at backgammon. Whether the parſon of the pariſh can, I know not; but if he cannot hold his tongue, I can. Pray ſet out the firſt fair wind, and ſtay with us as long as ever you pleaſe. I cannot name my fixed time that I ſhall like to maintain you and your equipage; but, if I don't happen to like you, I know I can ſo far govern my temper, as to endure you for about five days. So come away directly; at all hazards you'll be allowed a good breathing time. I ſhall make no ſort of reſpectful concluſions; for till I know you, I cannot tell what I am to you.

Mr Gay's Poſtſcript.

The direction is to the Duke of Queensberry's, in Burlington's-gardens, Piccadilly. Now I have told you this, you have no excuſe from writting
but

but one, which is coming; get over your lawsuit and receive your money.

The Dutcheſs adds, "he ſhall not write a word more from Amesbury in Wiltſhire. Your groom was miſtaken; for the houſe is big enough, but the park is too little."

L E T T E R CCCCXIII.

LORD B——— TO DR SWIFT.

April 19. 1731.

I NEVER deſigned to have wrote to you any more, becauſe you bantered and abuſed me ſo groſſy in your laſt. To flatter a man, from whom you can get nothing, nor expect any thing, is doing miſchief for miſchief-ſake, and conſequently highly immoral. However, I will not carry my reſentments ſo far, as to ſtand by and ſee you undone, without giving you both notice and advice. Could any man but you think of truſting John Gay with his money? None of his friends would ever truſt him with his own, whenever they could avoid it. He has called in the 200l, I had of your's; I paid him both principal and intereſt. I ſuppoſe by this time he has loſt it. I give you notice, you muſt look upon it as annihilated.

Now as I have conſiderd your deanry brings you in little or nothing, and that you keep ſervants and horſes, and frequently give little neat dinners

dinners, which are more expensive than a few splendid entertainments; besides which, you may be said to water your flock with French wine, which altogether must consume your substance in a little while. I have thought of putting you on a method, that may retrieve your affairs. In the first place, you must turn off all your servants, and sell your horses, (I will find exercise for you). Your whole family must consist of only one sound & wholesome wench. She will make your bed and warm it; besides washing your linen and mending it, darning your stockings, &c. But to save all expence in house-keeping, you must contrive some way or other, that she should have milk; and I can assure you, it is the opinion of some of the best physicians, that womens milk is the wholesomest food in the world.

Besides, this regimen, take it altogether, will certainly temper and cool your blood. You will not be such a *boutefeu* as you have been, and be ready, upon every trifling occasion, to set a whole kingdom in a flame. Had the Drapier been a milk-sop, poor Wood had not suffered so much in his reputation and fortune. It will allay that fervour of blood, and quiet that hurry of spirits, which breaks out every now and then into poetry, and seems to communicate itself to others of the Chapter. You would not then encourage Delaney and Stopford in their idleness, but let them be as grave as most of their order are with us. I am convinced they will sooner

get preferment then, than in the way they now are. And I shall not be out of hopes of seeing you a bishop in time, when you live in that regular way, which I suppose. In short, in a few years, you may lay up money enough to buy even the bishoprick of Durham. For if you keep cows, instead of horses, in that high-walled orchard, and cultivate, by your own industry, a few potatoes in your garden, the maid will live well, and be able to sell more butter and cheese, than will answer her wages. You may preach then upon your temperance with a better grace than now, that you are known to consume five or six hogheads of wine every year of your life. You will be mild and meek in your conversation, and not frighten parliament-men, and keep even Lord Lieutenants in awe. You will then be qualified for that slavery, which the country you live in, and the order you profess, seem to be designed for. It will take off that giddiness in your head, which has disturbed yourself and others. The disputes between Sir Arthur * and my Lady will, for the future, be confined to prose, and an old thorn may be cut down in peace, and warm the parlour-chimney, without heating

* Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat, in a village called Market Hill in Ireland, the Dean sometimes made a long visit. The dispute between Sir Arthur and my Lady, here alluded to, is whether Hamilton's Bawn should be turned into a barrack, or a malt-house? The *Old Thorn*, is that cut down at Market-Hill, the subject of a little poem written by Swift. See Bathurst's edition of 1755, Vol. VII. p. 121, 141.

heating the heads of poor innocent people, and turning their brains,

You ought to remember what St Austin says, *Poesis est vinum demonum*. Consider the life you now lead: You warm all that come near you with your wine and conversation; and the rest of the world, with your pen dipped deep in St Austin's *vinum demonum*.

So far for your soul's health. Now, as to the health of your body; I must inform you, that part of what I prescribe to you, is the same which our great friar Bacon prescribed to the Pope who lived in his days. Read his 'Cure of old Age, and Preservation of Youth,' chap. the 12th. You used to say, that you found benefit from riding. The French, an ingenious people, use the word *chevaucher*, instead of *monter a cheval*, and they look upon it as the same thing in effect.

Now, if you will go on after this, in your old ways, and ruin your health, your fortune, and your reputation, it is no fault of mine. I have pointed out the road, which will lead you to riches and preferment; and that you may have no excuse from entering into this new course of life, upon pretence of doubting, whether you can get a person properly qualified to feed you, and compose your new family, I will recommend you to John Gay, who is much better qualified to bring increase from a woman, than from a sum of money. But if he should be lazy, (he is so fat, that there is some reason to doubt him), I will without fail supply you myself, that you

may be under no disappointments. Bracton says, *Conjunctio maris et fœmina est jure naturæ*. Vide Cook upon Littleton. Calvin's case, 1st Vol. Reports.

This I send you from my closet at Richkings*, where I am at leisure to attend serious affairs; but when one is in town, there are so many things to laugh at, that it is very difficult to compose one's thoughts, even long enough to write a letter of advice to a friend. If I see any man serious in that crowd, I look upon him for a very dull or designing fellow. By-the-bye, I am of opinion, that folly and cunning are nearer allied than people are aware of. If a fool runs out his fortune, and is undone, we say, the poor man has been outwitted. Is it not as reasonable to say of a cunning rascal, who has lived miserable, and died hated and despised, to leave a great fortune behind him, that he has outwitted himself? In short, to be serious about those trifles, which the majority of mankind think of consequence, seems to me to denote folly; and to trifle with those things, which they generally treat ludicrously, may denote knavery. I have observed, that, in comedy, the best actor plays the part of the droll, whilst some scrub rogue is made the hero, or fine gentleman. So in this farce of life, wise men pass their time in mirth, whilst fools only are serious. Adieu.

Continue to be merry and wise; but never turn serious or cunning.

LETTER

* A seat of his Lordship's, in Buckinghamshire.

L E T T E R CCCCXCIV.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Amesbury, April 27. 1731.*

YOUR'S, without a date, I received two days after my return to this place from London, where I stayed only four days. I saw Mr Pope, who is much better: I dined with him at Lord Oxford's, who never fails drinking your health, and is always very inquisitive after every thing that concerns you. Mr Pulteney had received your letter, and seemed very much pleased with it; and I thought you too very much in the favour of the Lady. Sir William Windham, who you will hear hath buried Lady Catharine, was at Dawley in great affliction. Dr Arbuthnott I found in good health and spirits. His neighbour, Mr Lewis, was gone to Bath. Mrs Patty Blount I saw two or three times, who will be very much pleased, when she knows you so kindly remember her. I am afraid Mrs Howard will not be so well satisfied with the compliments you send her. I breakfasted twice with her at Mrs Blount's; and she told me, that her indisposition had prevented her answering your letter. This she desired me to tell you, that she would write to you soon; and she desires you will accept of her compliments in the mean time by me. You should consider circumstances before you censure. It will be too long for a letter

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ter to make her apology; but when I see you, I shall convince you that you mistake her *. The day before I left London, I gave orders for buying two South-sea or India bonds for you, which carry 4l. *per cent.* and are as easily turned into ready money, as bank-bills; which, by this time, I suppose is done.

Whenever you come to England, if you will put that confidence in me, to give me notice, I will meet you at your landing-place, and conduct you hither. You have experience of me as a traveller; and I promise, I will not drop you on the road for any visit whatever. You tell me of thanks I have not given. I don't know what to say to people who are continually laying one under obligations: My behaviour to you shall convince you that I am very sensible of them, though I never once mention them. I look upon you as my best friend and counsellor. I long for the time when we shall meet and converse together. I will draw you into no great company, beside those I live with. In short, if you insist upon it, I will give up all great company for your's. These are conditions that I can hardly think you will insist upon, after your declarations to the Dutches, who is more and more impatient to see you: and all my fear is, that you will give up me for her, which, after my ungallant declaration, would be very ungenerous. But we will settle this matter together, when
you

* See a further defence of this lady, in the letter of Lady B— G—.

you come to Amesbury. After all, I find I have been saying nothing; for speaking of her, I am talking as if I were in my own power. You used to blame me for over-solicitude about myself. I am now so rich, that I don't think myself worth thinking on; so that I will promise you never to mention myself, or my own affairs; but you owed it all to the inquisitiveness of your friendship; and ten to one but you will every now and then draw me in to talk of myself again. I sent you a gross state of my fortune already. I have not room to draw it out in particulars. When you come over, the Dutchess will state it to you. I have left no room for her to write, so that I will say nothing till my letter is gone; but she would not forgive me, if I did not send her compliments.

L E T T E R CCCCXCV.

TO VENTOSO.

SIR,

April 28. 1731.

YOUR letter hath lain by me without acknowledging it longer than I intended; not for want of civility, but because I was wholly at a loss what to say: For as your scheme of thinking, conversing, and living, differs in every point diametrically from mine, so I think myself the most improper person in the world to converse or correspond with you. You would be glad to be thought a proud man, and yet there is not

a grain of pride in you : For you are pleased that people should know you have been acquainted with persons of great names and titles, whereby you confess that you take it for an honour ; which a proud man never does : And, besides, you ran the hazard of not being believed. You went abroad, and strove to engage yourself in a desperate cause, very much to the damage of your fortune, and might have been to the danger of your life, if there had not been, as it were, a combination of some, who would not give credit to the account you gave of your transactions ; and of others, who, either really, or pretending to believe you, having given you out as a dangerous person, (of which last notion I once hinted something to you) : Because, if what you repeated of yourself were true, it was necessary that you had either made your peace, or must have been prosecuted for high-treason. The reputation (if there be any) of having been acquainted with princes and other great persons, arises from its being generally known to others, but never once mentioned by ourselves, if it can possibly be avoided. I say this perfectly for your service, because an universal opinion among those who know, or have heard of you, that you have always practised a direct contrary proceeding, hath done you more hurt than your natural understanding, left to itself, could ever have brought upon you. The world will never allow any man that character which he gives to himself, by openly professing it to those with whom he converseth. Wit, learning, valour, great acquaintance, the
esteem

esteem of good men, will be known; although we should endeavour to conceal them, however they may pass unrewarded: But I doubt, our own bare assertions, upon any of those points, will very little avail except in tempting the hearers to judge directly contrary to what we advance. Therefore, at this season of your life, I should be glad you would act after the common custom of mankind, and have done with thoughts of courts, of ladies, of lords, of politics, and all dreams of being important in the world. I am glad your country-life hath taught you Latin, of which you were altogether ignorant when I knew you first; and I am astonished how you came to recover it. Your new friend Horace will teach you many lessons agreeable to what I have said, for which I could refer to a dozen passages in a few minutes. I should be glad to see the house wholly swept of these cobwebs, and that you would take an oath never to mention a prince or princess, a foreign or domestic lord, an intrigue of state or of love; but suit yourself to the climate and company where your prudence will be to pass the rest of your life. It is not a farthing matter to you what is doing in Europe, more than to every alderman who reads the news in a coffee-house. If you could resolve to act thus, your understanding is good enough to qualify you for any conversation in this kingdom. Families will receive you without fear or constraint, nor watch to hear you talk in the grand style, laugh when you are gone, and
tell

tell is to all their acquaintance. It is a happiness that this quality may, by a man of sense, be as easily shaken off as it is acquired, especially when he hath no proper claim to it: For you were not bred to be a man of business; you never were called to any employments at courts; but destined to be a private gentleman, to entertain yourself with country-business and country-acquaintance; or at best, with books of amusement in your own language. It is an uncontrolled truth, that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them. I am, &c.

L E T T E R CCCCXCVI.

LADY B ——— G ——— TO DR SWIFT.

June 5. 1731.

I FANCY you have comforted yourself a long time with the hopes of hearing no more; but you may return your thanks to a downright fit of the gout in my foot, and as painful a rheumatism that followed immediately after in my arm, which bound me to my good behaviour. So you may perceive I should make a sad nurse to Mr Pope, who finds the effects of age, and a crazy carcase already. However, if it is true what I am informed, that you are coming here soon, I expect you should bring us together; and
if

if he will bear me with patience, I shall hear him with pleasure.

I don't know what number of chaplains the Duke of Dorset intends to carry over; but as yet I have heard of but one that he has sent, and he is as worthy, honest, sensible a man as any I know, Mr Brandreth, who, I believe, was recommended to your acquaintance. I believe you will find by my writing, that it is not quite easy to me; so I will neither tease you, nor trouble myself longer, who am most sincerely your faithful humble servant,

E. G.

LETTER CCCCXCVII.

A COUNTERFEIT LETTER TO THE Q—N*.

MADAM,

Dublin, June 22. 1731.

I HAVE had the honour to tell your Majesty on another occasion, that provinces labour under one mighty misfortune, which is, in a great measure, the cause of all the rest; and that is, that they are for the most part far removed from the Prince's eye, and of consequence from the influence both of his wisdom and goodness. This is the case of Ireland beyond expression!

There is not not one mortal here, who is not well

* Thus endorsed by Dr Swift: "Counterfeit letter from me to the Q—n, sent to me by Mr Pope, dated June 22d 1731. Received July 19th 1731. Given by the Countess of Suffolk."

well satisfied of your Majesty's good intentions to all your people: And yet your subjects of this isle are so far from sharing the effects of your good dispositions, in any equitable degree; are so far from enjoying all the good to which they are entitled from your Majesty's most gracious inclinations, that they often find great difficulty how to enjoy even the relief of complaint.

To omit a thousand other instances, there is one person of Irish birth, eminent for genius and merit of many kinds, *an honour* to her country, and to her sex! I will be bold to say, *not less so in her sphere than your Majesty in your's.* And yet all her talents and virtues have not yet been able to influence any one person about your Majesty, so far as to introduce her into your least notice. As I am your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subject, it is a debt I owe your Majesty to acquaint you, that Mrs Barber, *the best female poet of this or perhaps of any age*, is now in your Majesty's capital, known to Lady Hartford, Lady Torrington, Lady Walpole, &c. A woman whose genius is honoured by every man of genius in this kingdom, and either *honoured* or *envyed* by every man of genius in England.

Your Majesty is justly revered for those great abilities with which God hath blessed you; for your regard to learning, and your zeal for true religion: Complete your character, by your regard to persons of genius, especially those who make the greatness of their talents, after your Majesty's example, subservient to the good of mankind

mankind and the glory of God ; which is most remarkably Mrs Barber's case and character.

Give me leave to tell you, Madam, that every subject of understanding and virtue throughout your dominions, is appointed by Providence of your council. And this, Madam, is an open and an honest apology for this trouble ; or, to speak more properly, for this dutiful information. It is your true interest that all your subjects should see that merit is regarded by you in one instance ; or rather, that it is not disregarded in any instance. Let them daily bless God for every gift of wisdom and goodness bestowed upon you, and pray incessantly for the long continuance of them ; as doth

Your MAJESTY'S

Most dutiful, and

Loyal subject and servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

L E T T E R CCCCXCVIII.

Dublin, June 29. 1731.

EVER since I received your letter, I have been upon a balance about going to England, and landing at Bristol, to pass a month at Amesbury, as the Dutchess hath given me leave. But many difficulties have interfered. First, I thought

I had done with my law-suit, and so did all my lawyers; but my adversary, after being in appearance a Protestant these twenty years, hath declared he was always a Papist, and consequently, by the law here, cannot buy nor (I think) sell; so that I am at sea again, for almost all I am worth. But I have still a worse evil: For the giddiness I was subject to, instead of coming seldom and violent, now constantly attends me more or less; though in a more peaceable manner, yet such as will not qualify me to live among the young and healthy; and the Dutchess, in all her youth, spirit, and grandeur, will make a very ill nurse, and her women not much better. Valetudinarians must live where they can command and scold; I must have horses to ride, I must go to bed and rise when I please, and live where all mortals are subservient to me. I must talk nonsense when I please, and all who are present must commend it. I must ride thrice a-week, and walk three or four miles besides every day.

I always told you Mr ——— was good for nothing, but to be a rank courtier. I care not whether he ever writes to me or no. He and you may tell this to the Dutchess; and I hate to see you so charitable, and such a cully; and yet I love you for it, because I am one myself.

You are the silliest lover in Christendom. If you like Mrs ———, why do you not command her to take you? If she does not, she is not worth pursuing. You do her too much honour; she hath neither sense nor taste, if she dares to refuse

refuse you, though she had ten thousand pounds. I do not remember to have told you of thanks that you have not given, nor do I understand your meaning, and I am sure I had never the least thoughts of any myself. If I am your friend, it is for my own reputation, and from a principle of self-love; and I do sometimes reproach you for not honouring me, by letting the world know we are friends.

I see very well how matters go with the Dutchess in regard to me. I heard her say, Mr Gay, fill your letter to the Dean, that there may be no room for me; the frolic is gone far enough; I have writ thrice; I will do no more; if the man has a mind to come, let him come; what a clutter is here? Positively I will not write a syllable more. She is an ungrateful Dutchess, considering how many adorers I have procured her here, over and above the thousands she had before.—I cannot allow you rich enough till you are worth 7000*l.* which will bring you 300*l.* *per annum*; and this will maintain you, with the perquisite of spinning while you are young; and when you are old, will afford you a pint of port at night, two servants, and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink,—provided you live in the country.—Have you no scheme either in verse or prose? The Dutchess should keep you at hard meat, and by that means force you to write; and so I have done with you.

MADAM,

Since I began to grow old, I have found all ladies become inconstant, without any reproach from their conscience. If I wait on you, I declare, that one of your women (which-ever it is that has designs upon a chaplain) must be my nurse, if I happen to be sick or peevish at your house; and in that case you must suspend your domineering claim till I recover. Your omitting the usual appendix to Mr Gay's letters hath done me infinite mischief here; for while you continued them, you would wonder how civil the ladies here were to me, and how much they have altered since. I dare not confess that I have descended so low as to write to your Grace, after the abominable neglect you have been guilty of; for if they but suspected it, I should lose them all. One of them, who had an inkling of the matter, (your Grace will hardly believe it), refused to beg my pardon upon her knees; for once neglecting to make my rice-milk. — Pray, consider this, and do your duty, or dread the consequence. I promise you shall have your will six minutes every hour at Amesbury, and seven in London, while I am in health: But if I happen to be sick, I must govern to a second. Yet, properly speaking, there is no man alive with so much truth and respect your Grace's most obedient and devoted servant.

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCCXCIX.
 THE DUTCHESS OF ——— AND MR GAY TO
 DR SWIFT.

THE DUTCHESS.

July 18. 1731.

YOU are my dear friend, I am sure, for you are hard to be found: That you are so, is certainly owing to some evil genius. For if you say true, this is the very properest place you can repair to. There is not a head here upon any of our shoulders that is not at some times worse than your's can possibly be at the worst; and not one to compare with your's, when at best, except your friends are your sworn liars. So, in one respect at least, you will find things just as they could be wished. It is farther necessary to assure you, that the Dutcheess is neither healthy nor young; she lives in all the spirits she can, and with as little grandeur as she can possibly. She too, as well as you, can scold and command; but she can be silent and obey, if she pleases; and then for a good nurse, it is out of dispute that she must prove an excellent one, who has been so experienced in the infirmities of others, and of her own. As for talking nonsense, provided you do it on purpose, she has no objection: There is some sense in nonsense, when it does not come by chance. In short, I am very sure

that she has set her heart upon seeing you at this place. Here are women enough to attend you, if you should happen not to approve of her. She has not one fine lady belonging to her or her house. She is impatient to be governed, and is chearfully determined, that you shall quietly enjoy your own will and pleasure as long as ever you please.

MR GAY.

You shall ride, you shall walk, and she will be glad to follow your example : And this will be doing good at the same time to her and yourself. I had not heard from you so long, that I was in fears about you, and in the utmost impatience for a letter. I had flattered myself your law-suit was at an end, and that your own money was in your own pocket ; and about a month ago, I was every day expecting a summons to Bristol. Your money is either getting or losing something ; for I have placed it in the funds. For I am grown so much a man of business, that is to say, so covetous, that I cannot bear to let a sum of money lie idle. Your friend Mrs Howard is now Countess of Suffolk ; I am still so much a dupe, that I think you mistake her. Come to Amesbury, and you and I will dispute this matter ; and the Dutcheß shall be judge. But I fancy you will object against her ; for I will be so fair to you as to own, that I think she is of my side : But, in short, you shall chuse any impartial referee you please. I have heard
from

from her; Mr Pope hath seen her; I beg you would suspend your judgment till we talk over this affair together; for I fancy, by your letter, you have neither heard from her, nor seen her; so that you cannot at present be as good a judge as we are. I'll be a dupe for you at any time; therefore I beg it of you, that you would let me be a dupe in quiet.

As you have had several attacks of the giddiness you at present complain of, and that it hath formerly left you, I will hope, that at this instant you are perfectly well; though my fears were so very great, before I received your letter, that I may probably flatter myself, and think you better than you are. As to my being a manager for the Duke, you have been misinformed. Upon the discharge of an unjust steward, he took the administration into his own hands. I own I was called in to his assistance, when the state of affairs was in the greatest confusion. Like an ancient Roman, I came, put my helping hand to set affairs right, and as soon as it was done, I am retired again as a private man.

THE DUTCHESS.

What you imagined you heard her say, was a good deal in her style: It was a thousand to one she had not said so, but I must do her the justice to say, that she did not, either in thought or word. I am sure she wants to be better acquainted with you, for which she has found out
ten

ten thousand reasons, that we'll tell you, if you come.

MR GAY.

By your letter, I cannot guess whether we are like to see you or no. Why might not the Amesbury Downs make you better?

THE DUTCHESS.

DEAR SIR,

Mr Gay tells me, I must write upon his line for fear of taking up too much room. It was his fault that I omitted my duty in his last letter, for he never told me one word of writing to you, till he had sent away his letter. However, as a mark of my great humility, I shall be ready and glad to ask your pardon upon my knees, as soon as ever you come, though not in fault. I own this is a little mean-spirited, which I hope will not make a bad impression, considering you are the occasion. I submit to all your conditions, so pray come; for I have not only promised myself, but Mr Gay also, the satisfaction to hear you talk as much nonsense as you can possibly utter.

MR GAY.

You will read in the Gazette of a friend of your's, who hath lately had the dignity of being disgraced*: For he, and every body, except five

* William Pulteney, Esq; who, on the 1st of July 1731, was, by order of King George II. struck out of the list of the privy-council, and put out of all the commissions of the peace.

five or six, look upon it in the same light. I know, were you here, you would congratulate him upon it. I have no scheme at present, either to raise my fame or fortune. I daily reproach myself for my idleness. You know, one cannot write when one will. I think and reject: one day or other, perhaps, I may think on something that may engage me to write. You and I are alike in one particular, (I wish to be so in many); I mean, that we hate to write upon other folks hints. I love to have my own scheme, and to treat it in my own way. This, perhaps, may be taking too much upon myself, and I may make a bad choice; but I can always enter into a scheme of my own with more ease and pleasure, than into that of any other body, I long to see you; I long to hear from you; I wish you health; I wish you happiness; and I should be very happy myself to be witness that you enjoyed my wishes.

L E T T E R D.

TO MR. POPE.

DEAR SIR,

July 26. 1731.

I WRIT you a long letter not many days ago, which therefore did not arrive until after your last that I received yesterday, with the inclosed from me to the Q—n. You hinted something of this in a former letter: I will tell you

you sincerely how the affair stands. I never was at Mrs Barber's house in my life, except once that I chanced to pass by her shop, was desired to walk in, and went no further, nor staid three minutes. Doctor Delany hath been long her proctor; and he being many years my acquaintance, desired my good offices for her, and brought her several times to the deanry. I knew she was poetically given, and, for a woman, had a sort of genius that way. She appeared very modest and pious, and I believe was sincere, and wholly turned to poetry. I did conceive her journey to England was on the score of her trade, being a woollen-drapeer, until Doctor Delany said, she had a design of printing her poems by subscription, and desired I would befriend her: Which I did chiefly by your means. The Doctor still urging me on, upon whose request I writ to her two or three times, because she thought that my countenancing of her might be of use. Lord Carteret very much befriended her, and she seems to have made her way not ill. As for those three letters you mention, supposed all to be written by me to the Q—n, on Mrs Barber's account, especially the letter which bears my name; I can only say, that the apprehensions one may be apt to have a friend doing a foolish thing, is an effect of kindness; and God knows, who is free from playing the fool some time or other. But in such a degree, as to write to the Q—n, who hath used me ill without any cause, and to write in such a manner as the letter you sent me, and in such a style, and
to

to have so much zeal for one almost a stranger, and to make such a description of a woman, as to prefer her before all mankind, and to instance it as one of the greatest grievances of Ireland, that her Majesty hath not encouraged Mrs Barber, a woollen-draper's wife declined in the world, because she hath a knack at versifying; was to suppose, or fear, or folly so transcendent, that no man could be guilty of, who was not fit for Bedlam. You know the letter you sent inclosed is not my hand; and why I should disguise, and yet sign my name, should seem unaccountable: Especially when I am taught, and have reason to believe, that I am under the Q—n's displeasure on many accounts, and one very late, for having fixed up a stone over the burying-place of the Duke of Schomberg, in my chathedral: Which, however, I was assured by a worthy person, who solicited that affair last summer with some relations of the Duke, that her Majesty, on hearing the matter, said they ought to erect a monument. Yet I am told assuredly, that the K—g, not long ago, on the representation and complaint of the Prussian envoy, (with a hard name), who hath married a grand-daughter of the Duke, said publicly in the drawing-room, That I had put up that stone out of malice, to raise a quarrel between his Majesty and the King of Prussia*. This perhaps may be false, because it is absurd: For I thought it was a Whiggish action to honour Duke Schomberg, who was so instrumental

* See his Epitaph, Vol. IX. p. 223.

strumental in the Revolution, and was Stadtholder of Prussia, and otherwise in the service of that electorate, which is now a kingdom. You will observe the letter you sent me concluded, "Your Majesty's loyal subject," which is absolutely absurd; for we are only subjects to the King, and so is her Majesty herself. I have had the happiness to be known to you above twenty years; and I appeal, whether you have known me to exceed the common indiscretions of mankind; or that when I conceived myself to have been so very ill used by her Majesty, whom I never attended but on her own commands, I should turn solicitor to her for Mrs Barber? If the Q—n had not an inclination to think ill of me, she knows me too well to believe in her own heart that I should be such a coxcomb. I am pushed on by that unjust suspicion to give up so much of my discretion, as to write next post to my Lady Suffolk on this occasion, and to desire she will shew what I write to the Q—n; although I have as much reason to complain of her as of her Majesty, upon the score of her pride and negligence, which make her fitter to be an Irish lady than an English one. You told me she complained that I did not write to her: When I did, upon your advice, and a letter that required an answer, she wanted civility to acquit herself. I shall not be less in the favour of God, or the esteem of my friends, for either of their Majesties hard thoughts, which they only take up from misrepresentations. The first time I saw the
Q—n,

Q—n, I took occasion, upon the subject of Mr Gay, to complain of that very treatment which innocent persons often receive from princes and great ministers; that they too easily receive bad impressions; and although they are demonstrably convinced that those impressions had no grounds, yet they will never shake them off. This I said upon Sir Robert Walpole's treatment of Mr Gay about a libel, and the Q—n fell entirely in with me, yet now falls into the same error. As to the lett

* * * * *

† of accidents, and out of perfect commiseration,
 &c.

L E T T E R DI.

TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK †.

MADAM,

July 24. 1731.

I GIVE you joy of your new title, and of the consequences it may have or hath had on your rising at court, whereof I know nothing but by common fame: For you remember how I prophesied of your behaviour, when you should come to be a great lady, at the time I drew your character; and hope you have kept it. I writ

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to

† Here the paper is accidentally torn. There seems to be wanting eight small quarto lines, and concludes with those few words on the back of the page, which follow the asterisks.

‡ Occasioned by the counterfeit letter to the Queen.

to you some time ago by the advice of Mr Pope: I writ to you civilly; but you did not answer my letter, although you were not then a countess; and if you were, your neglect was so much the the worse, for your title hath not increased your value with me, and your conduct must be very good, if it will not lessen you. Neither should you have heard from me now, if it were not on a particular occasion. I find, from several instances, that I am under the Q—n's displeasure; and, as it is usual among princes, without any manner of reason. I am told there were three letters sent to her Majesty in relation to one Mrs Barber, who is now in London, and soliciting for a subscription to her poems. It seems the Q—n thinks that these letters were written by me; and I scorn to defend myself even to her Majesty, grounding my scorn upon the opinion I had of her justice, her taste, and good sense; especially when the last of those letters, whereof I have just received the original from Mr Pope, was signed with my name: And why I should disguise my hand, which you know very well, and yet write my name, is both ridiculous and unaccountable. Last post I writ my whole sentiments on the matter to Mr Pope; who tells me, that you and he vindicated me on all the three letters; which indeed was but bare justice in you both, for he is my old friend, and you are in my debt on account of the esteem I had for you. I desire you would ask the Q—n, whether,

ther, since the time I had the honour to be known to her, I ever did one single action, or said one single word to disoblige her? I never asked her for any thing: And you well know, that, when I had an intention to go to France about the time that the late K—g died, I desired your opinion, (not as you were a courtier), whether I should go or no; and that you absolutely forbid me, as a thing that would look disaffected, and for other reasons, wherein I confess I was your dupe, as well as somebody's else: And, for want of that journey, I fell sick, and was forced to return hither to my unenvied home. I hear the Q—n hath blamed me for putting a stone, with a Latin inscription, over the Duke of Schomberg's burying place in my cathedral; and that the K—g said publicly, I had done it in malice, to create a quarrel between him and the King of Prussia. But the public prints, as well as the thing itself, will vindicate me: And the hand the Duke had in the Revolution made him deserve the best monument. Neither could the King of Prussia justly take it ill, who must needs have heard that the Duke was in the service of Prussia, and Stadtholder of it, as I have seen in his tiles. The first time I saw the Q—n, I talked to her largely upon the conduct of princes and great ministers, (it was on a particular occasion), that, when they receive an ill account of any person, although they afterwards have the greatest demonstration of the falsehood, yet

will they never be reconciled: And although the Q—n fell in with me upon the hardship of such a proceeding, yet now she treats me exactly in the same manner. I have faults enough, but never was guilty of any either to her Majesty or to you: And as little to the K—g, whom I never saw, but when I had the honour to kiss his hand. I am sensible that I owe a great deal of this usage to Sir Robert Walpole; whom yet I never offended, although he was pleased to quarrel with me very unjustly *: For which I shewed not the least resentment, (whatever I might have in my heart), nor was ever a partaker with those who have been battling him for some years past. I am contented that the Q—n should see this letter; and would please to consider how severe a censure it is to believe I should write three to her, only to find fault with her ministry, and recommend Mrs Barber, whom I never knew until she was recommended to me by a worthy friend, to help her to subscribers, which by her writings I thought she deserved. Her Majesty gave me leave, and even commanded me, above five years ago, if I lived until she was Q—n, to write to her on behalf of Ireland: For the miseries of this kingdom, she appeared then to be much concerned. I desired the friend who introduced me to be a witness

* It is true, there are but two or three passages in Swift's Works that could in the least offend Sir R. W. before this period; but instantly after, even in this very year 1731, he attacks him with a good deal of severity. Vide his poems.

ness of her Majesty's promise. Yet that liberty I never took, although I had too many occasions; and is it not wonderful, that I should be suspected of writing to her in such a style, in a counterfeit hand, and my name subscribed, upon a perfect trifle, at the same time that I well knew myself to be very much out of her Majesty's good graces? I am, perhaps, not so very much awed with Majesty as others, having known courts more or less from my early youth. And I have more than once told the Q—n, that I did not regard her station half so much, as the good understanding I heard and found to be in her: Neither did I ever once see the late K—g, although her Majesty was pleased to chide me on that account, for my singularity. In this I am a good Whig, by thinking it sufficient to be a dutiful subject, without any personal regard for princes, further than as their virtues deserve; and upon that score had a most particular respect for the Q—n, your mistress. One who asks nothing may talk with freedom, and that is my case. I have not said half that was in my heart, but I will have done; and, remembering that you are a countess, will borrow so much ceremony, as to remain, with great respect,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient, and

Most humble servant.

LETTER DII.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

August 2. 1731.

I AM indebted to you, my Reverend Dean, for a letter of a very old date: The expectation of seeing you from week to week, which our friend Gay made me entertain, hindered me from writing to you a good while; and I have since deferred it by waiting an opportunity of sending my letter by a safe hand. That opportunity presents itself at last, and Mr Ecklin will put this letter into your hands.

You will hear from him, and from others, of the general state of things in this country, into which I returned, and where I am confined for my sins. If I entertained the notion, which by the way I believe to be much older than Popery, or even than Christianity, of making up an account with heaven, and demanding the balance in blifs, or paying it by good works and sufferings of my own, and by the merits and sufferings of others, I should imagine that I had expiated all the faults of my life, one way or other, since my return into England. One of the circumstances of my situation, which has afflicted me most, and which afflicts me still so, is the absolute inutility I am of to those whom I should be the best pleased to serve. Success in serving my friends would make me amends for the want
of

of it in diserving my enemies. It is intolerable to want it in both, and yet both go together generally.

I have had two or three projects on foot for making such an establishment here as might tempt you to quit Ireland. One of them would have succeeded, and would have been agreeable in every respect, if engagements to my Lady's kinsman (who did not, I suppose, deserve to be your clerk) had not prevented it. Another of them cannot take place, without the consent of those, who would rather have you a dean in Ireland, than a parish-priest in England; and who are glad to keep you where your sincere friend, my late Lord Oxford, sent you. A third was wholly in our power; but when I inquired exactly into the value, I found it less than I had believed; the distance from these parts was great; and besides all this, an unexpected and groundless dispute about the right of presentation (but still such a dispute as the law must determine) had arisen. You will please to believe, that I mention these things for no other reason than to shew you, how much those friends deserve you should make them a visit at least, who are so desirous to settle you amongst them. I hope their endeavours will not be always unsuccessful.

I received some time ago a letter from Dr Delany; and very lately Mr Pope sent me some sheets, which seem to contain the substance of two sermons of that gentleman's. The *philosophia*

phia prima is above my reach, and especially when it attempts to prove, that God has done, or does so and so, by attempting to prove, that doing so and so is essential to his attributes, or necessary to his design; and that the not doing so and so would be inconsistent with the former, or repugnant to the latter. I content myself to contemplate what I am sure he has done, and to adore him for it in humble silence. I can demonstrate, that every cavil which has been brought against the great system of the world, physical and moral, from the days of Democritus and Epicurus to this day, is absurd; but I dare not pronounce why things are made as they are, state the ends of infinite wisdom, and shew the proportion of the means*.

Dr Delany, in his letter to me, mentioned some errors in the critical parts of learning, which he hoped he had corrected, by shewing the mistakes, particularly of Sir John Marsham, on whose authority those errors were built. Whether I can be of use to him, even in this part, I know not; for having fixed my opinion long ago concerning all ancient history and chronology, by a careful examination into the first principles

* Yet this appears to have been the attempt of Mr Pope, in his Essay on Man, in which he professes to have adopted Lord Bolingbroke's principles,

"Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend;" and which Lord Bolingbroke, in a subsequent part of this very letter, says was undertaken at his instigation; approving, at the same time, of the first three books, which he had seen and considered.

ples of them, I have ever since laid that study totally aside. I confess, in the letter I writ lately to the Doctor, notwithstanding my great respect for Sir John Marsham, that his authority is often precarious, because he leans often on other authorities which are so. But to you I will confess a little more: I think, nay I know, that there is no possibility of making any system of that kind, without doing the same thing; and that the defect is in the subject, not in the writer. I have read the writings of some who differ from him, and of others who undertook particularly to refute him. It seems plain to me, that this was the case. All the materials of this sort of learning are disjointed and broken. Time has contributed to render them so, and the unfaithfulness of those who have transmitted them down to us, particularly of that vile fellow Eusebius *, has done even more than time itself. By throwing these fragments into a different order, by arbitrary interpretations, (and it is often impossible to make any others), in short, by a few plausible guesses for the connection and application of them, a man may, with tolerable ingenuity, prove almost any thing by them. I tried formerly to prove, in a learned dissertation, by the same set of authorities, that there had been four Assyrian monarchies; that there had been but three; that there had been but

* The learned bishop of Caesarea in the fourth century, in his *Chronicon*, published by Joseph Scaliger, with notes, at Leyden, in 1606, folio, and reprinted at Amsterdam, with great additions to the notes, in 1638.

but two; that there had been but one, and that there never had been any. I puzzled myself, and a much nobler man than myself, the friend to whom I lent the manuscript, and who has, I believe, kept it. In short, I am afraid that I shall not be very useful to Dr Delany, in making remarks on the work he is about. His communication of this work may be useful, and I am sure it will be agreeable to me. If you and he are still in Ireland, pray give my best services to him; but say no more than may be proper, of all I have writ to you.

I know very well the project you mean, and about what you say, that Pope and you have often teased me. I could convince you, as he is convinced, that the publication of any thing of that kind would have been wrong on many accounts, and would be so even now. Besides, call it pride if you will, I shall never make, either to the present age or to posterity, any apology for the part I acted in the late Queen's reign*. But I will apply myself very seriously to the composition of just and true relations of the events of those times, in which both I, and my friends and my enemies, must take the merit or the blame, which an authentic and impartial deduction of facts will assign to us. I will endeavour to write so as no man could write, who had not been

* This probably alludes to a tract called "Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism, &c." of which Lord Bolingbroke permitted a few copies to be taken for his particular friends, and which afterwards found its way into the world by Mr Pope's means. *Gent. Mag* Vol. XIX. p. 195, 196.

been a party in those transactions, and as few men would write, who had been concerned in them. I believe I shall go back, in considering the political interests of the principal powers in Europe, as far as the Pyrennean treaty; but I shall not begin a thread of history till the death of Charles the second of Spain, and the accession of Queen Anne to the throne of England. Nay, even from that time downwards, I shall render my relations more full, or *pui magra*, the word is father Paul's, just as I have, or have not, a stock of authentic materials. These shall regulate my work, and I will neither indulge my own vanity, nor other mens curiosity in going one step farther than they carry me. You see, my dear Swift, that I open a large field to myself; with what success I shall expatiate in it, I know as little, as I know whether I shall live to go through so great a work; but I will begin immediately, and will make it one principal business of the rest of my life. This advantage, at least, I shall reap from it, a great advantage it will be, my attention will be diverted from the present scene. I shall grieve less at those things which I cannot mend; I shall dignify my retreat; and shall wind up the labours of my life in serving the cause of truth.

You say, you could easily shew, by comparing my letters for twenty years past, how the whole system of my philosophy changes by the several graduations of life. I doubt it. As far as I am able to recollect, my way of thinking has been
uniform

uniform enough for more than twenty years. True it is, to my shame, that my way of acting has not been always conformable to my way of thinking. My own passions, and the passions and interests of other men still more, have led me aside. I launched into the deep before I had loaded ballast enough. If the ship did not sink, the cargo was thrown over-board. The storm itself threw me into port. My own opinion, my own desires, would have kept me there; the opinion, the desires of others, sent me to sea again. I did, and blamed myself for doing what others, and you among the rest, would have blamed me if I had not done. I have paid more than I owed to party, and as much at least as was due to friendship. If I go off the stage of public life, without paying all I owe to my enemies, and to the enemies of my country, I do assure you the bankruptcy is not fraudulent. I conceal none of my effects.

Does Pope talk to you of the noble work, which, at my instigation, he has begun in such a manner, that he must be convinced by this time I judged better of his talents than he did? The first epistle, which considers man, and the habitation of man, relatively to the whole system of universal being. The second, which considers him in his own habitation, in himself, and relatively to his particular system. And the third, which shews how an universal cause works to one end, but works by various laws; how man, and beast, and vegetable, are linked in a mutual dependency,

dependency, parts necessary to each other, and necessary to the whole; how human societies were formed; from what spring true religion and true policy are derived; how God has made our greatest interests and our plainest duty indivisibly the same. These three epistles, I say, are finished. The fourth he is now intent upon. It is a noble subject; he pleads the cause of God, I use Seneca's expression, against that famous charge which Atheists in all ages have brought, the supposed unequal dispensations of Providence; a charge which I cannot heartily forgive your divines for admitting*. You admit it indeed for an extreme good purpose, and you build

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* To prove that the dispensations of Providence in the present state are not unequal, is certainly very desirable; but there is reason to fear, that those who blame divines for admitting an inequality, have not succeeded in the attempt.

The philosophers, both ancient and modern, who have endeavoured to justify the ways of God to man, by proving that happiness does not consist in externals, in order to shew that his dispensations are equal, have yet placed happiness in virtue chiefly, as a principle of active benevolence.

“Happier as kinder in each due degree,

“And height of bliss, but height of charity.”

Now there seems to be an inconsistency between these two principles, of which they are not aware.

It may reasonably be asked, what virtue, as a principle of active benevolence, has to bestow? Can it bestow upon others any thing more than externals? If not, it either has not the power of communicating happiness, or happiness is to be communicated in externals. If it has not the power of communicating happiness, it
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on this admission the necessity of a future state of rewards and punishments. But what if you should find, that this future state will not account for God's justice * in the present state, which you give up, in opposition to the Atheist? Would it not have been better to defend God's justice in this world, against these daring men, by irrefragable reasons, and to have rested the other point on revelation? I do not like concessions made against demonstration, repair or supply them how you will. The epistles I have mentioned will compose a first book; the plan of the second is settled. You will not understand by what I have said, that Pope will go so deep into the argument, or carry it so far as I have hinted. You inquire so kindly after my wife, that I must tell you something of her. She has fallen upon a remedy, invented by a surgeon abroad, and which has had great success in cases similar to her's. This remedy has visibly attacked the original cause of all her complaints, and has abated in some degree, by one gentle and uniform effect, all the grievous and various symptoms. I hope, and surely with reason, that she will receive

is indeed a mere name; the subject receives nothing; the agent gives nothing. The bliss of charity is founded on a delusion; on the false supposition of a benefit communicated by externals, which externals cannot communicate. If happiness can be communicated by externals, and consequently is dependent upon them, and these externals are unequally distributed, how is the dispensation of Providence, with respect to happiness in the present state, equal?

* *i. e.* Will not reconcile the present unequal distribution to the divine justice.

ceive still greater benefit from this method of cure, which she will resume as soon as the great heat is over. If she recovers, I shall not, for her sake, abstract myself from the world more than I do at present in this place. But if she should be taken from me, I should most certainly yield to that strong desire, which I have long had, of secluding myself totally from the company and affairs of mankind; of leaving the management, even of my private affairs, to others; and of securing, by those means, for the rest of my life, an uninterrupted tenor of philosophical quiet.

I suppose you have seen some of those volumes of scurrility, which have been thrown into the world against Mr P—— and myself, and the Craftsman, which gave occasion to them. I think it is the sense of all my friends, that the person who published the *Final Answer* *, took a right turn, in a very nice and very provoking circumstance. To answer all the falsties, misrepresentations, and blunders, which a club of such scoundrels, as Arnold, Concanen, and other pensioners of the minister, crouded together, would have been equally tedious and ridiculous, and must have forced several things to be said. To have explained some points, and

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* This pamphlet was written by Lord Bolingbroke, in his own vindication, in 1731. It is intituled, 'A final Answer to the Remarks on the Craftsman's Vindication of his two honourable Patrons; and to all the Libels which have come, or may come, from the same Quarter, against the Person last mentioned in the Craftsman of the 22d of May.'

to have stopped at others, would have given strength to that impertinent suggestion, Guilt alone is silent in the day of inquiry. It was therefore right to open no part of the scene of the late Queen's reign, nor submit the passages of her administration, and the conduct of any of her ministers, to the examination of so vile a tribunal. This was still the more right, because, upon such points as relate to subsequent transactions, and as affect me singly, what the Craftsman had said, was justified unanswerably; and what the remarker had advanced, was proved to be infamously false. The effect of this paper has answered the design of it; and, which is not common, all sides agree, that the things said ought to have been said. The public writers seem to be getting back, from these personal altercations, to national affairs, much against the grain of the minister's faction. What the effect of all this writing will be, I know not; but this I know, that when all the information which can be given, is given; when all the spirit which can be raised, is raised, it is to no purpose to write any more. Even you men of this world have nothing else to do, but to let the ship drive till she is cast away, or till the storm is over. For my own part, I am neither an owner, an officer, nor a for-mast-man. I am but a passenger, said my Lord Carbury.

It is well for you that I am got to the end of my paper. for you might else have a letter as long again from me. If you answer me by the post,

post, remember, whilst you are writing, that you write by the post. Adieu, my reverend friend.

L E T T E R DIII.

Aug. 28. 1731.

YOU and the Dutcheſs uſe me very ill; for I profeſs I cannot diſtinguiſh the ſtyle or the hand-writing of either. I think her Grace writes more like you than herſelf, and that you write more like her Grace than yourſelf. I would ſwear the beginning of your letter writ by the Dutcheſs, though it is to paſs for yours; becauſe there is a curſed lie in it, that ſhe is neither young nor healthy; and beſides, it perfectly reſembles the part ſhe owns. I will likewiſe ſwear, that what I muſt ſuppoſe is written by the Dutcheſs, is your hand: and thus I am puzzled and perplexed between you; but I will go on in the innocency of my own heart. I am got eight miles from our famous metropolis, to a country parſon's, to whom I lately gave a city-living, ſuch as an Engliſh chaplain would leap at. I retired hither for the public good, having two great works in hand: one to reduce the whole politeneſs, wit, humour, and ſtyle of England into a ſhort ſyſtem, for the uſe of all perſons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour. * The other is almoſt of equal importance; I may call it the whole duty of ſervants, in about twen-

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* ‘Wagſtaff’s Dialogues of Polite Converſation,’ publiſhed in his lifetime. See Vol. X. p. 113.

ty several stations, from the steward and waiting-woman, down to the scullion and pantry-boy. †—I believe no mortal had ever such fair invitations, as to be happy in the best company of England. I wish I had liberty to print your letter with my own comments upon it. There was a fellow in Ireland, who from a shoe-boy grew to be several times one of the chief governors, wholly illiterate, and with hardly common sense. A Lord Lieutenant told the first King George, that he was the greatest subject he had in both kingdoms; and truly this character was gotten and preserved by his never appearing in England; which was the only wise thing he ever did, except purchasing 16,000 l. a year.—Why? you need not stare: it is easily applied. I must be absent, in order to preserve my credit with her Grace.—Lo here comes in the Dutchess again, (I know her by her dd's; but am a fool for discovering my art,) to defend herself against my conjecture of what she said.—Madam, I will imitate your Grace, and write to you upon the same line. I own it is a base unromantic spirit in me to suspend the honour of waiting at your Grace's feet, till I can finish a paltry law-suit. It concerns indeed almost all my whole fortune; it is equal to half Mr Pope's, and two thirds of Mr Gay's, and about six weeks rent of your Grace's. This cursed accident hath
drill'd

† An imperfect thing of this kind, called, 'Directions to servants in general,' has been published since his death. See Vol. X. p. 258

drill'd away the whole summer. But, Madam, understand one thing, that I take all your ironical civilities in a literal sense; and whenever I have the honour to attend you, shall expect them to be literally performed: though perhaps I shall find it hard to prove your hand-writing in a court of justice; but that will not be much for your credit. How miserably hath your Grace been mistaken, in thinking to avoid envy by running into exile, where it haunts you more than ever it did even at court? *Non te civitas, non regia domus in exilium miserunt, sed tu utrasque.* So says Cicero, (as your Grace knows,) or so he might have said.

I am told that the Craftsman, in one of his papers, is offended with the publishers of (I suppose) the last edition of the Dunciad; and I was asked whether you and Mr Pope were as good friends to the new-disgraced person as formerly? This I knew nothing of, but suppose it was the consequence of some mistake. As to writing, I look on you just in the prime of life for it, the very season when judgment and invention draw together. But schemes are perfectly accidental: Some will appear barren of hints and matter, but prove to be fruitful; and others the contrary: And what you say is past doubt, that every one can best find hints for himself; though it is possible, that sometimes a friend may give you a lucky one just suited to your own imagination. But all this is almost past with me: My invention and judgment are perpetually at fifty-cuffs, till

till they have quite disabled each other; and the merest trifles I ever wrote are serious philosophical lucubrations, in comparison to what I now busy myself about; as (to speak in the author's phrase) the world may one day see *.

L E T T E R D I V .

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

Drayton, Sept. 7. 1731.

TO shew how strictly I obey your orders, I came from the Dutcheſs of Dorſet's country-

* His ludicrous prediction was ſince his death, and very much to his diſhonour, ſeriously fulfilled. *Warb.*

By this deſire of *letting the world ſee* what other men of leſs wit and more diſcretion would carefully have concealed, Swift has placed himſelf open to the cenſure of his enemies, and beyond the reach of any defence from his friends. He has not only committed to the preſs a moſt deſpicable heap of writings, but has publicly recorded the loweſt amuſements of his private ſcenes of life, without having once ſuſpected, that perſons whoſe ſtations or abilities have fixed them in a conſpicuous attitude, are looked upon by the reſt of mankind with a very critical, and a very envious eye. Auguſtus, as I remember, was a little aſhamed to be diſcovered at a game of cobnuts! and even Domitian was cunning enough to withdraw into his cloſet to catch flies. Great minds, you will ſay, require to be often unbent. I allow it: but thoſe relaxations might be choſen, ſo as to make idleneſs appear in a beautiful light: and Swift would have forfeited a leſs degree of fame by playing many years at Juſhpin, (the records of which he could not have printed,) than by compoſing various kinds of nonſenſe, which, by his own option, have been honoured with a place in his works. *Orrery.*

try-house to my own, where I have rid and walked as often as the weather permitted me. Nor am I very nice in that; for, if you remember, I was not bred up very tenderly, nor a fine lady; for which I acknowledge myself exceedingly obliged to my parents: for had I that sort of education, I should not have been so easy and happy as, I thank God, I now am. As to the gout, indeed, I do derive it from my ancestors; but I may forgive even that, since it waited upon me no sooner; and especially since I see my elder and two younger brothers so terribly plagued with it; so that I am now the only wine-drinker in my family; and upon my word, I am not increased in that since you first knew me.

I am sorry you are involved in law-suits; it is the thing on earth I most fear. I wish you had met with as complaisant an adversary as I did; for my Lord Peterborow plagued Sir John * all his lifetime, but declared, if ever he gave the estate to me, he would have done with it; and accordingly has kept his word like an honourable man. I hope I shall soon hear of the Duke and Dutchess of Dorset's safe landing; and I do not question the people of Ireland's liking them as well as they deserve. I desire no better for them; for if you don't spoil him there, which I think he has too good sense to let happen, he is the most worthy, honest, good-natured, great-soul'd man that ever was born. As to the Dutchess, she is so reserved, that perhaps she may

* Husband to Lady B——G——.

may not be at first so much admired; but, upon knowledge, I will defy any body upon earth, with sense, judgment, and good nature, not only not to admire her, but must love and esteem her as much as I do, and every one else does, that is really acquainted with her. You know him a little; so, for his own sake, you must like him: and till you are better acquainted with them both, I hope you will like them for mine. Your friend Biddy † is just the same as she was; laughs sedately, and makes a joke slyly. And I am, as I ever was, and hope I ever shall be, your most sincere friend, and faithful humble servant,
B——G——.

L E T T E R DV.

Sept. 10. 1731.

IF your ramble was on horseback, I am glad of it on account of your health; but I know your arts of patching up a journey between stage-coaches and friends coaches: for you are as arrant a cockney as any hosier in Cheapside. One clean shirt with two cravats, and as many handkerchiefs, make up your equipage: And as for a night-gown it is clear from Homer, that Agamemnon rose without one. I have often had it in my head to put it into your's, that you ought to have some great work in scheme, which may take up seven years to finish, besides two or three

† Miss Biddy Floyd.

three under-ones, that may add another 1000l. to your stock; and then I shall be in less pain about you. I know you can find dinners; but you love twelve-penny coaches too well, without considering that the interest of a whole 1000l. brings you but half-a-crown a-day. I find a greater longing than ever to come amongst you: And reason good, when I am teased with dukes and dutchesses for a visit, all my demands complied with, and all excuses cut off. You remember, "O happy Don Quixote! queens held his horse, and dutchesses pulled off his armour," or something to that purpose. He was a mean-spirited-fellow; I can say ten times more, O happy, &c. such a dutchess was designed to attend him, and such a duke invited him to command his palace. *Nam istos reges ceteros memorare nolo, hominum mendicabula.* Go read your Plautus and observe Strobilus vapouring after he had found the pot of gold.—I will have nothing to do with that lady: I have long hated her on your account, and the more because you are so forgiving as not to hate her: However, she has good qualities enough to make her esteemed; but not one grain of feeling. I only wish she were a fool.—I have been several months writing near five hundred lines on a pleasant subject, only to tell what my friends and enemies will say of me after I am dead*. I shall finish it soon; for I add two lines every week, and blot

* This has been published, and is amongst the best of his poems. See Vol. VIII. p. 226.

blot out four, and alter eight. I have brought in you and my other friends, as well as enemies and detractors.—It is a great comfort to see how corruption and ill conduct are instrumental in uniting virtuous persons and lovers of their country of all denominations; Whig and Tory, High and Low Church, as soon as they are left to think freely, all joining in opinion. If this be disaffection, pray God send me always among the disaffected! and I heartily wish you joy of your scurvy treatment at court, which hath given you leisure to cultivate both public and private virtue, neither of them likely to be soon met with within the walls of St James's or Westminster.—But I must here dismiss you, that I may pay my acknowledgments to the Duke for the great honour he hath done me.

MY LORD,

I could have sworn that my pride would be always able to preserve me from vanity; of which I have been in great danger to be guilty for some months past, first by the conduct of my Lady Dutchess, and now by that of your Grace, which had like to finish the work. And I should have certainly gone about shewing my letters, under the charge of secrecy, to every blab of my acquaintance, if I could have the least hope of prevailing on any of them to believe, that a man in so obscure a corner, quite thrown out of the present world, and within a few steps of the next, should receive such condescending invitations,
from

from two such persons, to whom he is an utter stranger, and who know no more of him than what they have heard by the partial representations of a friend. But in the mean time, I must desire your Grace not to flatter yourself, that I waited for your consent to accept the invitation. I must be ignorant indeed, not to know, that the Dutchess, ever since you met, hath been most politically employed in increasing those forces, and sharpening those arms, with which she subdued you at first, and to which the braver and the wiser you grow, you will more and more submit. Thus I knew myself on the secure side; and it was a mere piece of good manners to insert that clause, of which you have taken the advantage. But as I cannot forbear informing your Grace, that the Dutchess's great secret in her art of government hath been to reduce both your wills into one; so I am content, in due observance to the forms of the world, to return my most humble thanks to your Grace, for so great a favour as you are pleased to offer me, and which nothing but impossibilities shall prevent me from receiving; since I am, with the greatest reason, truth, and respect, my Lord, your Grace's most obedient, &c.

MADAM,

I have consulted all the learned in occult sciences of my acquaintance, and have sat up eleven nights to discover the meaning of these two hieroglyphical lines in your Grace's hand, at the

bottom of the last Amesbury letter; but all in vain. Only it is agreed that the language is Coptic; and a very profound Behmist assures me the style is poetic, containing an invitation from a very great person of the female sex, to a strange kind of a man whom she never saw: And this is all I can find; which, after so many former invitations, will ever confirm me in that respect wherewith I am, Madam, your Grace's most obedient, &c.

L E T T E R DVI.

THE COUNTESS OF ——— TO DR SWIFT*.

SIR, *Hampton-Court, Sept. 25. 1731.*

YOU think you have a natural right to abuse me because I am a woman, and a courtier. I have taken it as a woman, and as a courtier ought, with great resentment, and a determined resolution of revenge. The number of letters that have been sent and thought by many to be your's, (and thank God they were all silly ones), has been a fair field to execute it. Think of my joy to hear you suspected of folly; think

* Three letters recommending Mrs Barber, the wife of a tradesman in Ireland who had failed, to the Queen, in order to forward a subscription for some poems, were forged in the Dean's name, and sent to her Majesty. The Dean wrote an account of the fraud, and a justification of himself, to the Countess of S——, in a letter, to which this is an answer. See one of the counterfeit letters, of the Dean's to Lady S——, in the volumes just published by Mr Dean Swift.

think of my pleasure when I entered the list for your justification! Indeed I was a little disconcerted to find Mr Pope took the same side; for I would have had the man of wit, the dignified divine, the Irish Drapier, to have found no friend but the silly woman and the courtier. Could I have preserved myself alone in the list, I should not have despaired that this monitor of princes, this Irish patriot, this excellent man of speech and pen, should have closed the scene under suspicion of having a violent passion for Mrs Barber and Lady M—or: Mrs Haywood * has writ the progress of it. Now, to my mortification, I find every body inclined to think you had no hand in writing those letters; but I every day thank Providence that there is an epitaph in St Patrick's cathedral † that will be a lasting monument of your imprudence. I cherish this extremely; for, say what you can to justify it, I am convinced I shall as easily argue the world into the belief of a courtier's sincerity, as you (with all your wit and eloquence) will be able to convince mankind of the prudence of that action. I expect to hear if peace shall ensue, or war continue between us. If I know but little of the art of war, you see I do not want courage; and that has made many an ignorant soldier fight successfully. Besides, I have a numerous body of light-armed troops to bring into the field,

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who,

* Mrs Haywood, a well-known writer of scandal in novels.

† On the duke of Schomberg. See the letter to which this is an answer.

who, when single, may be as inconsiderable as a Lilliputian, yet ten thousand of them embarrassed Captain Gulliver. If you send honourable articles, they shall be signed. I insist that you own that you have been unjust to me; for I have never forgot you; for I have made others send my compliments, because I was not able to write myself. If I cannot justify the advice I gave you, from the success of it, I gave you my reasons for it: and it was your business to have judged of my capacity, by the solidity of my arguments. If the principle was false, you ought not to have acted upon it. So you have been only the dupe of your own ill judgment, and not my falsehood. Am I to send back the crown and the plaid, well packed up, in my own character, and continue very truly and very much your humble servant,

————— ?

LETTER DVII.

Dublin, Oct. 3. 1731.

I USUALLY write to friends after a pause of a few weeks, that I may not interrupt them in better company, better thoughts, and better diversions. I believe I have told you of a great man, who said to me, that he never once in his life received a good letter from Ireland: For which there are reasons enough, without affronting our understandings; for there is not one person

son of this country, who regards any events that pass here, unless he hath an estate or employment.—I cannot tell that you or I ever gave the least provocation to the present ministry, much less to the court; and yet I am ten times more out of favour than you. For my own part, I do not see the policy of opening common letters, directed to persons generally known; for a man's understanding would be very weak to convey secrets by the post, if he knew any; which I declare I do not: And besides, I think the world is already so well informed by plain events, that I question whether the ministers have any secrets at all. Neither would I be under any apprehension if a letter should be sent me full of treason; because I cannot hinder people from writing what they please, nor sending it to me; and although it should be discovered to have been opened before it came to my hand, I would only burn it, and think no further. I approve the scheme you have to grow somewhat richer, though I agree you will meet with discouragements; and it is reasonable you should, considering what kind of pens are at this time only employed and encouraged. For you must allow that the bad painter was in the right, who, having painted a cock, drove away all the cocks and hens, and even the chickens, for fear those who passed by his shop might make a comparison with his work. And I will say one thing in spite of the post-officers, that since wit and learning began to be made use of in our kingdoms, they were never professedly

thrown aside, contemned, and punished, till within your own memory ; nor dulness and ignorance ever so openly encouraged and promoted. In answer to what you say of my living among you, if I could do it to my ease ; perhaps you have heard of a scheme for an exchange in Berkshire proposed by two of our friends ; but, besides the difficulty of adjusting certain circumstances, it would not answer. I am at a time of life that seeks ease and independence ; you will hear my reasons when you see those friends ; and I concluded them with saying, that I would rather be a freeman among slaves, than a slave among freemen. The dignity of my present station damps the pertness of inferior puppies and 'squires, which, without plenty and ease on your side the channel, would break my heart in a month.

MADAM,

See what it is to live where I do. I am utterly ignorant of that same Strado del Poe ; and yet, if that author be against lending or giving money, I cannot but think him a good courtier ; which I am sure your Grace is not, no not so much as to be a maid of honour. For I am certainly informed, that you are neither a free-thinker, nor can sell bargains ; that you can neither spell, nor talk, nor write, nor think like a courtier ; that you pretend to be respected for qualities, which have been out of fashion ever since you were almost in your cradle ; that your
contempt

contempt for a fine petticoat is an infallible mark of disaffection; which is further confirmed by your ill taste for wit, in preferring two old-fashioned poets before Duck or Cibber. Besides, you spell in such a manner as no court-lady can read, and write in such an old-fashioned style as none of them can understand.—You need not be in pain about Mr Gay's stock of health. I promise you he will spend it all upon laziness, and run deep in debt by a winter's repose in town; therefore I intreat your Grace will order him to move his chops less, and his legs more the six cold months, else he will spend all his money in physic and coach-hire. I am in much perplexity about your Grace's declaration, of the manner in which you dispose what you call your love and respect, which you say are not paid to merit; but to your own humour. Now, Madam, my misfortune is, that I have nothing to plead but abundance of merit; and there goes an ugly observation, that the humour of ladies is apt to change. Now, Madam, if I should go to Amesbury, with a great load of merit, and your Grace happen to be out of humour, and will not purchase my merchandise at the price of your respect, the goods may be damaged, and no body else will take them off my hands. Besides, you have declared Mr Gay to hold the first part, and I but the second; which is hard treatment, since I shall be the newest acquaintance by some years; and I will appeal to the rest of your sex, whether such an innovation ought to be allowed. I shall
be

be ready to say in the common form, that I was much obliged to the lady who wished she could give me the best living, &c. if I did not vehemently suspect it was the very same lady who spoke many things to me in the same style; and also with regard to the gentleman at your elbow when you writ, whose dupe he was, as well as of her waiting-woman: But they were both arrant knaves, as I told him, and a third friend, though they will not believe it to this day. I desire to present my most humble respects to my Lord Duke; and with my heartiest prayer for the prosperity of the whole family, remain your Grace's, &c.

L E T T E R DVIII.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

Nov. 4. 1731.

I BELIEVE in my conscience, that though you had answered mine before, the second was nevertheless welcome. So much for your top-script, not postscript; and in very sincere earnest I heartily thank you for remembering me so often. Since I came out of the country, my riding days are over; for I never was for your Hyde-Park courses, although my courage serves me very well at a hand-gallop in the country for six or seven miles, with one horseman, and a ragged lad, a labourer's boy, that is to be clothed when
he

he can run fast enough to keep up with my horse, who has yet only proved his dexterity by escaping from school. But my courage fails me for riding in town, where I should have the happiness to meet with plenty of your very pretty fellows, that manage their own horses to show their art; or that think a postilion's cap, with a white frock, the most becoming dress. These and their grooms I am most bitterly afraid of; because you must know, if my complaisant friend, your Presbyterian house-keeper *, can remember any thing like such days with me, that is a very good reason for me to remember that time is past; and your toupees would rejoice to see a horse throw an ancient gentlewoman.

I am sorry to hear you are no wiser in Ireland than we English; for our birth-day was as fine as hands could make us; but I question much whether we all paid ready money. I mightily approve of my Dutchess's being dressed in your manufacture †; if your ladies will follow her example in all things, they cannot do amiss. And I dare say you will soon find, that the more you know of them both, the better you will like them; or else Ireland has strangely depraved your taste, and that my own vanity will not let me believe, since you will flatter me.

Why

* Probably Mrs Whiteway, whom Swift humourously called Mrs Alba Via.

† The Dutchess also appeared at the castle in Dublin, wholly clad in the manufactures of Ireland, on his Majesty's birth-day in 1753, when the Duke was a second time Lord Lieutenant.

Why do yo tantalize me? Let me see you in England again if you dare; and chuse your residence, summer or winter, St James's Square, or Drayton, I defy you in all shapes; be it Dean of St Patrick's governing England or Ireland, or politician Drapier. But my choice should be the parson in Lady Betty's chamber. Make haste then, if you have a mind to oblige your ever sincere and hearty old friend.

L E T T E R D I X.

MR GAY, AND THE DUKE OF ————,
TO DR SWIFT.

Nov. 8. 1731.

FOR about this month, or six weeks past, I have been rambling from home, or have been at what I may not improperly call other homes, at Dawley and at Twickenham; and I really think, at every one of my homes, you have as good a pretension as myself. For I find them all exceedingly disappointed by the law-suit that hath kept you this summer from us. Mr Pope told me that affair was now over, that you have the estate which was your security; I wish you had your own money; for I wish you free from every engagement that keeps us from one another. I think you decyphered the last letter we sent you very judiciously. You may make your own conditions at Amesbury, where I am at present; you may

may do the same at Dawly; and Twickenham, you know, is your own. But if you rather chuse to live with me, (that is to say, if you will give up your right and title), I will purchase the house you and I used to dispute about over-against Ham walks, on purpose to entertain you. Name your day, and it shall be done. I have lived with you, and I wish to do so again in any place, and upon any terms. The Dutchess does not know of my writing; but I promised to acquaint the Duke the next time I wrote to you, and for aught I know he may tell the Dutchess, and she may tell Sir William Wyndham, who is now here; and for fear they should all have something to say to you, I leave the rest of the paper till I see the Duke.

THE DUKE.

Mr Gay tells me, you seem to doubt what authority my wife and he have to invite a person hither, who, by agreement, is to have the government of the place during his stay; when at the same time it does not appear, that the present master of these demesnes hath been consulted in it. The truth of the matter is this: I did not know whether you might not have suspected me for a sort of a pert coxcomb, had I put in my word in the late correspondence between you and my wife. Ladies (by the courtesy of the world) enjoy privileges not allowed to men; and in many cases the same thing is called a favour from a lady, which perhaps would be looked upon as impertinence

impertinence from a man. Upon this reflection, have hither to refrained from writing to you, having never had the pleasure of conversing with you otherwise; and as that is a thing I most sincerely wish, I would not venture to meddle in a negociation that seemed to be in so fair a way of producing that desirable end. But our friend John has not done me justice, if he has never mentioned to you how much I wish for the pleasure of seeing you here; and though I have not till now avowedly taken any steps towards bringing it about, what has passed conducive to it, has been all along with my privity and consent; and I do now formally ratify all the preliminary articles and conditions agreed to on the part of my wife, and will undertake for the due observance of them. I depend upon my friend John to answer for my sincerity. I was not long at court. I have been a country-gentleman for some time.

*Poll manus sub linus darque dds five nig ig gnipite
gnaros.*

LETTER DX.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

Dec. 1. 1731.

YOU used to complain that Mr Pope and I would not let you speak; you may now be even with me, and take it out in writing. If
you

you do not send to me now and then, the post-office will think me of no consequence, for I have no correspondent but you. You may keep as far from us as you please: You cannot be forgotten by those who ever knew you; and therefore please me, by sometimes shewing that I am not forgot by you. I have nothing to take me off from my friendship to you. I seek no new acquaintance, and court no favour; I spend no shillings in coaches or chairs, to levees or great visits; and, as I do not want the assistance of some that I formerly conversed with, I will not so much as seem to seek to be a dependent. As to my studies, I have not been entirely idle, though I cannot say that I have yet perfected any thing. What I have done is something in the way of those fables I have already published. All the money I get is by saving, so that by habit there may be some hopes (if I grow richer) of my becoming a miser. All misers have their excuses; the motive to my parsimony is independence. If I were to be represented by the Dutchess (she is such a downright niggard for me), this character might not be allowed me; but I really think I am covetous enough for any who lives at the court-end of the town, and who is as poor as myself: for I do not pretend that I am equally saving with S—k. Mr. Lewis desired you might be told that he hath five pounds of yours in his hands, which he fancies you may have forgot; for he will hardly allow that a verse-man can have a just knowledge of his own

affairs. When you got rid of your law-suit, I was in hopes that you had got your own, and was free from every vexation of the law; but Mr Pope tells me you are not entirely out of your perplexity, though you have the security now in your own possession. But still your case is not so bad as Captain Gulliver's, who was ruined by having a decree for him with costs. I have had an injunction for me against pirating book-sellers; which I am sure to get nothing by, and will, I fear, in the end drain me of some money. When I began this prosecution, I fancied there would be some end of it; but the law still goes on; and it is probable I shall some time or other see an attorney's bill as long as the book. Poor Duke Disney is dead, and hath left what he had among his friends; among whom are Lord Bolingbroke 500 l.; Mr. Pelham 500 l.; Sir William Wyndham's youngest son 500 l.; Gen. Hill 500 l.; lord Massam's son 500 l.

You have the good wishes of those I converse with. They know they gratify me, when they remember you; but I really think they do it purely for your own sake. I am satisfied with the love and friendship of good men, and envy not the demerits of those who are most conspicuously distinguished. Therefore as I set a just value upon your friendship, you cannot please me more, than by letting me now and then know that you remember me; the only satisfaction of distant friends!

P. S. Mr

P. S. Mr Gay's is a good letter, mine will be a very dull one; and yet what you will think the worst of it, is what should be its excuse, that I write in a head-ach that has lasted three days. I am never ill but I think of your ailments, and repine that they mutually hinder our being together: though in one point I am apt to differ from you; for you shun your friends when you are in those circumstances, and I desire them; your way is the more generous, mine the more tender. Lady —— took your letter very kindly; for I had prepared her to expect no answer under a twelvemonth; but kindness perhaps is a word not applicable to courtiers. However, she is an extraordinary woman there, who will do you common justice. For God's sake, why all this scruple about Lord B——'s keeping your horses, who has a park; or about my keeping you on a pint of wine a-day? We are infinitely richer than you imagine. John Gay shall help me to entertain you, though you come like King Lear with fifty knights.——Though such prospects as I wish cannot now be formed, for fixing you with us, time may provide better before you part again. The old Lord may die, the benifice may drop, or, at worst, you may carry me into Ireland. You will see a work of Lord B——'s, and one of mine; which, with a just neglect of the present age, consult only posterity; and, with a noble scorn of politics, aspire to philosophy. I am glad you resolve to meddle no more with the low concerns and interests of parties, even of coun-

tries, (for countries are but larger parties.) *Quid verum atque decens, curare, et rogare, nostrum sit.* I am much pleased with your design upon Rochefoucault's maxim; pray finish it*. I am happy whenever you join our names together. So would Dr Arbuthnott be: But at this time he can be pleased with nothing; for his darling son is dying in all probability, by the melancholy account I received this morning.

The paper you ask me about is of little value. might have been a seasonable satire upon the scandalous language and passion with which men of condition have stooped to treat one another. Surely they sacrifice too much to the people, when they sacrifice their own characters, families, &c. to the diversion of that rabble of readers. I agree with you in my contempt of most popularity, fame, &c. Even as a writer I am cool in it; and whenever you see what I am now writing, you will be convinced I would please but a few, and if I could, make mankind less admirers, and greater reasoners†. I study much more to render my own portion of being easy, and to keep this peevish frame of the human body in good humour. Infirmities have not quite unman-
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* The poem on his own death, formed upon a maxim of Rochefoucault; it is one of the best of his performances, but very characteristic. *Warb.* Vol. IX. p. 266.

† The poem he means is the Essay on Man. But this point he could never gain. His reader would *admire* his poetry in spite of him, and would not understand his *reasoning* after all his pains. *Warb.*

ed me; and it will delight you to hear they are not increased, though not diminished. I thank God, I do not very much want people to attend me, though my mother now cannot. When I am sick, I lie down; when I am better, I rise up: I am used to the head-ach, &c. If greater pains arrive, (such as my late rheumatism), the servants bathe and plaister me, or the surgeon scarifies me; and I bear it, because I must. This is the evil of nature, not of fortune. I am just now as well as when you was here: I pray God you were no worse. I sincerely wish my life were past near you; and, such as it is, I would not repine at it.—All you mention remember you, and wish you here.

L E T T E R DXI.

MR. ROBERT ARBUTHNOTT MERCHANT,
TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Rouen, Jan. 2. 1732.

I HAVE flattered myself these many years, that vapours or company would have brought you over seas to Spaw, or to some such place, and that you would have taken Paris in your way; and so I should have had the pleasure of seeing you in some place of my own. I wonder much that a person of so much good humour can let yourself grow old, or die without seeing some other country than your own. I am not quite so wicked as to wish you any real illness to

G g 3

bring

bring you to us, though I should not be sorry that you thought you had need of the change of air. I wish you a happy new-year, and many more; and (whatever interest I have against it) good health, and prosperity, and every thing that I can wish to one that I much honour and esteem.

I recommend to your friendship and acquaintance the bearer, Mr. Delamere. His brother, now dead, has been with you in Ireland: and this gentleman deserves from me all the kindness my friends can shew him. Adieu, dear Sir. If I can serve you in any thing command me always, for I am with great esteem your most humble and most obedient servant,

ROB. ARBUTHNOTT.

LETTER DXII.

DR ARBUTHNOTT TO DR SWIFT.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Lond. Jan. 13. 1732.*

I HAD the pleasure of receiving one from you by Mr ———*. I thank you for the opportunity it gave me of being acquainted with a very agreeable ingenious man. I value him very much for his music, which you give yourself an air of contemning; and I think I treated him in that way to a degree of surprise.

I

* Probably the Reverend Mr. Pilkington, who came over to be chaplain to Allerman Barber, when Lord Mayor of London.

I have had but a melancholy sorrowful life for some time past, having lost my dear child, whose life, if it had so pleased God, I would willingly have redeemed with my own. I thank God for a new lesson of submission to his will, and likewise for what he hath left me.

We have all had another loss of our worthy and dear friend Mr Gay *. It was some alleviation of my grief to see him so universally lamented by almost every body, even by those who knew him only by reputation. He was interred at Westminster-Abbey, as if he had been a peer of the realm; and the good Duke of Queensberry, who lamented him as a brother, will set up a handsome monument upon him. These are little affronts put upon vice and injustice, and it is all that remains in our power. I believe the Beggar's Opera, and what he had to come upon the stage, will make the sum of the diversions of the town for some time to come. Curll (who is one of the new terrors of death) has been writing letters to every body for memoirs of his life. I was for sending him some, particularly an account of his disgrace at court, which I am sure might have been made entertaining: by which I should have attained two ends at once, published truth, and got a rascal whipped for it. I was over-ruled in this. I wish you had been here, though I think you are in a better country. I fancy to myself, that you have some virtue and honour left, some small regard
for

* He died December the 4th, 1732.

for religion. Perhaps Christianity may last with you at least twenty or thirty years longer. You have no companies or stock-jobbing, are yet free of excises; you are not insulted in your poverty, and told with a sneer, that you are a rich and a thriving nation. Every man, that takes neither place nor pension, is not deemed with you a rogue, and an enemy to his country.

Your friends of my acquaintance are in tolerable good health. Mr Pope has his usual complaints of head-ach and indigestion, I think, more than formerly. He really leads sometimes a very irregular life, that is, lives with people of superior health and strength. You will see some new things of his, equal to any of his former productions. He has affixed to the new edition of his *Dunciad*, a royal declaration against the haberdashers of points and particles, assuming the title of critics and restorers, wherein he declares that he has revised carefully this his *Dunciad*, beginning and ending so and so, consisting of so many lines, and declares this edition to be the true reading; and it is signed by John Barber, *Major civitatis Londini*.

I remember you, with your friends, who are my neighbours: they all long to see you. As for news, there is nothing here talked of but the new scheme of excise. You may remember that a ministry in the Queen's time, possessed of her Majesty, the parliament, army, fleet, treasury, confederates, &c. put all to the test, by an experiment of a silly project of the trial of a
poor

poor parson *. The same game, in my mind, is playing over again, from a wantonness of power.

Miraberis quam pauca sapientia mundus regitur.

I have considered the grievance of your wine: the friend that designed you good wine was abused by an agent that he intrusted this affair to. It was not this gentleman's brother, whose name is Delamere, to whom shew what friendship you can.

My neighbour the prose-man is wiser, and more cowardly and despairing than ever. He talks me into a fit of vapours twice or thrice a-week. I dream at night of a chain, and rowing in the gallies. But, thank God, he has not taken from me the freedom I have been accustomed to in my discourse, (even with the greatest persons to whom I have access), in defending the cause of liberty, virtue, and religion: for the last, I have the satisfaction of suffering some share of the ignominy that belonged to the first confessors. This has been my lot from a steady resolution I have taken of giving these ignorant impudent fellows battle upon all occasions. My family send you their best wishes, and a happy new-year; and none can do it more heartily than myself, who am, with the most sincere respect, your most faithful humble servant.

LETTER

* Sacheverel.

LETTER DXIII.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

Feb. 8. 1732.

I RECEIVED your's of the 8th of January but last week, so find it has lain long on the road after the date. It was brought me whilst at dinner, that very lady sitting close to me, whom you seem to think such an absolute courtier *. She knew your hand, and inquired much after you, as she always does; but I, finding her name frequently mentioned, not with that kindness I am sure she deserves, put it into my pocket with silence and surprise. Indeed, were it in peoples power that live in a court with the appearance of favour, to do all they desire for their friends, they might deserve their anger, and be blamed, when it does not happen right to their minds; but that, I believe, never was the case of any one; and in this particular of Mr Gay, thus far I know, and so far I will answer for, that she was under very great concern, that nothing better could be got for him: The friendship upon all other occasions in her own power, that she shewed him, did not look like a double-dealer.

As to that part concerning yourself and her, I suppose it is my want of comprehension, that I cannot find out why she was to blame to give you

* The Countess of S——.

you advice, when you asked it, that had all the appearance of sincerity, good-nature, and right judgment. And if, after that, the court did not do what you wanted, and she both believed and wished they would, was it her fault? At least, I cannot find out that you have hitherto proved it upon her. And though you say you lamented the hour you had seen her, yet I cannot tell how to suppose that your good sense and justice can impute any thing to her; because it did not fall out just as she endeavoured, and hoped it would.

As to your creed in politics, I will heartily and sincerely subscribe to it,—That I detest avarice in courts; corruption in ministers; schisms in religion; illiterate fawning betrayers of the church in mitres. But at the same time, I prodigiously want an infallible judge, to determine when it is really so: For as I have lived longer in the world, and seen many changes, I know those out of power and place always see the faults of those in; with dreadful large spectacles; and I dare say, you know many instances of it in Lord Oxford's time. But the strongest in my memory is Sir R——— W———, being first pulled to pieces in the year 1720, because the South-Sea did not rise high enough; and since that, he has been to the full as well banged about, because it did rise too high. So experience has taught me, how wrong, unjust, and senseless party-factions are; therefore I am determined never wholly to believe any side of party

ty against the other : And to shew that I will not, as my friends are in and out of all sides, so my house receives them all together ; and those people meet here, that have, and would fight in any other place. Those of them that have great and good qualities and virtues I love and admire ; in which number is Lady —— ; and I do like and love her, because I believe, and as far as I am capable of judging, know her to be a wise, discreet, honest, and sincere courtier, who will promise no farther than she can perform, and will always perform what she does promise : So now you have my creed as to her *.

I thought I had told you in my last, at least I am sure I designed it, that I desire you would do just as you like about the monument ; and then it will be most undoubtedly approved by your most sincere and faithful servant.

L E T T E R DXIV.

THE DUTCHESS OF —— TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Feb. 21. 1732.

SOON after the death of our friend Mr Gay, I found myself more inclined to write to you, than to allow myself any other entertainment. But considering that might draw you in-
to

* This spirited defence of Lady ——, against a man of Swift's ability and disposition, does Lady B. G. more honour than she would have deserved by writing the best satire against all the courts and courtiers in the world.

to a correspondence, that most likely might be disagreeable, I left off all thoughts of this kind, till Mr Pope shewed me your letter to him, which encourages me to hope we may converse together as usual: By which advantage, I will not despair to obtain in reality some of those good qualities, you say, I *seem* to have. I am conscious of only one, that is, being an apt scholar; and if I have any good in me, I certainly learned it insensibly of our poor friend, as children do any strange language. It is not possible to imagine the loss his death is to me; but as long as I have any memory, the happiness of ever having had such a friend can never be lost to me.

As to himself, he knew the world too well to regret leaving it; and the world in general knew him too little to value him as they ought. I think it my duty to my friend, to do him the justice, to assure you, he had a most perfect and sincere regard for you. I have learned a good deal of his way of thinking on your account; so that if at any time you have any commands in this part of the world, you will do me a pleasure to employ me, as you would him: And I shall wish it could ever be in my power to serve you in any thing essential. The Duke of ——

meant to write, if I had not, concerning your money-affairs. We both thought of it, as soon as we could of any thing; and if you will only write word what you would have done with it, great care shall be taken, according to your order. I differ with you extremely, that you are

in any likelihood of dying poor or friendless : The world can never grow so worthless. I again differ with you, that it is possible to comfort one's self for the loss of friends, as one does upon the loss of money. I think I could live on very little, nor think myself poor, or be thought so, but a little friendship could never satisfy one ; and I could never expect to find such another support as my poor friend. In almost every thing, but friends, another of the same name may do as well ; but friend is more than a name, if it be any thing.

Your letter touched me extremely ; it gave me a melancholy pleasure. I feel much more than you wrote, and more than, I hope, you will continue to feel. As you can give Mr Pope good advice, pray practise it yourself. As you cannot lengthen your friend's days, I must beg you, in your own words, not to shorten your own : For I do full well know by experience, that health and happiness depend on good spirits. Mr Pope is better in both this year, than I have seen him a good while. This you'll believe, unless he has told you what he tells me, that I am his greatest flatterer. I hope that news has not reached you ; for nothing is more pleasant than to believe what one wishes. I wish to be your friend ; I wish you to be mine ; I wish you may not be tired with this ; I wish to hear from you soon ; and all this in order to be my own flatterer. I will believe.—I never write my name.—I hope you have no aversion to blots.

Since

Since I wrote this, the Duke of ——— bids me tell you, that if you have occasion for the money, you need only draw upon him, and he will pay the money to your order. He will take care to have the account of interest settled and made up to you. He will take this upon himself, that you may have no trouble in this affair.

L E T T E R DXV.

DR SWIFT TO THE DUTCHESS OF ———.

MADAM,

March 20. 1732.

I HAD lately the honour of a letter from your Grace, which was dated just a month before it came to my hand, and the ten days since I have been much disordered with a giddiness that I have been long subject to at uncertain times. This hindered me from an acknowledgement of the great favour you have done me. The greatest unhappiness of my life is grown a comfort under the death of my friend *, I mean, my banishment in this miserable country; for the distance I am at, and the despair I have of ever seeing my friends, further than by a summer's visit: and this, so late in my life, so uncertain in my health, and so embroiled in my little affairs, may probably never happen; so that my loss is not so great as that of his other friends, who had it always in their power to converse with him. But I chiefly lament your Grace's misfor-

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tune,

* Mr Gay.

tune, because I greatly fear, with all the virtues and perfections which can possibly acquire the highest veneration to a mortal creature from the worthiest of human kind, you will never be able to procure another so useful, so sincere, so virtuous, so disinterested, so entertaining, so easy, and so humble a friend, as that person whose death all good men lament. I turn to your letter, and find your Grace hath the same thoughts. Loss of friends hath been called a tax upon long life, and, what is worse, it is then too late to get others, if they were to be had, for the younger ones are all engaged. I shall never differ from you in any thing longer, than till you declare your opinion; because I never knew you wrong in any thing, except your condescending to have any regard for me; and therefore all you say upon the subject of friendship, I heartily allow. But I doubt you are a perverter; for sure I was never capable of comparing the loss of friends with the loss of money. I think we never lament the death of a friend upon his own account, but merely on account of his friends, or the public, or both; and his, for a person in private life, was as great as possible. How finely you preach to us who are going out of the world, to keep our spirits, without informing us where we shall find materials! Yet I have my flatterers too, who tell me, I am allowed to have retained more spirits than hundreds of others who are richer, younger, and healthier than myself, which, considering a thousand mortifications,

added

added to the perfect ill-will of every creature in power, I take to be a high point of merit, as well as an implicit obedience to your Grace's commands. Neither are those spirits (such as they be) in the least broken by the honour of lying under the same circumstances with a certain great person, whom I shall not name, of being in disgrace at court. I will excuse your blots upon paper, because they are the only blots that you ever did, or ever will make in the whole course of your life. I am content, upon your petition, to receive the Duke and your Grace for my stewards for that immense sum; and, in proper time, I may come to thank you, as a king does the commons, for your loyal benevolence. In the mean while, I humbly intreat your Grace, that the money may lie where you please, till I presume to trouble you with a bill, as my Lord Duke allows me.

One thing I find, that you are grown very touchy since I lost the dear friend who was my supporter; so that perhaps you may expect I shall be very careful how I offend you in words, wherein you will be much mistaken; for I shall become ten times worse after correction. It seems Mr Pope, like a treacherous gentleman, shewed you my letter, wherein I mention good qualities that you *seem* to have. You have understroaked that offensive word, to shew it should be printed in *Italic*. What could I say more? I never saw your person since you were a girl, except once in the dark (to give you a bull of this country) in a walk next the Mall. Your letters

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may

may possibly be false copies of your mind ; and the universal, almost idolatrous esteem you have forced from every person in the two kingdoms, who have the least regard for virtue, may have been only procured by a peculiar art of your own, I mean that of bribing all wise and good men to be your flatterers. My literal mistakes are worse than your blots. I am subject to them by a sort of infirmity wherein I have few-fellow sufferers : I mean, that my heart runs before my pen, which it will ever do in a great degree, as long as I am a servant to your Grace, I mean to the last hour of my life and senses. I am with the greatest respect, and utmost gratitude, Madam, your Grace's most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant.

I desire to present my most humble respects and thanks to my Lord Duke of ———. For a man of my level, I have as bad a name almost as I desire ; and pray God that those who give it me may never have reason to give me a better.

LETTER DXVI.

LORD C—— TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

March 13. 1732.

I HAD the favour of your letter of the 19th of February. A gentleman left it at my door. I have not heard from him since, though he said he would call again, and who he is I don't know.

know. I shewed it to my wife and Lady Wor-
fley, who will not fail to obey your commands,
and tease me, if I could be forgetful of your or-
ders, to attend the cause of the city of Dublin
when it comes into the house. I know by ex-
perience, how much that city thinks itself under
your protection, and how strictly they used to
obey all orders fulminated from the sovereignty
of St Patrick's. I never doubted their compli-
ance with you in so trivial a point as a recorder*.
You can give any one law and capacity in half
an hour; and if by chance a rake should get
those faculties any other way, you can make the
worthy citizens believe he has them not; and you
can sustain any machine in a furred gown.

I thank you for the letter by Mr Pilkington †.
I have seen him twice at a great entertainment
at my Lord Mayor's, where you was the first
toast. I like the young man very well, and he
has great obligations to you, of which he seems
sensible.

I hope Dr Delaney is well, and that you see
one another often, and then the Doctor won't
have leisure to pursue his dissertations ‡, or to
answer the reverend prelate on your side, who I
hear

* Mr Stanard was about this time chosen recorder of
this city of Dublin, chiefly at the recommendation of
Dr Swift.

† Husband of the celebrated Mrs Letitia Pilkington.
Alderman Barber was this year Lord Mayor, and having
complimented the Dean with the nomination of his
chaplain, the Dean nominated Mr Pilkington.

‡ 'Revelation examined with Candour'.

hear has answered him. As I have not read the dissertations, so I shall not read the answer; which I hope, without offence, I may suppose to be your case. If so, I hope you will endeavour to keep me well with the Doctor, who took it a little unkindly of me, that I would shut my eyes to such revelation so demonstrated. I have a great esteem for him, to which nothing that he can write upon those subjects can make any addition; and therefore, I would run no risks as to altering my opinion of him by reading his books.

That health and prosperity may attend you, is my sincere wish; and I intreat you to believe that I am, with great truth, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant.

The whole family of my ladies send their compliments.

L E T T E R DXVII.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

[*Received April 12. 1732.*]

I HOPE this unlucky accident of hurting your leg will not prevent your coming to us this spring, though you say nothing about it. All your friends expect it, and particularly my landlord and landlady, who are my friends as much as ever; and I should not think them so, if they were not as much your's. The Downs of Amesbury

bury are so smooth, that neither horse or man can hardly make a wrong step, so that you may take your exercise with us with greater security. If you prevail with the Dutchess to ride and walk with you, you will do her good; but that is a motive I could never prevail with her to comply with. I wish you would try whether your oratory could get over this difficulty. General Dormer, Sir Clement Cotterell, and I, set out to-morrow morning for Rousham, in Oxfordshire, to stay ten days or a fortnight. The Dutchess will undertake to recommend the Lord of her acquaintance to attend Mr Ryves his cause, if it should come on before our return: The Duke will do the same. Her Grace too hath undertaken to answer your letter. I have not disposed of your South-Sea bonds; there is a year's interest due at Lady-day. Were I to dispose of them at present, I should lose a great deal of the premium I paid for them: Perhaps they may fall lower, but I cannot prevail with myself to sell them. The rogueries that have been discovered in some other companies, I believe, makes them to have less credit. I find myself dispirited, for want of having some pursuit. Indolence and idleness are the most tiresome things in the world. I begin to find a dislike to society. I think I ought to try to break myself of it, but I cannot resolve to set about it. I have left off almost all my great acquaintance, which saves me something in chair-hire, though in that article the town is still very expensive.

expensive. Those who were your old acquaintance, are almost the only people I visit; and indeed, upon trying all, I like them best. Lord Cornbury refused the pension that was offered him; he is chosen to represent the university of Oxford, (in the room of Mr Bromley,) without opposition. I know him, and I think he deserves it. He is a young nobleman of learning and morals, which is so particular, that I know you will respect and value him; and, to my great comfort, he lives in our family. Mr Pope is in town, and in good health. I lately passed a week with him at Twickenham. I must leave the rest to the Dutchess; for I must pack up my shirts, to set out to-morrow, the 14th of March, the day after I received your letter. If you would advise the Dutchess to confine me four hours a day to my own room, while I am in the country, I will write; for I cannot confine myself as I ought.

L E T T E R DXVIII.

DR SWIFT TO MR GAY.

Dublin, May 4. 1732.

I AM now as lame as when you writ your letter, and almost as lame as your letter itself, for want of that limb from my Lady Dutchess which you promised, and without which I wonder how it could limp hither. I am not in a
condition

condition to make a true step even on Amesbury Downs; and I declare, that a corporeal false step is worse than a political one; nay, worse than a thousand political ones; for which I appeal to courts and ministers, who hobble on and prosper, without the sense of feeling. To talk of riding and walking, is insulting me; for I can as soon fly as do either. It is your pride or laziness, more than chair-hire, that makes the town expensive. No honour is lost by walking in the dark, and in the day, you may beckon a black-guard-boy under a gate, near your visiting place, (*experto crede*), save eleven-pence, and get half-a-crown's worth of health. The worst of my present misfortune is, that I eat and drink, and can digest neither for want of exercise; and to increase my misery, the knaves are sure to find me at home, and make huge void spaces in my cellars. I congratulate with you, for losing your great acquaintance. In such a case, philosophy teaches, that we must submit, and be content with good ones. I like Lord Cornbury's refusing his pension; but I demur at his being elected for Oxford; which I conceive is wholly changed and entirely devoted to new principles; so it appeared to me the two last times I was there.

I find, by the whole cast of your letter, that you are as giddy and as volatile as ever; just the reverse of Mr Pope, who hath always loved a domestic life from his youth. I was going to wish you had some little place that you could call your own;

own; but I profess I do not know you well enough to contrive any one system of life that would please you. You pretend to preach up riding and walking to the Dutchess; yet, from my knowledge of you after twenty years, you always joined a violent desire of perpetually shifting places and company, with a rooted laziness, and an utter impatience of fatigue. A coach and six horses is the utmost exercise you can bear, and this only when you can fill it with such company as is best suited to your taste; and how glad would you be, if it could waft you in the air to avoid jolting? while I, who am so much later in life, can, or at least could, ride 500 miles on a trotting horse. You mortally hate writing, only because it is the thing you chiefly ought to do; as well to keep up the vogue you have in the world, as to make you easy in your fortune. You are merciful to every thing but money, your best friend, whom you treat with inhumanity. Be assured I will hire people to watch all your motions, and to return me a faithful account. Tell me, have you cured your absence of mind? Can you attend to trifles? Can you at Amelbury write domestic libels to divert the family, and neighbouring 'squires for five miles round? or venture so far on horseback, without apprehending a stumble at every step? Can you set the footmen a-laughing as they wait at dinner? and do the Dutchess's women admire your wit? In what esteem are you with the vicar of the parish? Can you play with him at back-gammon?

gammon? Have the farmers found out, that you cannot distinguish rye from barley, or an oak from a crab-tree? You are sensible that I know the full extent of your country-skill is in fishing for roaches, or gudgeons at the highest.

I love to do you good offices with your friends; and therefore desire you will shew this letter to the Dutcheſs, to improve her Grace's good opinion of your qualifications, and convince her how useful you are like to be in the family. Her Grace shall have the honour of my correspondence again when she goes to Amesbury. Hear a piece of Irish news. I buried the famous General Meredyth's father last night in my cathedral; he was ninety-six years old: So that Mrs Pope may live seven years longer. You saw Mr Pope in health; pray is he generally more healthy than when I was amongst you? I would know how your own health is, and how much wine you drink in a day. My stint in company is a pint at noon, and half as much at night; but I often dine at home like a hermit, and then I drink little or none at all. Yet I differ from you; for I would have society, if I could get what I like, people of middle understanding, and middle rank. Adieu.

LETTER DXIX.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT

London, May 13. 1732.

I AM sorry my writing should inconvenience your eyes; but I fear it is rather my style, than my ink, that is so hard to be read: However, if I do not forget myself, I will enlarge my hand to give you the less trouble. Their Graces are at last arrived in perfect health, in spite of all their perils and dangers, though I must own, they were so long in their voyage, that they gave me an exceeding heart-ach; and if that would be any hindrance, they shall never have my consent to go back to Ireland, but remain here, and be only king of Knowle and Drayton*; and I do not think it would be worse for him, either in person or pocket. I dare say he won't need a remembrancer's office for any thing you have spoke to him about; but however I will not fail in the part you have set me.

I find you want a strict account of me, how I pass my time. But first, I thank you for the nine hours out of the twenty-four you allowed me for sleeping; one or two of them, I do willingly present you back again. As to quadrille, though I am, generally speaking, a constant attendant on it every day, yet I will most thankfully

* Knowle, a fine old seat of the Duke of Dorset's near Seven Oaks, in Kent. Drayton, see letter DIV.

fully submit to your allowance of time; for when complaisance draws me on farther, it is with great yawnings, and a vast expence of my breath, in asking, Who plays? Who is called? And, what is trumps? If you can recollect any thing of my former way of life, such as it was, so it is. I never loved to have my hands idle; they were either full of work or had a book; but as neither sort was the best, or most useful, so you will find forty years have done no more good to my head, than they have to my face. Your old friend Biddy * is much your humble servant, and could she get rid of her cough, her spleen would do her and her friend no harm: for she loves a fly sedate joke, as well as ever you knew her do. The Duke and Dutchess are just come in, who both present their service to you, and will take it as a favour if you will bestow any of your time that you can spare upon † Lord George.

Adieu, for the Dutchess, the Countess of S——, Mr Charden, and I, are going to quadrille.

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LETTER

* Mrs Biddy Floyd.

† Lord George Sackville was at this time a student in the university of Dublin.

LETTER DXX.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, May 19. 1732.

TO-MORROW we set out for Amesbury, where I propose to follow your advice, of employing myself about some work against next winter. You seemed not to approve of my writing more fables. Those I am now writing, have a prefatory discourse before each of them, by way of epistle, and the morals of them; most are of the political kind, which makes them run into a greater length than those I have already published. I have already finished fifteen or sixteen; four or five more would make a volume of the same size as the first. Though this is a kind of writing that appears very easy, I find it is the most difficult of any that I ever undertook. After I have invented one fable, and finished it, I despair of finding out another; but I have a moral or two, which I wish to write upon. I have also a sort of scheme to raise my finances by doing something for the stage: with this, and some reading, and a great deal of exercise, I propose to pass my summer. I am sorry it must be without you. Why can't you come and faunter about the Downs a-horseback, in the autumn, to mark the partridges for me to shoot for your dinner? Yesterday I received your letter, and, notwithstanding your reproaches
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of laziness, I was four or five hours about business, and did not spend a shilling in a coach or chair. I received a year's interest on your two bonds, which is 8 l. I have four of my own. I have deposited all of them in the hands of Mr Hoare, to receive the half year's interest at Michaelmas. The premium of the bonds is fallen a great deal since I bought your's. I gave very near 6 l. on each bond, and they are now sold for about 50s. Every thing is very precarious, and I have no opinion of any of their public securities; but I believe, the parliament next year intend to examine the South-sea scheme. I do not know whether it will be prudent to trust our money there till that time. I did what I could to assist Mr Ryves: and I am very glad that he hath found justice. Lord Bathurst spoke for him, and was very zealous in bringing on his cause. The Dutches intended to write in my last letter, but she set out all on a sudden to take care of Lord Drumlanrig *, who was taken ill of the small-pox at Winchester school. He is now perfectly well recovered, (for he had a favourable kind) to the great joy of our family. I think she ought, as she intends, to renew her correspondence with you at Amesbury. I was at Dawley on Sunday. Lady Bolingbroke continues in a very bad state of health, but still retains her spirits. You are always remembered there with great respect and friendship. Mrs Pope is so worn out with old age, but without

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• Her son.

any distemper, that I look upon her life as very uncertain. Mr Pope's state of health is much in the same way as when you left him. As for myself, I am often troubled with the cholic. I have as much inattention, and have, I think, lower spirits than usual, which I impute to my having no one pursuit in life. I have many compliments to make you from the Duke and Dutchess, and Lords Bolingbroke, Bathurst, Sir William Wyndham, Mr Pulteney, Dr Arbuthnot, Mr Lewis, &c. Every one of them is disappointed in your not coming among us. I have not seen Dean Berkeley, but have read his book †, and like many parts of it; but in general think, with you, that it is too speculative, at least for me. Dr Delaney I have very seldom seen; he did not do me the honour to advise with me about any thing he hath published ‡. I like your thoughts upon this sort of writing, and I should have advised him, as you did, though I have lost his good opinion. I write in very great haste; for I have many things to do before I go out of town. Pray make me as happy as you can, and let

† "Alciphron: Or, The Minute Philosopher." Printed at London, in 1732, in two volumes 8vo.

‡ He published at London, in this year 1732, in two vols. 8vo, "Revelation examined with Candour: Or, a Fair Inquiry into the Sense and Use of the several Revelations expressly declared, or sufficiently implied, to be delivered to Mankind from the Creation, as they were found in the Bible. By a professed Friend to an honest Freedom of Thought in religious Inquiries."

let me hear from you often. But I am still in hopes to see you, and will expect a summons one day or other to come to Bristol, in order to be your guide to Amesbury.

L E T T E R DXXI.

TO MR POPE.

Dublin, June 12. 1732.

I DOUBT habit hath little power to reconcile us with sickness attended by pain. With me the lowness of spirits hath a most unhappy effect: I am grown less patient with solitude, and harder to be pleased with company, which I could formerly better digest, when I could be easier without it than at present. As to sending you any thing that I have written since I left you, (either verse or prose), I can only say, that I have ordered by my will, that all my papers of any kind shall be delivered you to dispose of as you please. I have several things that I have had schemes to finish, or to attempt; but I very foolishly put off the trouble, as sinners do their repentance: For I grow every day more averse from writing, which is very natural; and when I take a pen, saying to myself a thousand times, *non est tanti*. As to those papers of four or five years past, that you are pleased to require soon, they consist of little accidental things writ in the country;

country; family-amusements, never intended further than to divert ourselves and some neighbours; or some effects of anger or public grievances here, which would be insignificant out of this kingdom. Two or three of us had a fancy three years ago to write a weekly paper, and called it an *Intelligencer*. But it continued not long; for the whole volume (it was reprinted in London, and I find you have seen it) was the work only of two, myself and Dr Sheridan. If we could have got some ingenious young man to have been the manager, who should have published all that might be sent to him, it might have continued longer, for there were hints enough. But the printer here * could not afford such a young man one farthing for his trouble, the sale being so small, and the price one half-penny; and so it dropt. In the volume you saw, (to answer your questions,) the 1st, 3d, 5th, 7th, were mine. Of the 8th, I writ only the verses, (very uncorrect, but against a fellow we all hated); the 9th mine; the 10th only the verses, and of those not the four last slovenly lines. The 15th is a pamphlet of mine, printed before with Dr Sh—'s preface, merely for laziness not to disappoint the town; and so was the 19th, which contains only a parcel of facts relating purely to the miseries of Ireland, and wholly useless and unentertaining†. As to other things of mine since I left you; there are, in prose, a View of the

* John Harding.

† See Vol. III. p. 384. note on the *Intelligencer*, No. I.

the State of Ireland ; a Project for Eating Children ; and a Defence of Lord Carteret : In verse, a Libel on Dr D— and Lord Carteret ; a Letter to Dr D— on the libels writ against him ; the Barrack, (a stolen copy) ; the Lady's Journal ; the Lady's Dressing-room, (a stolen copy) ; the Place of the Damned, (a stolen copy). All these have been printed in London. (I forgot to tell you, that the tale of Sir Ralph was sent from England). Besides these, there are five or six (perhaps more) papers of verses writ in the north ; but perfectly family things, two or three of which may be tolerable ; the rest but indifferent, and the humour only local, and some that would give offence to the times. Such as they are, I will bring them, tolerable or bad, if I recover this lameness, and live long enough to see you either here or there. I forget again to tell you, that the scheme of paying debts by a tax on vices, is not one syllable mine, but of a young clergyman whom I countenance. He told me it was built upon a passage in Gulliver, where a projector hath something upon the same thought : This young man is the most hopeful we have : A book of his poems was printed in London ; Dr D— is one of his patrons : He is married, and has children, and makes up about 100l. a year, on which he lives decently. The utmost stretch of his ambition is, to gather up as much superfluous money as will give him a sight of you, and half an hour of your presence ; after which he

he will return home in full satisfaction, and in proper time die in peace.

My poetical fountain is drained ; and I profess I grow gradually so dry, that a rhyme with me is almost as hard to find as a guinea ; and even prose speculations tire me almost as much. Yet I have a thing in prose, begun above twenty-eight years ago, and almost finished. It will make a four-shilling volume ; and is such a perfection of folly, that you shall never hear of it till it is printed, and then you shall be left to guess *. Nay, I have another † of the same age, which will require a long time to perfect, and is worse than the former, in which I will serve you the same way. I heard lately from Mr —, who promises to be less lazy in order to mend his fortune. But women who live by their beauty, and men by their wit, are seldom provident enough to consider, that both wit and beauty will go off with years, and there is no living upon the credit of what is past.

I am in great concern to hear of my Lady Bolingbroke's ill health returned upon her ; and, I doubt, my Lord will find Dawley too solitary without her. In that, neither he nor you are companions young enough for me ; and I believe the best part of the reason why men are said to grow children when they are old, is, because they cannot entertain themselves with thinking ; which is the very case of little boys and girls, who

* Polite Conversation, Vol. X. p. 113.

† Directions to Servants, Vol. X. p. 260.

who love to be noisy among their play-fellows. I am told Mrs Pope is without pain ; and I have not heard of a more gentle decay, without uneasiness to herself or friends ; yet I cannot but pity you, who are ten times the greater sufferer, by having the person you most love, so long before you, and dying daily ; and I pray God it may not affect your mind or your health.

L E T T E R DXXII.

LADY CATHARINE JONES TO DR SWIFT.

June 15. 1732.

THE return of my humble thanks to Mr Dean by the date it bears, looks more like a slumber of gratitude, than the quick sense of that rare virtue which I owe to you, Sir, for the trouble you have so willingly undertaken, in executing what I so much desired ; since the manner you have done it in, answers my wishes in every respect. The proposal you made, I acquainted my sister Kildare, and niece Fanny Coningsby with ; for, being but one part of the family, I cannot act farther than they will consent, which is, that they will settle twenty shillings *per* year, that you may never be liable to any more trouble upon the same occasion.

I need not inform you, Mr Dean, that the world teaches us, that relations and friends look like two different species : And though I have
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the honour to be allied to my Lord Burlington, yet since the death of my good father and his, the notice he takes of me, is as if I was a separated blood; or else I am vain enough to say, we are sprung from one ancestor, whose ashes keep up a greater lustre than those who are not reduced to them.

I cannot conclude without saying, that, were I worthy in any way to have the pleasure of seeing Dean Swift, I do not know any passion, even envy would not make innocent, in my ambition of seeing the author of so much wit and judicious writing, as I have had the advantage of. Your most humble and obliged servant,

CATHARINE JONES.

Your opinion of Mr French is just, and his due.

L E T T E R DXXIII.

Dublin, July 10. 1732.

I HAD your letter by Mr Ryves a long time after the date, for I suppose he staid long in the way. I am glad you determine upon something. There is no writing I esteem more than fables, nor any thing so difficult to succeed in; which however you have done excellently well; and I have often admired your happiness in such a kind of performance, which I have frequently endeavoured at in vain. I remember I acted as you seem to hint. I found a moral first, and
studied

studied for a fable; but could do nothing that pleased me, and so left off that scheme for ever. I remember one, which was, to represent what scoundrels rise in armies by a long war; wherein I supposed the lion was engaged, and having lost all his animals of worth, at last Serjeant Hog came to be a Brigadier, and Corporal Ass a Colonel, &c. I agree with you likewise about getting something by the stage; which, when it succeeds, is the best crop for poetry in England. But pray take some new scheme, quite different from any thing you have already touched. The present humour of the players, who hardly (as I was told in London) regard any new play, and your present situation at the court, are the difficulties to be overcome; but those circumstances may have altered (at least the former) since I left you. My scheme was, to pass a month at Amesbury, and then go to Twickenham, and live a winter between that and Dawley, and sometimes at Risks; without going to London, where I now can have no occasional lodgings. But I am not yet in any condition for such removals. I would fain have you get enough against you grow old, to have two or three servants about you, and a convenient house. It is hard to want those *subsidia senectuti*, when a man grows hard to please, and few people care whether he be pleased or no. I have a large house; yet I should hardly prevail to find one visitor, if I were not able to hire him with a bottle of wine; so that when I am not

abroad on horseback, I generally dine alone, and am thankful if a friend will pass the evening with me. I am now with the remainder of my pint before me; and so here's your health, — and the second and chief is to my Tunbridge acquaintance, my Lady Dutchess. — And I tell you; that I fear my Lord Bolingbroke and Mr Pope, a couple of philosophers, would starve me; for even of port wine I should require half a pint a-day, and as much at night: And you were growing as bad, unless your Duke and Dutchess have mended you. Your cholic is owing to intemperance of the philosophical kind: You eat without care; and if you think less than I, you drink too little. But your inattention I cannot pardon, because I imagined the cause was removed; for I thought it lay in your forty millions of Schemes, by court-hopes and court-fears. Yet Mr Pope has the same defect, and it is of all others the most mortal to conversation; neither is my Lord Bolingbroke untinged with it: All for want of my rule, *Vive la bagatelle!* But the Doctor is the king of inattention. What a vexatious life should I lead among you? If the Dutchess be a *revenue*, I will never come to Amesbury; or if I do, I will run away from you both, to one of her women, and the steward and chaplain.

MADAM,

I mentioned something to Mr Gay of a Tunbridge acquaintance, whom we forget of course when

when we return to town; and yet I am assured, that if they meet again next summer, they have a better title to resume their commerce. Thus I look on my right of corresponding with your Grace to be better established upon your return to Amesbury; and I shall at this time descend to forget, or at least suspend my resentments of your neglect all the time you were in London. I still keep in my heart, that Mr Gay had no sooner turned his back, than you left the place in his letter void which he had commanded you to fill; though your guilt confounded you so far, that you wanted presence of mind to blot out the last line, where that command stared you in the face. But it is my misfortune to quarrel with all my acquaintance, and always come by the worst: and fortune is ever against me; but never so much as by pursuing me out of mere partiality to your Grace, for which you are to answer. By your connivance she hath pleased, by one stumble on the stairs, to give me a lameness that six months have not been able perfectly to cure; and thus I am prevented from revenging myself, by continuing a month at Amesbury, and breeding confusion in your Grace's family. No disappointment through my whole life hath been so vexatious by many degrees; and God knows whether I shall ever live to see the invisible lady to whom I was obliged for so many favours, and whom I never beheld since she was a brat in hanging sleeves. I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect and gratitude,

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Madam,

Madam, your Grace's most obedient and most humble, &c.

L E T T E R DXXIV.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

July 18. 1732.

I WRITE this letter in hopes that Pope, a man scattered in the world (according to the French phrase) willsoon procure me an opportunity of conveying it safely to you, my Reverend Dean. For my own part, half this wicked nation might go to you, or half your nation might come to us, and the whole migration be over before I knew any thing of the matter. My letter will concern neither affairs of state, nor of party; and yet I would not have it fall into the hands of our ministers: It might pass in their excellent noddles for a piece of a plot against themselves, if not against the state, or, at least, it might furnish them with an opportunity of doing an ill-natured, and disappointing a good-natured thing; which being a pleasure to the malicious and the base, I should be sorry to give it on any occasion, and especially on this, to the *par nobile fratrum**.

After this preamble, I proceed to tell you, that there is in my neighbourhood, in Berkshire, a clergyman, one Talbot, related to the Solicitor-general, and protected by him. This man has
now

* 'Sir Robert Walpole, and his brother Horace.'

now the living of Burfield*, which the late Bishop of Durham held before, and, for aught I know, after he was Bishop of Oxford. The living is worth 400 l. *per annum*, over and above a curate paid, as Mr Correy, a gentleman who does my business in that country, and who is a very grave authority, assures me. The parsonage-house is extremely good, the place pleasant, and the air excellent, the distance from London a little day's journey, and from hence (give me leave to think this circumstance of some importance to you) not much above half a day's, even for you who are not a great jockey. Mr Talbot has many reasons, which make him desirous to settle in Ireland for the rest of his life, and has been looking out for a change of preferment some time. As soon as I heard this, I employed one to know whether he continued in the same mind, and to tell him, that an advantageous exchange might be offered him, if he could engage his kinsman to make it practicable at court. He answered for his own acceptance, and his kinsman's endeavours. I employed next some friends to secure my Lord Dorset, who very frankly declared himself ready to serve you in any thing, and in this, if you desired it. But he mentioned a thing, at the same time, wholly unknown to me, which is, that your deanry is not in the nomination of the crown, but in the election of the chapter. This may render our affair perhaps more easy, more hard I think it cannot be; but, in all cases,

K k 3 it

* 'A rectory in Berkshire.'

it requires other measures to be taken. One of these, I believe, must be to prepare Dr Hoadley, Bishop of Salisbury, if that be possible, to prepare his brother the Archbishop of Dublin. The light in which the proposition must be represented to him, and to our ministers, (if it be made to them), is this, that though they gratify you, they gratify you in a thing advantageous to themselves, and silly in you to ask. I suppose it will not be hard to persuade them, that it is better for them you should be a private parish-priest in an English county, than a dean in the metropolis of Ireland, where they know, because they have felt, your authority and influence. At least, this topic is a plausible one for those who speak to them, to insist upon, and coming out of a Whig's mouth may have weight. Sure I am, they will be easily persuaded, that quitting power for ease, and a greater for a less revenue, is a foolish bargain, which they should by consequence help you to make.

You see now the state of this whole affair, and you will judge better than I am able to do, of the means to be employed on your side of the water: as to those on this, nothing shall be neglected. Find some secure way of conveying your thoughts and your commands to me; for my friend has a right to command me arbitrarily, which no man else upon earth has. Or rather, dispose of affairs so as to come hither immediately. You intended to come some time ago. You speak, in a letter Pope has just now received from

from you, as if you still had in view to make this journey before winter. Make it in the summer, and the sooner the better. To talk of being able to ride with stirrups, is trifling: Get on Pegasus, bestride the hippogryph, or mount the white nag in the Revelations. To be serious; come any how, and put neither delay nor humour in a matter which requires dispatch and management. Though I have room, I will not say one word to you about Berkeley's* or Delany's books †. Some part of the former is hard to be understood; none of the latter is to be read. I propose, however, to reconcile you to metaphysics, by shewing how they may be employed against metaphysicians; and that whenever you do not understand them, nobody else does, no not those who write them.

I know you are inquisitive about the health of the poor woman who inhabits this place: it is tolerable, better than it has been in some years. Come and see her; you shall be nursed, fondled, and humoured. She desires you to accept this assurance, with her humble service. Your horses shall be grazed in summer, and fothered in winter; and you and your man shall have meat, drink, and lodging. Washing I cannot afford, Mr Dean, for I am grown saving. Thanks to your sermon about frugality.

L E T T E R

* 'Alciphron: Or, The Minute Philosopher.'

† 'Revelation examined with Candour.'

LETTER DXXV.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

Drayton, July 19. 1732.

I BELIEVE you won't wonder at my long silence, when I tell you that Mrs Floyd* came ill here, but that she kept very much to herself; and ever since she has been here, till within these two or three days, I have had no hopes of her life. You may easily guess what I must have suffered for a so long tried, prudent, useful, agreeable companion and friend. And God knows, she is now excessively weak, and mends but slowly: However, I have now great hopes, and am very good at believing what I heartily wish. As I dare say, you will be concerned for her, you may want to know her illness, but that is more than I can tell you. She has fancied herself in a consumption a great while: But though she has had the most dreadful cough I ever heard in my life, all the doctors said it was not that; but none of them did say what it was. The doctor here, who is an extraordinary good one, (but lives fourteen long miles off), has lately been left ten thousand pounds, and now hates his business; he says it is a sharp humour that falls upon her nerves, sometimes on her stomach and bowels; and indeed what he has given her, has, to appearance, had much better effect than the millions of things she has been forced to take.

After

* Mrs Biddy Floyd.

After this, you will not expect I should have followed your orders, and ride, for I have scarcely walked; although I dare not be very much in her room, because she constrained herself to hide her illness from me.

The Duke and Dutcheſs of Dorſet have not been here yet, but I am in hopes they will ſoon. I don't know whether you remember Mrs Crowther and Mrs Acourt: They and Mr Parſode are my company; but as I love my houſe full, I expect more ſtill. My Lady — talks of making me a ſhort viſit. I have been ſo full of Mrs Floyd, that I had like to have forgot to tell you, that I am ſuch a dunderhead, that I really do not know what my ſiſter Pen's age was, but I think ſhe could not be above twelve years old. She was the next to me, but whether two or three years younger I have forgot; and what is more ridiculous, I do not exactly know my own, for my mother and nurſe uſed to differ upon that notable point. And I am willing to be a young lady ſtill, ſo will not allow myſelf to be more than forty-eight next birth-day; but if I make my letter any longer, perhaps you will wiſh I never had been born. So adieu, dear Dean.

LETTER

LETTER DXXVI.

MR GAY AND THE DUTCHESS OF ——— TO
DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Amesbury, July 24. 1732.

AS the circumstances of our money-affairs are altered, I think myself obliged to acquaint you with them as soon as I can; which if I had not received your letter last post, I should have done now. I left your two South-sea bonds, and four of my own, in Mr Hoare's hands, when I came out of town, that he might receive the interest for us when due; or if you should want your money, that you might receive it upon your order. Since I came out of town, the South-sea Company have come to a resolution to pay off 50 *per cent.* of their bonds, with the interest of the 50 *per cent.* to Michaelmas next. So that there is now half of our fortunes in Mr Hoare's hands at present without any interest going on. As you seem to be inclined to have your money remitted to Ireland, I will not lay out the sum that is paid into his hands in any other thing, till I have your orders. I cannot tell what to do with my own. I believe I shall see Mr Hoare in this country very soon; for he hath an house not above six miles from us, and I intend to advise with him; though, in the present situation of affairs, I expect to be left to take my own way. The remaining 50 *per cent.* were it to be
fold

fold at present, bears a premium. I do not know whether I write intelligibly upon the subject. I cannot send you the particulars of your account, though I know I am in debt to you for interest, besides your principal; and you will understand so much of what I intend to inform you, that half of your money is now in Mr Hoare's hands, without any interest. So, since I cannot send you the particulars of your account, I will now say no more about it.

I shall finish the work I intended this summer; but I look upon the success in every respect to be precarious. You judge very right of my present situation, that I cannot propose to succeed by favour; and I don't think, if I could flatter myself that I had any degree of merit, much could be expected from that unfashionable pretension.

I have almost done every thing I proposed in in the way of fables; but have not set the last hand to them. Though they will not amount to half the number, I believe they will make much such another volume as the last. I find it the most difficult task I ever undertook; but have determined to go through with it; and after this, I believe I shall never have courage enough to think any more in this way. Last post I had a letter from Mr Pope, who informs me, he hath heard from you, and that he is preparing some scattered things of your's and his for the press. I believe I shall not see him till the winter; for, by riding and walking, I am endeavouring to lay in a stock of health, to squander
in

in the town. You see, in this respect, my scheme is very like the country-gentlemen in regard to their revenues. As to my eating and drinking, I live as when you knew me ; so that in that point we shall agree very well in living together ; and the Dutchess will answer for me, that I am cured of inattention ; for I never forget any thing she says to me.

The Dutchess here takes up the rest of the line.

For he never hears what I say, so cannot forget. If I served him the same way, I should not care a farthing ever to be better acquainted with my Tunbridge acquaintance, whom, by my attention to him, I have learned to set my heart upon. I began to give over all hopes, and from thence began my neglect. I think this a very philosophical reason, though there might be another given. When fine ladies are in London, it is very genteel and allowable to forget their best friends ; which, if I thought modestly of myself, must needs be you, because you know little of me. Till you do more, pray don't persuade Mr Gay, that he is discreet enough to live alone ; for I do assure you he is not, nor I either. We are of great use to one another ; for we never flatter nor contradict, but when it is absolutely necessary, and then we do it to some purpose ; particularly the first agrees mightily with our constitutions. If ever we quarrel, it will be about a piece of bread and butter ; for some body is never sick, except he eats too much. He
will

will not quarrel with you for a glass or so; for by that means he hopes to gulp down some of that forty millions of Schemes that hindered him from being good company. I would fain see you here, there is so fair a chance that one of us must be pleased, perhaps both, you with an old acquaintance, and I with a new one: It is so well worth taking a journey for, that if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. But before either of our journies are settled, I desire you would resolve me one question, whether a man, who thinks himself well where he is, should look out of his house and servants before 'tis convenient, before he grows old, or before a person, with whom he lives, pulls him out by the sleeve in private, (according to oath), and tells him, they have enough of his company? He will not let me write one word more, but that I have a very great regard for you, &c.

The Duke is very much your's, and will never leave you to your wine *. Many thanks for your drum.——I wish to receive your congratulations for the other boy, you may believe

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* When the Dean was with Mr Pope at Twickenham, he used to desert them soon after supper, with, "Well, gentlemen, I leave you to your wine."

LETTER DXXVII.

MRS CÆSAR * TO DR SWIFT.

August 6. 1732.

PERMIT me to congratulate you upon the return of Mrs Barber, with thanks for pleasures enjoyed in her company; for had she not come recommended by the Dean of St Patrick's, likely I had passed by her unheeded, being apt to follow a good author, in shunning those of my own coat. But hold; I must look if it runs not from corner to corner, which I more fear than length. For Pope says, 'Though sometimes he finds too many letters in my words, never too many words in my letters. So, with Mr Cæsar's and my best wishes, thou worthy, witty, honest Dean, farewell.

M. ADELMAR CÆSAR.

LETTER DXXVIII.

LADY WORSLEY * TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

August 6. 1732.

I FLATTER myself, that if you had received my last letter, you would have favoured me with

* Wife to the treasurer of the navy during Lord Oxford's administration, in the reign of Queen Anne.

* Frances Lady Worsley, wife of Sir Robert Worsley, Bart. and mother of Lady Carteret, wife of John Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville.

with an answer; therefore I take it for granted it is lost.

I was so proud of your commands, and so fearful of being supplanted by my daughter, that I went to work immediately, that her box might not keep her in your remembrance, whilst there was nothing to put you in mind of an old friend and humble servant. But Mrs Barber's long stay here (who promised me to convey it to you) has made me appear very negligent. I doubt not but you think me unworthy of the share you once told me I had in your heart. What if I am a great-grand-mother, I can still distinguish your merit from all the rest of the world; but it is not consistent with your good breeding to put me in mind of it; therefore I am determined not to use my interest with Sir Robert for a living in the Isle of Wight, though nothing else could reconcile me to the place. But if I could make you Archbishop of Canterbury, I should forget my resentments for sake of the flock, who very much want a careful shepherd. Are we to have the honour of seeing you or not? I have fresh hopes given me; but I dare not please myself too much with them, lest I should be again disappointed. If I had it as much in my power as my inclination to serve Mrs Barber, she should not be kept thus long attending; but I hope her next voyage may prove more successful. She is just come in, and tells me you have sprained your foot, which will prevent your journey till the next summer; but assure yourself the Bath is the only infallible cure for such an accident.

If you have any regard remaining for me, you'll shew it by taking my advice ; if not, I'll endeavour to forget you, if I can. But till that doubt is cleared, I am, as much as ever, the Dean's obedient humble servant,

F. WORSELEY

L E T T E R DXXIX.

Dublin, Aug. 12. 1732.

I KNOW not what to say to the account of your Stewardship, and it is monstrous to me, that the South-sea should pay half their debts at one clap. But I will send for the money when you put me into the way ; for I shall want it here, my affairs being in a bad condition by the miseries of the kingdom, and my own private fortune being wholly embroiled, and worse than ever ; so that I shall soon petition the Dutchess, as an object of charity, to lend me three or four thousand pounds to keep up my dignity. My one hundred pound will buy me six hogsheads of wine, which will support me a year ; *provisa frugis in annum copia*. Horace desired no more ; for I will construe *frugis* to be wine. You are young enough to get some lucky hint, which must come by chance, and it shall be a thing of importance, *quod et hunc in annum vivat et in plures* ; and you shall not finish it in haste, and it shall be diverting, and usefully satirical, and the Dutchess shall be your critic ; and betwixt you

you and me, I do not find she will grow weary of you till this time seven years. I had lately an offer to change for an English living, which is just too short by 300 l. a-year; and that must be made up out of the Dutchess's pin-money, before I can consent. I want to be minister of Amesbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riskins, and prebendary of Westminster; else I will not stir a step, but content myself with making the Dutchess miserable three months next summer. But I keep ill company: I mean the Dutchess and you, who are both out of favour; and so I find am I, by a few verses wherein Pope and you have your parts. You hear Dr D——y has got a wife with 1600 l. a-year; I, who am his governor, cannot take one under two thousand. I wish you would inquire of such a one in your neighbourhood. See what it is to write godly books! I profess I envy you above all men in England. You want nothing but three thousand pounds more to keep you in plenty, when your friends grow weary of you. To prevent which last evil at Amesbury, you must learn to domineer and be peevish, to find fault with their victuals and drink, to chide and direct the servants, with some other lessons which I shall teach you, and always practised myself with success. I believe I formerly desired to know, whether the vicar of Amesbury can play at backgammon. Pray ask him the question, and give him my service.

To the Dutcheſs.

MADAM,

I was the moſt unwary creature in the world, when, againſt my old maxims, I writ firſt to you upon your return to Tunbridge. I beg that this condeſcenſion of mine may go no farther, and that you will not pretend to make a precedent of it. I never knew any man cured of any inattention, although the pretended cauſes were removed. When I was with Mr Gay laſt in London, talking with him on ſome poetical ſubjects, he would answer, “ Well, I am determined not to accept the employment of Gentleman-uſher:” And of the ſame diſpoſition were all my poetical friends; and if you cannot cure him, I utterly deſpair.—As to yourſelf, I would ſay to you (though compariſons be odious) what I ſaid to the —, that your quality ſhould be never any motive of eſteem to me: My compliment was then loſt, but it will not be ſo to you. For I know you more by any one of your letters than I could by ſix months converſing. Your pen is always more natural, and ſincere, and unaffected than your tongue: In writing you are too lazy to give yourſelf the trouble of acting a part; and have indeed acted ſo indiſcreetly, that I have you at mercy: And although you ſhould arrive to ſuch a height of immorality as to deny your hand, yet, whenever I produce it, the world will unite in ſwearing this muſt come from you only.

I will answer your queſtion. Mr Gay is not diſcreet

discreet enough to live alone, but he is too discreet to live alone; and yet (unless you mend him) he will live alone in your Grace's company. Your quarrelling with each other upon the subject of bread and butter, is the most usual thing in the world. Parliaments, courts, cities, and kingdoms, quarrel for no other cause: From hence, and from hence only, arise all the quarrels between Whig and Tory; between those who are in the ministry, and those who are out; between all pretenders to employment in the church, the law, and the army. Even the common proverb teaches you this, when we say, It is none of my bread and butter; meaning, It is no business of mine. Therefore I despair of any reconciliation between you till the affair of bread and butter be adjusted, wherein I would gladly be a mediator. If Mahomet should come to the mountain, how happy would an excellent lady be, who lives a few miles from this town? As I was telling of Mr Gay's way of living at Amesbury, she offered fifty guineas to have you both at her house for one hour over a bottle of Burgundy, which we were then drinking. To your question I answer, That your Grace should pull me by the sleeve till you tore it off; and when you said you were weary of me, I would pretend to be deaf, and think (according to another proverb) that you tore my cloaths to keep me from going. I never will believe one word you say of my Lord Duke, unless I see three or four lines in his own hand at the bottom of your's. I have a concern in the whole family,

family, and Mr Gay must give me a particular account of every branch; for I am not ashamed of you, though you be Duke and Dutcheſs; though I have been of others who are, &c. and I do not doubt but even your own ſervants love you, even down to your poſtilions; and when I come to Amefbury, before I ſee your Grace, I will have an hour's converſation with the vicar, who will tell me how familiarly you will talk to Goody Dobſon and the neighbours, as if you were their equal, and that you were god-mother to her ſon Jacky. I am, and ſhall be ever, with the greateſt reſpect, your Grace's moſt obedient, &c.

LETTER DXXX

ALDERMAN BARBER TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

London, Aug. 24. 1732.

I WISH Dr Delaney had complied with your requeſt ſooner, in acquainting me with your intentions in favour of Mr Pilkington. I could have been glad alſo, that he had acquainted you, as I deſired him, with the particulars how I ſtood circumſtantiated in relation to the chaplain; for I flatter myſelf that your uſual good-nature would have induced you to comply with my requeſt, in writing a letter to me, in an authoritative way, in your recommendation of Mr Pilkington; which would have given me a good
excuse

excuse for my refusing a gentleman, whom my deputy and common-council-men had recommended to me above six months ago.

Another accident happened in this affair, by the Doctor's not receiving a letter I sent him, which, by mistake, came not to his hands (though at home) until many hours after my man had left it at his lodgings; which letter, had he seen in time, would have prevented some little difficulties I lie under in this affair, and which I must get over as well as I can.

For, Sir, when I reflect on the many obligations I have to you, which I shall ever acknowledge, I am glad of any occasion to show my gratitude; and do hereby, at your request, make Mr Pilkington my chaplain, when Mayor. I wish it may answer his expectations; for the profits are not above one hundred and twenty pounds, if so much, as I am told he constantly dines with the Mayor; but I am afraid can't lie in the Hall, the rooms being all of state. For your sake I will shew him all the civilities I can. You will recommend him to Jo: (Dr I mean) Trapp! The Mayor's day is the 30th of October; so that he may take his own time.

It would add very much to my felicity, if your health would permit you to come over in the spring, and see a pageant of your own making. Had you been here now, I am persuaded you would have put me to an additional expence, by having a raree-shew (or pageant) as of old, on the Lord-Mayor's day. Mr Pope and I were thinking to have a large machine carried through
the

the city, with a printing-press, author, publishers, hawkers, devils, &c. and a satirical poem printed and thrown from the press to the mob, in public view, but not to give offence; but your absence spoils that design.

Pray God preserve you long, very long, for the good of your country, and the joy and satisfaction of your friends; among whom I take the liberty to subscribe myself, with great sincerity, Sir, your most obedient, and most humble servant,

J. BARBER.

L E T T E R DXXXI.

MR GAY AND THE DUTCHESS OF ———,
TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Amesbury, Aug. 28. 1732.

MR Hoare hath a hundred and odd pounds of your's in his hands, which you may have whenever you please to draw upon me for it. I know I am more indebted to you, I mean besides the South-sea bond of a hundred that still subsists; but I cannot tell you exactly how your account stands till I go to town. I have money of my own too in Mr Hoare's hands, which I know not at present how to dispose of. I believe I shall leave it without interest till I go to town, and shall then be at the same loss how to dispose of it as now. I have an intention to
get

get more money next winter ; but am prepared for disappointments, which I think it is very likely I shall meet with ; yet as you think it convenient and necessary that I should have more than I have, you see I do what I can to oblige you. If my design should take effect, I desire you will be as easy under it as I shall be ; for I find you so solicitous about me, that you cannot bear my disappointments as well as I can. If I don't write intelligibly to you, it is because I would not have the clerks of the post-office know every thing I am doing. If you would come here this summer, you might, with me, have helped to have drank up the Duke's wine, and saved your money. I am grown so saving of late, that I very often reproach myself with being covetous ; and I am very often afraid that I shall have the trouble of having money, and never have the pleasure of making use of it. I wish you could live among us ; but not unless it could be to your ease and satisfaction. You insist upon your being minister of Amesbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Risking, and a prebendary of Westminster. For your being minister in those places, I cannot promise you ; but I know you might have a good living in every one of them. Gambadoes I have rid in, and I think them a very fine and useful invention ; but I have not made use of them since I left Devonshire. I ride and walk every day to such excess, that I am afraid I shall take a surfeit of it. I am sure, if I am not better in health after it, it is not

worth

worth the pains. I say this, though I have this season shot nineteen brace of partridges. I have very little acquaintance with our vicar; he doth not live among us, but resides in another parish. And I have not played at backgammon with any body since I came to Amesbury, but Lady Harold, and Lady Bateman. As Dr Delaney hath taken away a fortune from us *, I expect to be recommended in Ireland. If authors of godly books are entitled to such fortunes, I desire you would recommend me as a moral one: I mean in Ireland, for that recommendation would not do in England.

THE DUTCHESS BEGINS.

The Dutchess will not lend you two or three thousand pounds to keep up your dignity, for reasons to *Strada del Poe*; but she had much rather give you that, or ten thousand pounds more, than lay it out in a fine petticoat to make herself respected.

I believe, for all you give Mr Gay much good advice, that you are a very indiscreet person yourself, or else you would come here to take care of your own affairs; and not be so indiscreet as to send for your money over to a place where there is none. Mr Gay is a very rich man; for I really think he does not wish to be richer; but he will, for he is doing what you bid him; though if it may not be allowed, he will acquire greater honour, and less trouble. His covetousness

* The Doctor married Mrs Pendervas.

ness, at present, is for health, which he takes so much pains for, that he does not allow himself time to enjoy it. Neither does he allow himself time to be either absent or present. When he began to be a sportsman, he had like to have killed a dog; and now every day I expect he will kill himself, and then the bread and butter affair can never be brought before you. It is really an affair of too great consequence to be trusted in a letter, therefore pray come on purpose to decide it. If you do, you will not hear how familiar I am with Goody Dobson; for I have seen Goody Dobson play at that with so ill a grace, that I was determined never to risk any thing so unbecoming. I am not beloved, neither do I love any creature, except a very few, and those for not having any sort of merit, but only because it is my humour. In this rank Mr Gay stands first, and yourself next, if you like to be respected upon these conditions. Now do you know me? He stands over me and scolds me for spelling ill; and is very peevish (and sleepy) that I do not give him up the pen; for he has yawned for it a thousand times. We both once heard a lady (who at that time we both thought well of) wish that she had the best living in England to give you. It was not I; but I do wish it with all my heart, if Mr Gay does not hang out false lights for his friend.

MR GAY GOES ON HERE.

I had forgot to tell you, that I very lately received a letter from Twickenham, in which was this paragraph: "Motte and another idle fellow, I find, have been writing to the Dean, to get him to give them some copy-right, which surely he will be not so indiscreet as to do, when he knows my design, and has done these two months and more. Surely I should be a properer person to trust the distribution of his works with, than so common a bookseller. Here will be nothing but the ludicrous and little things; none of the political, or any things of consequence, which are wholly at his own disposal. But at any rate, it would be silly in him to give a copy-right to any, which can only put the manner of publishing them hereafter out of his own and his friends power, into that of mercenaries."

I really think this is a very useful precaution, considering how you have been treated by these sort of fellows.

The Duke is fast asleep, or he would add a line.

L E T T E R DXXXII.

SIR WILLIAM FOWNES TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Island-Bridge, 9th Sept. 1732.*

IT has been the observation of travellers (as I have been frequently told) that, in all the countries

countries they have seen, they never met with fewer public charitable foundations than in this kingdom.

Private charities, no doubt, will have their reward; but public are great incitements; and good examples often draw others on, though grudgingly; and so a good work be done, no matter who are the workmen.

When I was Lord Mayor, I saw some miserable lunatics exposed to the hazard of others as well as themselves. I had six strong cells made at the work-house for the most outrageous, which were soon filled; and by degrees, in a short time, those few drew upon us the sollicitations of many, till, by the time the old corporation ceased, we had, in that house, forty and upwards. The door being opened, interest soon made way to let in the foolish, and such like, as mad folks. These grew a needless charge upon us; and had that course gone on, by this time the house had been filled with such. The new corporation got rid of most of these by death or the care of friends, and came to a resolution not to admit any such for the future; and the first denial was to a request of the Earl of Kildare, which put a full stop to all farther applications. As I take it, there are at this time a number of objects which require assistance; and probably many may be restored, if proper care could be taken of them. There is no public place for their reception, nor private undertakers, as about London. Friends and relations here would pay the charge

of their support and attendance, if there were a place for securing such lunatics.

I own to you, I was for some time averse to our having a public Bedlam, apprehending we should be overloaded with numbers, under the name of mad. Nay, I was apprehensive our case would soon be like that in England; wives and husbands trying who could first get the other to Bedlam. Many who were next heirs to estates, would try their skill to render the possessor disordered, and get them confined, and soon run them into real madness. Such like consequences I dreaded, and therefore have been silent on the subject till of late. Now I am convinced that regard should be had to those under such dismal circumstances: And I have heard the Primate and others express their concern for them; and no doubt but very sufficient subscriptions may be had to set this needful work on foot. I should think it would be a pleasure to any one that has any intention this way, to see something done in their lifetime, rather than leave it to the conduct of posterity. I would not consent to the proceeding on such a work in the manner I have seen our poor-house, and Dr Steven's hospital, *viz.* to have so expensive a foundation laid, that the expence of the building should require such a sum, and so long a time to finish, as will take up half an age.

My scheme for such an undertaking should be much to this effect:

First, I would have a spot of ground fixed on,
that

that should be in a good open air, free from the neighbourhood of houses; for the cries and exclamations of the outrageous would reach a great way, and ought not to disturb neighbours; which was what you did not think of when you mentioned a spot in a close place almost in the heart of the city. There are many places in the out-skirts of the city I can name very proper.

Next to the fixing of a proper spot, I would, when that is secured, (which should be a good space), have it well inclosed with a high wall, the cost of all which must be known. Then I would have the cells of the Royal Hospital Infirmary, lately made for mad people, be examined, how convenient, and how in all points they are adapted to the purpose, with the cost of these cells, which I take to be six or eight pounds. Then I would proceed to the very needful house for the master and the proper servants. Then another building, to which there should be a piazza for a stone-gallery, for walking dry; and out of that several lodging cells for such as are not outrageous, but melancholy, &c. This may be enlarged in length, or by a return; and overhead the same sort of a gallery, with little rooms, or cells, opening the doors into the gallery; for, by intervals, the objects affected may be permitted to walk at times in the galleries.

This is according to the custom of London. Annexed to the master's house must be the kitchen and offices.

This proceeding may be so contrived, as to be
 M m 3 enlarged

enlarged from time to time, as there shall be a fund, and occasion to require the additions. There is no necessity for any plans or architects; but an ordinary capacity may contrive those enlargements. Perhaps there may appear some well-disposed persons, who will say, they will make this enlargement; and, by such helps, they may be sufficiently done to answer all purposes. It comes just now into my head, that there is a very proper spot *, which I think the Chapter of St Patrick let to one Lee, a brick-layer, or builder. It lies back of Aungier-street east, comes out of York-street, down a place called the Dunghill, runs down to the end of King-street, facing William-street; at the north-end of which some alms-houses are built by Dowling and others. Also there stands to the front of the street, a large stone building, called an Alms-house, made by Mrs Mercer; though by-the-bye, I hear she is weary of her project, and does little in supplying that house, or endowing it. Perhaps the ground may be easily come at from Lee's heirs; and, by your application, I know not but Mrs Mercer may give her house up to promote so good a work. This will go a good way, and being followed by subscriptions, a great and speedy progress may be made, in which I will readily join my interest and labour. If that spot fails, we will pitch upon another. Whatsoever may be

* The ground here mentioned by Sir William Fownes does not belong to the Dean and Chapter of St Patrick's, but to the corporation of Vicars choral in that cathedral.

be your future intentions, don't deny me the consideration of the good your appearance and help may now do. I would not make a step in this affair, if it shall not be agreed, that all matters, which require the consent by votes, shall be determined by the method of a balloting-box, that no great folks, or their speeches, should carry what they please, by their method of scoring upon paper, and seeing who marks, &c. too much practised.

If there be nothing in this paper worth your attention, you know how to dispose of it. You have the thoughts of your assured humble servant.

W. FOWNES.

THE PROPOSAL.

I. That an hospital, called Bedlam, be built in the city of Dublin, or liberties, for the reception of lunatics from any parts of the kingdom.

II. In order to promote so good a work, let subscriptions be taken in Dublin, and every city and town in the kingdom; and that the chief magistrate of each place be desired to recommend the subscription-paper sent to him for that purpose.

III. That when public notice is given in print, that ground is secured for building the hospital of Bedlam, the subscription be collected, and sent to Dublin, and paid into the hands of Query, Mr Thorn, steward to the Blue-Coat hospital, a very proper person.

IV.

IV. That upon notice given by Mr Thorn, that he he has received 200 l. a meeting shall be held of all subscribers who happen to be in Dublin, at a proper time and place.

V. Such persons as subscribe 5 l. or upwards, to have a vote at such meeting.

VI. That Mr Thorn, giving security, be continued to receive and pay out the money subscribed for one year, and be allowed only sixpence *per* pound, for receiving and paying.

VII. That the money first laid out shall be for the building of six or eight strong cells, for outrageous lunatics to be confined in, and after the form of those made at the infirmary of the Royal Hospital.

VIII. That the college of physicians be desired to contribute to this good work, by appointing two or three of their body to be present at the first meeting, and to give their opinion as to the conveniency of the cells, what boilers are proper to be set up in a kitchen, and what food is proper to be provided for such lunatics.

IX. That near the cells be made a kitchen, small at first, and in such a manner, as capable to be enlarged. That over this kitchen be a middle room, and over it a garret, to lodge the cook-maid and one other maid.

X. That adjoining the kitchen may be made one room, of 18 feet by 18, which may serve for Mr Thorn to attend in, and where the doctors, or any subscribers, may meet on occasion. And over the room another, to serve for a store-room ;
and

and a garret to lodge a porter or two, that must attend the lunatics.

XI. That these buildings be made plain and strong, with as little cost as can be.

XII. That the charge of these be computed separate, and of the inside necessities; so that the work may go on as fast as the subscription-fund can be got in.

XIII. That the subscribers, at the first meeting, do elect seven of their number, such as are knowing in carrying on of the work, and willing to attend at needful times. That any three or more, at any meeting at the hospital, may give directions for proceeding on the buildings agreed upon to be made at the first meeting of the subscribers; at which first meeting a second meeting may be agreed upon, and so from time to time.

The walling-in of the piece of ground intended for this use may go on as the fund will bear, without obstructing the first useful buildings. And whereas there are lunatics of several kinds, as the melancholy, &c. and some that are unruly by fits, a building must be designed for this sort; the floors not lofty, but made sufficiently airy, twenty feet wide, whereof ten for a gallery, and ten for lodges; each lodge eight or ten feet broad.

DEAR SIR,

Herewith you have my thoughts of the affair you mentioned to me. I wish I could prevail
on

on you to patronize it, and lay down your own scheme. I am most confident it cannot fail going on briskly. You have friends and interest enough to set it a-going, although there may be some grandees would rather other hands had the conduct of it; yet the work speaks so much for itself, they must be ashamed not to contribute, much more to obstruct it.

In the paper called 'The Proposal,' I have considered the privatest and least expensive way of going to work, avoided public forms, and grandees interposing. Tom Thorn by chance I thought upon for that reason, and for preventing jobs, &c. Do what you please with my papers. I am just ditto.

L E T T E R DXXXIII.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

London, Nov. 7. 1732.

I SHOULD have answered your's sooner, but that I every day expected another from you, with your orders to speak to the Duke; which I should with great pleasure have obeyed, as it was to serve a friend of your's. Mrs Floyd is now, thank God, in as good health as I have seen her these many years, though she has still her winter cough hanging upon her; but that, I fear, I must never expect she should be quite free from at this time of day. All my trouble with her now
is,

is, to make her drink wine enough, according to the doctor's order, which is not above three or four glasses, such as are commonly filled at sober houses; and that she makes so great a rout, with so many faces, that there is nobody, that did not know her perfectly well, but would extremely suspect she drinks drams in private.

I am sorry to find our tastes so different in the same person; and as every body has a natural partiality to their own opinion, so it is surprising to me to find Lady S— dwindle in your's, who rises infinitely in mine, the more and the longer I know her. But you say, you will say no more of courts for fear of growing angry; and indeed, I think you are so already, since you level all without knowing them, and seem to think, that none who belongs to a court can act right. I am sure this cannot be really and truly your sense, because it is unjust; and if it is, I shall suspect there is something of your old maxim in it, (which I ever admired and found true) that you must have offended them, because you don't forgive. I have been about a fortnight from Knowle, and shall next Thursday go there again for about three weeks, where I shall be ready and willing to receive your commands, who am most faithfully and sincerely your's.

LETTER

LETTER DXXXIV.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Nov. 16. 1732.

I AM at last come to London before the family, to follow my own inventions. In a week or fortnight I expect the family will follow me. You may now draw upon me for your money as soon as you please. I have some of my own too that lies dead; and I protest I do not know which way at present to dispose of it, every thing is so precarious. I paid Mr Lancelot 12 l. and pay myself the five guineas you had of me, and have deducted your loss, by paying off one of the South-sea bonds: and I find I have remaining of your's 211 l. 15s. 6d. And I believe over and above that sum, there will be more owing to you upon account of interest on the bonds, about four or five pounds. Mr Hoare hath done this for me, but I have not had time to call upon him yet, so that I cannot be more particular. As the money now lies in Mr Hoare's hands, you see it is ready on demand. I believe you had best give notice when you draw on me for it, that I may not be out of the way. I have not as yet seen Mr Pope, but design in a day or two to go to him, though I am in hopes of seeing him here to-day or to-morrow. If my present project succeeds, you may expect a better account of my own fortune a little while after
the

the holidays; but I promise myself nothing, for I am determined that neither any body else, or myself, shall disappoint me. I wish the arguments made use of to draw you here were every way of more consequence. I would not have you change one comfort of life for another. I wish you to keep every one of those you have already, with as many additional ones as you like. When I sit down to consider on the choice of any subject, to amuse myself by writing, I find I have a natural propensity to write against vice, so that I don't expect much encouragement; though I really think in justice I ought to be paid for stifling my own inclination; but the great are ungrateful. Mr Pulteney's young son hath had the small-pox, and is perfectly recovered. He is not in town, but is expected in about a week from the Bath. I must answer the letter you writ to the Dutchess and me, when her Grace comes to town; for I know she intended to have a part in it. Why can't you come among us in the beginning of the new-year? The company will be then all in town, and the spring advancing upon us every day. What I mean by the company is, those who call themselves your friends, and I believe are so. It is certain the parliament will not meet till the middle of January. I have not been idle while I was in the country; and I know your wishes in general, and in particular that industry may always find its account. Believe me, as I am unchangeable in the regard, love, and esteem I have for you.

LETTER DXXXV.

MR POPE TO DR SWIFT *

Dec. 5. 1732.

IT is not a time to complain that you have not answered my two letters, (in the last of which I was impatient under some fears). It is not now indeed a time to think of myself, when one of the nearest and longest ties I have ever had is broken all on a sudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died last night at nine o'clock, not deprived of his senses entirely at last, and possessing them perfectly till within five hours. He asked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. His effects are in the Duke of Queensberry's custody. His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will.—Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this stage? In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! Few are worth praying for, and one's self the least of all.

I

* "On My dear friend Mr Gay's death. Received December 15. but not read till the 20th, by an impulse, "foreboding some misfortune." [This note is indorsed on the original letter in Dr Swift's hand.] Pope.

I shall never see you now, I believe; one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the most amiable by far, his qualities were the gentlest; but I love you as well and as firmly. Would to God the man we have lost had not been so amiable, nor so good! but that's a wish for our own sakes, not for his. Sure, if innocence and integrity can deserve happiness, it must be his. Adieu. I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminish nothing from it. Yet write to me, and soon. Believe no man now living loves you better, I believe no man ever did than

A. POPE.

Dr Arbuthnott, whose humanity you know, heartily commends himself to you. All possible diligence and affection has been shown, and continued attendance, on this melancholy occasion. Once more adieu, and write to one who is truly disconsolate.

P. S. by DR ARBUTHNOTT.

DEAR SIR,

I am sorry that the renewal of our correspondence should be upon such a melancholy occasion. Poor Mr Gay died of an inflammation, and, I believe, at last a mortification of the bowels. It was the most precipitate case I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two physicians besides myself.

I believed the distemper mortal from the beginning. I have not had the pleasure of a line from you these two years; I wrote one about your health, to which I had no answer. I wish you all health and happiness; being, with great affection and respect, Sir,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R DXXXVI.

Dublin, 1732-3.

I RECEIVED your's with a few lines from the Doctor, and the account of our losing Mr Gay; upon which event I shall say nothing. I am only concerned that long living hath not hardened me: For even in this kingdom, and in a few days past, two persons of great merit, whom I loved very well, have died in the prime of their years, but a little above thirty. I would endeavour to comfort myself upon the loss of friends, as I do upon the loss of money; by turning to my account-book, and seeing whether I have enough left for my support: But in the former case I find I have not, any more than in the other; and I know not any man who is in a greater likelihood than myself to die poor and friendless. You are a much greater loser than me by his death, as being a more intimate friend, and often his companion; which latter I could never hope to be, except perhaps once more in my life, for a piece of a summer. I hope
he

He hath left you the care of any writings he may have left; and I wish, that, with those already extant, they could be all published in a fair edition under your inspection. Your poem on the use of riches hath been just printed here; and we have no objection but the obscurity of several passages by our ignorance in facts and persons, which makes us lose abundance of the satire. Had the printer given me notice, I would have honestly printed the names at length, where I happened to know them; and writ explanatory notes; which however would have been but few, for my long absence hath made me ignorant of what passes out of the scene where I am. I never had the least hint from you about this work, any more than of your former upon taste. We are told here, that you are preparing other pieces of the same bulk to be inscribed to other friends, one (for instance) to my Lord Bolingbroke, another to Lord Oxford, and so on.— Dr Delaney presents you his most humble service. He behaves himself very commendably; converses only with his former friends, makes no parade, but entertains them constantly at an elegant plentiful table; walks the streets, as usual, by day-light; does many acts of charity and generosity; cultivates a country-house two miles distant; and is one of those very few within my knowledge, on whom a great access of fortune hath made no manner of change. And particularly he is often without money, as he was before. We have

got my Lord Orrery among us, being forced to continue here on the ill condition of his estate by the knavery of an agent. He is a most worthy gentleman, whom, I hope, you will be acquainted with. I am very much obliged by your favour to Mr P——; which I desire may continue no longer than he shall deserve by his modesty; a virtue I never knew him to want, but it is hard for young men to keep without abundance of ballast. If you are acquainted with the Dutchess of Queensberry, I desire you will present her my most humble service. I think she is a greater loser by the death of a friend than either of us. She seems a lady of excellent sense and spirit. I had often postscripts from her in our friend's letters to me; and her part was sometimes longer than his, and they made up great part of the little happiness I could have here. This was the more generous, because I never saw her since she was a girl of five years old, nor did I envy poor Mr Gay for any thing so much as being a domestic friend to such a lady. I desire you will never fail to send me a particular account of your health. I dare hardly inquire about Mrs Pope, who, I am told, is but just among the living, and consequently a continual grief to you: She is sensible of your tenderness, which robs her of the only happiness she is capable of enjoying. And yet I pity you more than her; you cannot lengthen her days, and I beg she may not shorten your's.

LETTER

L E T T E R DXXXVII.

THE EARL OF PETERBOROW TO MR POPE.

1732.

I AM under the greatest impatience to see Dr Swift at Bevis-Mount, and must signify my mind to him by another hand; it not being permitted me to hold correspondence with the said Dean, for no letter of mine can come to his hands.

And whereas it is apparent, in this Protestant land, most especially under the care of divine providence, that nothing can succeed, or come to a happy issue, but by bribery; therefore let me know what he expects to comply with my desires, and it shall be remitted unto him.

For though I would not corrupt any man for the whole world, yet a benevolence may be given without any offence to conscience. Every one must confess that gratification and corruption are two distinct terms; nay, at worst, many good men hold, that, for a good end, some very naughty measures may be made use of.

But, Sir, I must give you some good news in relation to myself, because I know you wish me well. I am cured of some diseases in my old age, which tormented me very much in my youth.

I was possessed with violent and uneasy passions, such as a peevish concern for truth*, and a faucy love for my country.

When

* This and the following letter are taken from the second volume of Pope's letters.

When a Christian priest preached against the spirit of the gospel, when an English judge determined against Magna Charta *, when the minister acted against common sense, I used to fret.

Now, Sir, let what will happen, I keep myself in temper. As I have no flattering hopes, so I banish all useless fears. But as to the things of this world, I find myself in a condition beyond expectation; it being evident, from a late parliamentary inquiry, that I have as much ready-money, as much in the funds, and as great a personal estate as Sir Robert S—tt—n.

If the translator of Homer find fault with this unheroic disposition; or, what I more fear, if the Drapier of Ireland accuse the Englishman of want of spirit; I silence you both with one line out of your own Horace: *Quid te exempta juvat spinis e pluribus una?* For I take the whole to be so corrupted that a cure in any part would be of little avail.

Your's, &c.

L E T T E R DXXXVIII.

DR SWIFT TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

MY LORD,

I NEVER knew or heard of any person so volatile, and so fixed as your Lordship. You, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of the world, where you have or have not been,

* As may be seen from his transactions with Fenwick in the year 1696-7. *Warb.*

been, can at the same time remember to do offices of favour and kindness to the meanest of your friends; and in all the scenes you have passed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but injuries. Of this I am a living witness against you. For being the most insignificant of all your old humble servants, you were so cruel as never to give me time to ask a favour, but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I desired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admired at the capriciousness of Fortune in regard to your Lordship. She hath forced courts to act against the oldest and most constant maxims; to make you a general, because you had courage and conduct; an ambassador, because you had wisdom and knowledge in the interests of Europe; and an admiral, on account of your skill in maritime affairs. Whereas, according to the usual method of court-proceedings, I should have been at the head of the army, and you of the church, or rather a curate under the Dean of St Patrick's.

The Archbishop of Dublin laments that he did not see your Lordship till he was just upon the point of leaving the Bath. I pray God you may have found success in that journey, else I shall continue to think there is a fatality in all your Lordship's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the public, without the least advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember Lord Oxford's ministry used to tell me, that not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you. It is so with me; for you are in one thing an evangelical man, that you know not where to lay your head, and I think you have no house. Pray, my Lord, write to me, that I may have the pleasure, in this scoundrel country, of going about and shewing my depending parsons a letter from the Earl of Peterborow.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R DXXXIX.

CHARLES FORD, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

London, Dec. 23. 1732.

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 9th, and am infinitely obliged to you for the constant concern you shew for me. I am ashamed to trouble you so much and so often in my own affairs; and your great kindness makes me almost ashamed to ask pardon for it. * *

* * * * *

I am very glad to hear the character you give of Lord Orrery. He was extremely applauded for a speech he made against the Army Bill. There is no danger of repealing the Test. The court has taken the usual method of gaining the fanatick leaders, much against the grain of the body. It is said the Bishop of Salisbury is the chief encourager of them; that the Queen spoke to him, and that he answered, He had promised, and

and would not fail them. He can be besmeared, although they would not suffer him to go the dirty road to Durham. That was the excuse they made him upon the last vacancy of, that see. I am extremely proud that Lady Acheson does me the honour to remember her humble servant. I heartily wish she could be persuaded to keep good hours, having observed, by many of my acquaintance, that nothing impairs health so much as sitting up late. I often hear from my sister: She writes in quite another strain than she talked, with cheerfulness and good-nature. I fancy Arfalla * has cured the Lady of her spleen.

I heartily wish you many new years, with health and happiness; and am, most entirely, &c.

I am told poor Gay's play is now in rehearsal, and will please. It was that brought him to town a little before he died; though, without his fever, he could not probably have held out long any where.

* The feat of Peter Ludlow, Esq; father to the present Lord Ludlow.

